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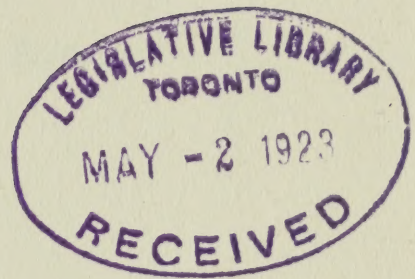
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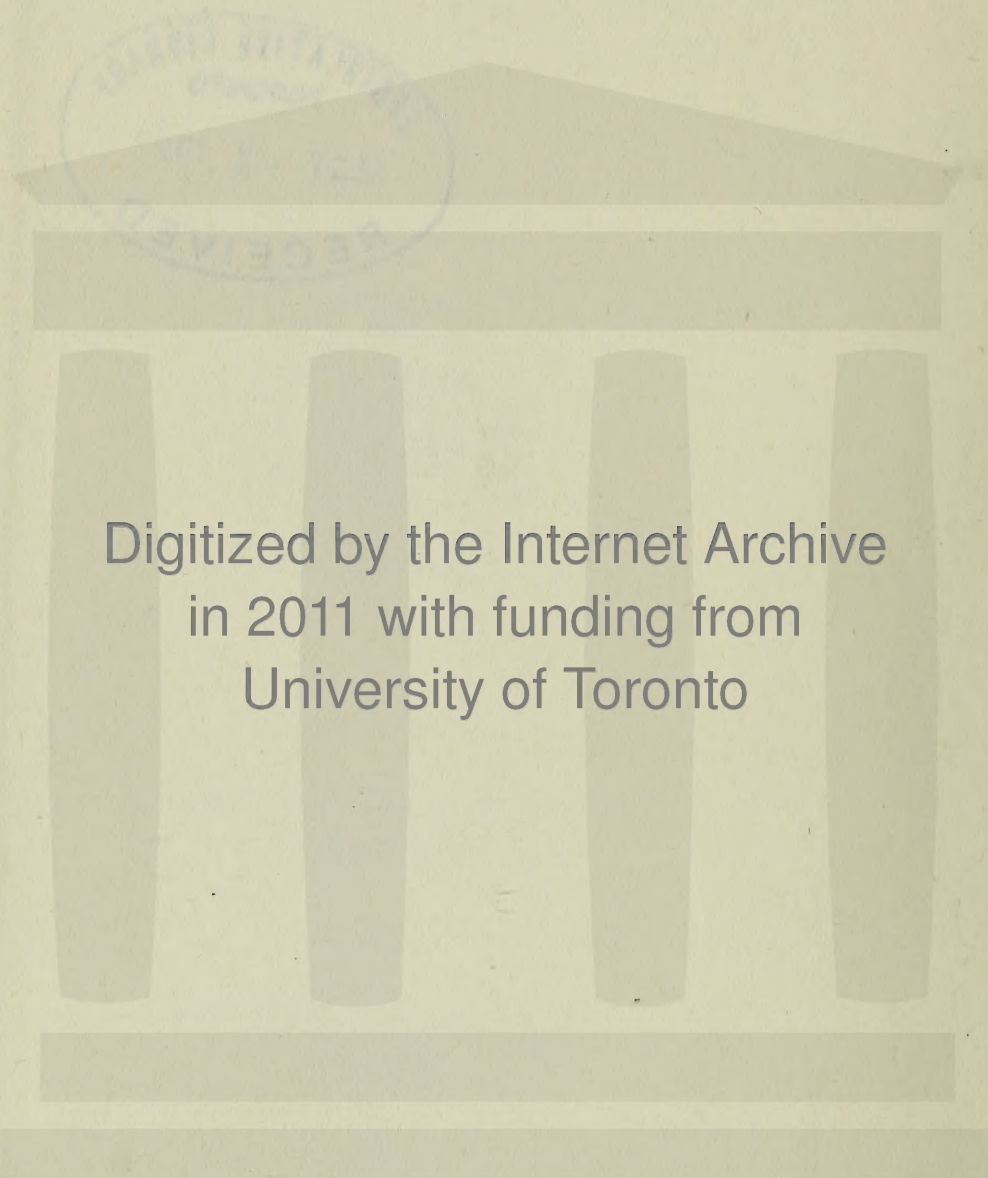
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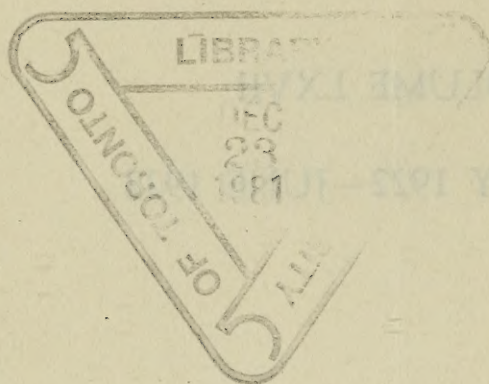
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1922



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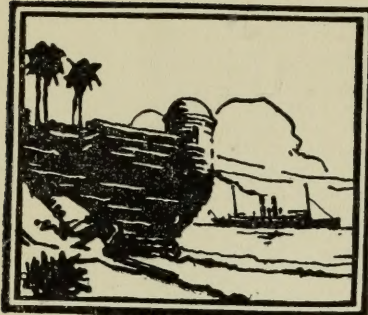
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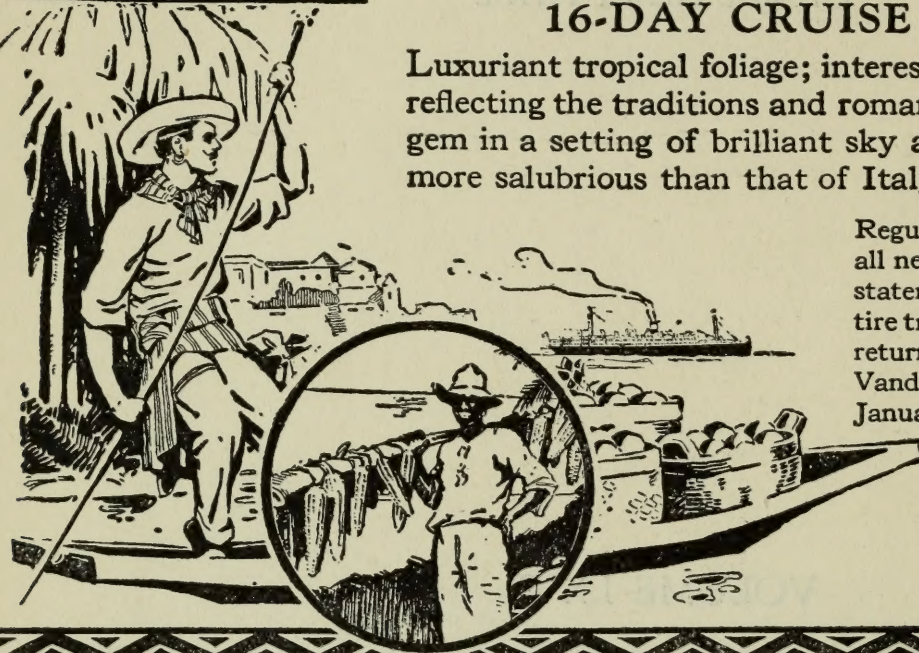
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# The Forum

JANUARY 1922

## EUGENICS AND THE UNEDUCATED

*By* HAVELOCK ELLIS

**W**HAT remains to a legitimate eugenics movement", I read to-day in one of the best and most intelligent of American journals, "when the race problem is dropped from its programme?" It is a reasonable question to ask. At a time when the eugenics programme of many eager would-be eugenicists contains so many items that had better be dropped, one may well ask what remains.

As I am one of those who, like Dr. R. H. Lowie, the writer of the article I have quoted, believe that much remains, I should be glad to state here the grounds and the nature of my eugenic faith. And in the first place it is important to clear away the rubbish that merely encumbers the ground on which a sound eugenic faith has to be built up.

The race problem, with which some have sought to obscure the eugenic problem, may indeed be eliminated at the outset. It is another question, and a question only profitable for the historian to consider. Even apart from



the important fact that there is probably not a single person of really pure race to be found anywhere, the eugenicist as such is not concerned to decide which is the best race, nor even to assume that any race is better, taken all around, than any other race. There is something to be said for every race, and the more to be said the better we learn to know it. The preference for one race above another is little but the outcome of prejudice, usually due to the fact that one believes, rightly or wrongly, that one possesses oneself a strain of that preferred racial blood. The eugenicist is not called upon to prefer one race above all others and to work for the extinction of the others. If we come to that, it is quite likely that, on a referendum being called, the darker races of our earth, who happen to be in a large majority, might vote for the extinction of the white race, and, moreover, find many excellent reasons for that decision. Ultimately, we are bound to conclude, pigmentation is a question of exposure to the sun's rays, whether ingrained in race by natural selection or acquired heredity; it is a problem, not for the eugenicist but for the biological anthropologist. The eugenicist, whether the dark-skinned eugenicist or the white-skinned, is not called upon to make any decision in the matter. He is simply called upon to improve the stock of the race within which he belongs. So far as Europe is concerned, and the lands which have been peopled by migrations from Europe, there are, as we know, three main races, though it might be possible to reduce them ultimately still further: the Mediterranean Race, of dark long-heads, the Nordic, or, as it might be better to call it, the Baltic Race, of fair long-heads, and, as a wedge driven in between these two from the East, the Alpine Race, round-heads of medium pigmentation. Each of these races finds its partisans, especially among those persons who believe that they themselves belong to it. The Mediterraneans may claim that they are the pioneers in human civilization and progress, the larger part of classic antiquity and the still more ancient cultures on which that antiquity was



founded, being to their credit; the Alpines boast their proficiency in the arts of peace and point to the fact that the man of genius tends to approximate to their type, whether or not of their race; the Nordics claim to be the most adventurous and the most warlike. It is the Nordics who have been loudest of all in proclaiming their own superior virtues, above all, in Germany, but also to some extent in France and in England and in America.\* It may perhaps be permitted to a largely Nordic person (ancestrally rooted, that is to say, in a mainly Nordic region) to take a more reasonable and impartial view.

There are some persons, today, who loudly deplore the approaching extinction of the Nordic Race, for they believe, on the most dubious grounds, that it is perishing. But without the least wish to deny the great achievement of the Nordic peoples in the world of the past, it is possible to see that the Nordics possess many qualities which in our modern world are mischievous. It was, for instance, largely the lust for conquest, the ferocious procreative instinct, the immoderate greed for wealth, the cunning intrigues of the Nordic peoples, not on one side only but on both sides, which led up to the recent Great War. If there is any likelihood of the Nordic Race leaving the earth, it is to be feared that many will be overheard to murmur: "Thank God!"†

These, however, are not problems which directly concern the eugenicist as such. It is really sufficient for him to know that, excellent or pernicious as Nordic blood may be, we scarcely can find it unmixed, but nearly always blended with Alpine or Mediterranean stocks or both, and that when we do find it comparatively pure, we find people who are of little account in the world. The same, indeed,

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\* The loose and inaccurate statements into which even a moderate champion of a pure Nordic race may fall have lately been well illustrated by Professor McDougall in his Lowell lectures: "Is America Safe for Democracy?"

† Professor Nicefero, the distinguished Italian sociologist, in a learned book entitled "I Germani," full of sound facts and sound arguments, has dealt faithfully with the too extravagant claims of Nordic champions.



may be said also of the Alpines and the Mediterraneans. Wherever any of these three races are comparatively pure, whether in Sardinia, or in the isolated mountainous districts of the Central European Highlands, or in remote Northern regions, we are in the presence of people who have been left behind in the race and have achieved nothing. It is the hybrids who have come to the front, not only as individuals but also as nations. Germany, France, Great Britain, the Scandinavian countries, Russia, and Holland—that is to say, the chief lands in which there is a large Nordic element—also possess a large Alpine or Mediterranean element, if not both. This is notably so as regards France and England. In both these countries all these races are blended, and that, without doubt, is a large part of the secret of their powers of achievement in the world. It is open to the narrow-minded partisan to assert that one race alone in the blend is the superior element. This has been amusingly illustrated in England during recent years. Before the Great War it was commonly believed that this superior element was the Nordic. But the War caused many people to think that terrible vices might be inherent in the Nordic Race, and so-called anthropologists came forward to assert that the English nation was largely of Mediterranean Race. They were quite right. If Spain and Italy had joined in the War on the opposing side, these same people would have come forward to declare that, after all, the English nation was largely of Alpine Race. They would still be quite right. Eugenics, properly understood, has nothing whatever to do with these foolish squabbles. It accepts the race of a human stock, or its blend of races; it desires that the stock shall produce the finest results of which it may be capable.

We must not only dismiss from eugenics the endeavor to foster one particular race of mankind under the impression that it is superior to all other races, we must also refrain from trying to cultivate, within the race, only one particular type of individual man as our exclusive ideal.



It has taken some time to understand this point. Even Galton, the founder of modern eugenics, so moderate and reasonable in most of his demands, was inclined at first to think that we should actively seek to promote the production of the best stocks. There are two possible divisions of eugenics: positive eugenics, directed to the improvement of good stocks, and negative eugenics, directed to the repression of bad stocks. In 1901 Galton thought that to increase the productivity of the best stocks is far more important than to repress the productivity of the worst. But seven years later he declared that this latter task of repressing the worst stocks is "unquestionably the more pressing subject." It is evident that he was on the way to the conclusion that it is negative eugenics with which alone we can be, directly that is to say, actively concerned. It must not, however, be supposed, that Galton had an unduly limited conception of what the "worth" of good stocks meant. One has heard it stated by ignorant persons that he advocated an ideal of civic worth which would shut out from life all who were not stodgy, narrow, commercially-minded and probably hypocritical Philistines. It was not so. Galton himself remarked that "Society would be very dull if every man resembled Marcus Aurelius or Adam Bede,"\* and he even asserted that in ascertaining the desirable hereditary qualities "we must leave morality as far as possible out of the discussion," for otherwise we entangle ourselves in hopeless difficulties, since goodness or badness of character is not absolute but merely relative to the current form of civilization. Health, energy, ability, courteous disposition were the desirable qualities on which Galton insisted, since "all creatures would agree that it was better to be healthy than sick, vigorous than weak, well-fitted than ill-fitted for their part in life." He summed up the three eugenically desir-

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\* Bateson, similarly, in his characteristically pungent way (Herbert Spencer Lecture on "Biological Fact and the Structure of Society") remarks that "if we picture to ourselves the kind of persons who would infallibly be chosen as examples of 'civic worth' the prospect is not very attractive. We need not for the present fear any scarcity of that class, and I think we may be content to postpone schemes for their multiplication."



able qualities as physique, ability, and character, and he put character last, though in real importance it stands first of all, because of the difficulty in rating character justly.

In putting aside positive eugenics, to which so much importance was once attached, I was careful not to say that it is the *direct* furtherance of good stocks that we are called upon to avoid. Even by devoting ourselves directly to negative eugenics we are thereby really effecting much for positive eugenics, more indeed than we could possibly hope to achieve by more direct efforts. This in two ways, the one material, the other what I should like to call spiritual.

The material way is that by accumulating among us, as for a century we have been actively doing, all those who are in any category of unfitness, enabling them to be procreated, guarding them on every side from disease and death, protecting them and supporting them in expensive institutions, we are placing an ever greater burden on the fit, who, the more fit they are, the larger the burden they are thus called upon to bear, so that if they exercise foresight—and foresight is one of the chief qualities which constitute fitness—they are compelled to consider how far they can themselves play a procreative part in the world. The result is that, as compared with the less fit, they are ever taking a relatively smaller part in the reproduction of the race. By working towards the elimination of the unfit we are indirectly lifting a great weight off the fit and conferring upon them far more power than we could hope to impart by direct action.

The evils on the spiritual plane which are inflicted on the fit by the growing predominance of the unfit are even more serious, especially in democratic lands where it is quantity rather than quality of votes which is the decisive factor. It is to the shortsightedness, the callousness, the selfishness, the greediness, the hysteria of the unfit majority that the evils of the human world in any age, its criminal wars, its sometimes yet more criminal peaces, and all its manifold disorders, are to a considerable extent due, and in



all these evils it is the fit, and sometimes the fit first of all and above all, who are called upon to suffer. Nor is it only in the major evils of the world, in its minor evils also, the unfit are forever exerting a limiting and depressing pressure on the fit. Their illegitimate activities are constantly making impossible the legitimate activities of the fit. All the immense web of by-laws and regulations which society is weaving and binding round itself, is merely meant to restrain the unfit, although in so doing it also restrains the reasonable activities of the fit. It is easy to give examples: I note one in the newspapers of today. The Countess of Derby, I read, finding the chestnuts in her park so plentiful this season, resolved to share the harvest with her neighbors and threw open the park to the public with permission to gather the nuts. But she speedily had cause to repent: so much damage was done to the plantations and fences that she was compelled to close the park and invoke the services of the police. The unfit were unable to see that their selfish and mischievous activities were curtailing even their own privileges, and the fit were compelled to suffer for offences they had not committed. It is a process which, in one field or another, is going on unceasingly.

There is yet another item to be eliminated from every sane programme of eugenics, and that is the mania for appealing to legislation. It is common, indeed, but sometimes mischievous, and usually futile. We do not know enough to legislate on eugenic schemes, and even if we knew more we cannot legislate ahead of public opinion, because our laws will be evaded, while if public opinion is educated up to the level of the laws, those laws will be superfluous. All this has been well illustrated in the United States. It has even been demonstrated that eugenic measures which are quite probably beneficial may be hindered rather than helped when they are embodied in legislation. The sterilization of persons whose offspring is found to be harmful to a community may, it is quite likely, be a desirable measure. It was introduced in Switzerland some fifteen years



ago and practised, without any legislation being required, in cases where all the parties concerned gave their consent. That is a sensible and proper way of practising sterilization. It has been so practised on a considerable scale in America. But thereupon a dozen states began to put sterilization laws on their statute books, and it was recorded, six years ago, that the operations performed under the laws up to that time had not equalled the number performed before the enactment of such laws. The clumsily made laws had hindered, rather than aided, a useful measure.\* Sterilization ought not to be degraded into a kind of punishment and enforced. It ought rather to be regarded as a high privilege to be permitted to make what may seem a sacrifice—though it is a sacrifice with many compensations—in the cause of social and racial welfare. A more reasonable view on this matter is indeed beginning to prevail, and here America is the pioneer. During recent years with increasing frequency men of high character and intellectual attainments have undergone sterilization as the most satisfactory form of birth-control when, for whatever reason, they do not desire further to increase the size of their families, and they find, even after many years, that they have every reason to be well content with the results. The practice has now been introduced into England.† That there may be a small proportion of cases in which compulsion for eugenic ends, backed by law, is desirable, when all other methods fail, is possible. But we are still far indeed from having exhausted all other methods.

There is yet another form of activity which, immensely important as it is even in its influence on eugenics, we must refrain from including under eugenics, and that is the amelioration of the environment. There are two ways in which we can work socially for the good of mankind:

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\* H. H. Laughlin, "The Legal Aspects of Sterilization," *Eugenics Record Office Bulletin*, No. 10B., Cold Spring Harbor, 1914.

† There are still some, even so-called scientific men, who imagine that sterilization by vasectomy has deteriorating effects of a physical or mental kind. There is not the slightest ground for such a notion. It seems indeed to be the reverse of the truth.



by acting on heredity and by acting on environment. They have been ingeniously termed eugenics and euthenics. Others term the two ways that of Nature and that of Nurture, though this terminology is not very sound, for the main object of Nature, teleologically speaking, is Nurture, and there is nothing in Nurture which is not ultimately in Nature. There can indeed, at the roots, be no conflict between eugenics and euthenics. Each form of social activity is equally necessary; both are indispensable. To dispute whether one is more important than the other is to carry absurdity to its extreme limits. It is a discussion just about as profitable as a discussion on the problem whether our legs are more useful than our arms. It remains true that the task of the eugenicist is distinct from that of the euthenist. Each must walk along his own lines and in his own field. The more faithfully each keeps within his own sphere the more completely will be revealed the beautiful harmony between them, and the more powerfully will each be found to aid the other.

You eliminate racial competition from eugenics, one may be told, you eliminate positive eugenics, you eliminate compulsory eugenics by law, you eliminate action on the environment—why, what is there left? There is very much left, so much that it might well fill all our lives and still take centuries to accomplish.

Galton, to whom I once more appeal—for modern eugenics owes far more to him than its name—was accustomed to declare that it is the task of eugenics to act upon public opinion. That itself is a never-ending task, for opinion, to be effective, has to become so deeply rooted as to be entwined with the instincts, and so to be a guide to action. It might be supposed indeed that the pathos of eugenics is pleasant, for as the eugenically fit people are the attractive people and the unfit the unattractive, to bid youths and maidens to fall in love only with the fit seems a piece of advice that it is not hard to follow, provided there is sufficient insight to discriminate between genuine attractiveness



and its merely meretricious and superficial counterfeits. But, as we know, it is less easy than it seems, for, in civilization, there are many qualities other than eugenic attractiveness which prove seductive, some of them qualities which also prove fatal to the mate who is seduced by them. Evidently public opinion has still much progress to make.

Moreover, there is at times a more intrinsic difficulty in the fact that there are at least three qualities—physique, ability, character—that go to make up “fitness.” Ability and character, for instance, may sometimes prove attractive when there is no physique to speak of, and when this happens various problems arise. Is this attraction a justifiable instinct? Should it lead to marriage? If so, should it also lead to children? And if not, what measures ought to be adopted?

It is evident that the growth of public opinion, however sound and instinctively operative a conscience it might in time implant in the heart, is not enough. To deal with the difficult problems that arise, intelligence and knowledge are required, and these cannot be secured in a day. A greater degree of intelligence is, indeed, itself one of the gifts which we may hope some day to secure through eugenics, and knowledge can only be slowly built up. On one point, certainly, knowledge—and practice in accordance with knowledge—has been accumulated and widely disseminated during the past century, especially the last half century, and that is in regard to birth-control. It is worth mentioning that point here because, although eugenics can by no means be reduced to birth-control, it is yet vitally true that without birth-control there can under modern conditions be no eugenics. Eugenics without birth-control is simply a castle in the air, a beautiful vision in the clouds no doubt, but not to be brought to earth. Birth-control is the only instrument vouchsafed to civilized men, whereby, from the infinite possibilities of brutal procreation, may be carved the great race of the future.

It is knowledge, as well as good-will, that is needed to



learn how to use that instrument wisely. The field that opens before us is large. And a more fruitful field than that of biological genetics could not well be found. Not all may be equipped to explore it. But every man, if he will take the small trouble needed to acquire the necessary data will find in his own family and ancestry a fascinating study full alike of interest and profit. Every honest investigation, however narrow, helps to build up the great watch-tower for whose heights the paths of a new race can be traced in the future. We cannot all learn to be wise, but we can all learn to know and to will in accordance with knowledge. With so noble a task before us it matters little that there are still some among us content to wreak folly and destruction. Their time may be short. The path is slowly growing clearer. The future is to those who have the insight to see it, the skill and the energy to work towards it.

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### THERE'S AN END

*By* EDMUND LEAMY

There's an end to all things—  
 To joy, to laughter,  
 To love and the tears  
 That follow after.  
 The house shall topple  
 From cellar to rafter.

Now that the idyl  
 Is crumpled and broken,  
 The cruel little words  
 So casually spoken,  
 Our hearts divested  
 Of love's last token,

This is a glad  
 Little phrase to borrow—  
 "There's an end to all things,  
 For even sorrow  
 Will melt in laughter  
 Some tomorrow."



## “DEAR DEAD WOMEN”

By MAURICE HEWLETT

**C**ONSOLATORIES, as Milton says, are writ in the hearts of men, and one of them surely is that human nature is substantially the same throughout space and time, whether you take the wings of the morning—the day-before-yesterday morning—or fly to central Africa, or remote Asia. “*Vere novo*,” said the schoolboy; “it is true, I know it,” man has been constant to his nature (which I fear is inconstancy) since he gnawed bones in a neolithic pit-dwelling. Since that day of obscure dawn he has been a clamative beast; and woman has been bountiful. If it is not consoling to know that we are no worse than we used to be I misread the signs of the times.

To obtain that consolation I suppose there is little that we would not give for the diary of a lady, say, of the court of Edward the Confessor. I shun exaggerations, but knowing my own need of comfort in this desolate world, I believe I would give one of my eyes—provided I could be sure of keeping the other, and, of course, that the diary was beyond suspicion. Even then, unless the document was as minute in detail at least as Pepys’, I should feel that I had been cheated out of a member, and should die with a grievance. I suggest Edward the Confessor because, with my eyes *in situ*, I actually have a thing of the kind at my elbow now.

It is a book called “Diaries of Court Ladies of Old Japan,” and has been translated by Annie Shepley Omori and Kochi Doi (Houghton Mifflin Company). Three diaries are included (I wish there had been three thousand) of which the first, called (I can’t find out why) “The



Sarashima Diary," was written by the daughter of Fujiwara Takasué between A. D. 1009 and 1059; the second, which is Murasaki Shikibu's, covers the dates 1007 to 1010; and the third, Izumi Shikibu's, is for the two years 1002-1003. Edward the Confessor? They will take you back to Ethelred the Unready. Is that not a marvelous thing? Nothing is marvelous—or everything is—coming from Japan.

Shikibu, it is as well to explain, is a title, not a name: the two diarists were not sisters, nor in any way related. Murasaki was lady-in-waiting to Queen Akiko, and incidentally a famous novelist! Izumi, on the other hand, was the greatest woman poet Japan has had. I don't know why the lady novelist startles me more than the lady poet. She would not today; but in Ethelred's time—! It is on a level, however, with all that we know of their extraordinary, not to say superhuman, country; and that, in the time of Ethelred and Saint Dunstan, the Japanese should have had a poetess and a lady novelist, is, as the saying runs, going strong. How strong the poetess in particular was going—not to say, going it—is revealed in her diary, which contains as much of her poetry as of her prose, the one as charming as the other. But Murasaki, the lady novelist, takes her novel—it was in about forty volumes—for granted, and confines herself, but most beautifully, to the court ceremonies incident to the birth of a prince to the reigning house, and her reflections and sensations obtained from them. We can parallel the tedious formalities of her ceremonial with the dreary rubbish heaps of that Marquis de Dangeau who diarized the court of Louis XIV in nine or ten volumes. But how wonderfully finer is the Japanese lady's chronicle, of six hundred years earlier! How delicate are her reactions, how closely recorded! How beautiful, how sensitive to sight, sound, smell, is the soul she reveals to us! This is how she opens:

As the autumn season approaches the Tsuchimikado (that is, the house where the queen awaited her confinement) becomes



inexpressibly smile-giving. The tree tops near the pond, the bushes near the stream, are dyed in various tints whose colors grow deeper in the yellow light of evening. The murmuring sound of waters mingles all the night through with the never-ceasing recitation of sutras (prayers) which appeal to one's heart as the breezes grow cooler.

Dangeau wrote up his diary every autumn at Fontainebleau. Did he ever notice the sights or sounds of the forest in its fall? He did not.

It is still the dead of night, the moon is dim, and *darkness lies under the trees*. We hear an officer call: "The outer doors of the Queen's apartment must be opened. The maids-of-honor are not yet come—let the Queen's secretaries come forward." While this order is being given the three o'clock bell resounds, *startling the air*. Immediately the prayers at the five altars begin. . . .

That is marvelous writing, both accurate and sensitive. Who among us, *tempore Regis Edwardi*, would have noticed how a sudden bell "startled the night," or how, in moonlight, the shadow under trees deepens the darkness? How many of us would notice them now?

When night came we had beautiful dances (this is after the birth of the prince). The names of the dances performed were "The Pleasures of Ten Thousand Ages", "The Pleasures of a Peaceful Reign", "The Happy Palace". When they danced "The Long-Pleasing Son", the closing one, they went out singing and danced along the road beyond the garden hills. As they went farther away the sound of flute and drum mingled with the sound of wind in the pinewood towards which they were going. The garden brook, cleansed very carefully, was refreshing to us, *and the sound of the water rippling on the pond gave us a chilly feeling*.

These people are Æolian harps. And here is another "consolatory" for us—that "The Long-Pleasing Son," danced in A. D. 1007, was danced at the coronation of the present Emperor of Japan in A. D. 1915. Tradition like that, a wonderful thing, the wisdom of the ages still vocal in us, may exist in Europe, for it is the last thing to die. But we are quite unconscious of it. I believe that they have a



sword dance in Northumberland which can be recognized as the ritual of human sacrifice, as a *Sacre du Printemps* in fact. That deeply interesting truth, if truth it be, has had to be divined by somebody who has given nights and days of study to the like of it. In Japan, however, tradition is still green, conscious of its greenness, still in action. History there lies less in books than in the present deeds of men.

Our people have changed, we hope for the better, but theirs not for a thousand years—or if they have, then surely for the worse. But we are not even yet where they were when we were living like animals, "in the sensual sty." Not that the men and women of Murasaki's daily acquaintance were above infirmities—far from that. Men got drunk, and ladies too fond, or too kind, in A. D. 1007, even in Japan.

The ladies, thinking that after all the intoxicated men were only trying to seem young and irresistible, made light of their behavior, and said: "It is nothing, nobody else will behave so." . . . The King's Adviser, leaning in a corner, was flirting with Lady Hyobu. The Prime Minister did not forbid even unmentionable jokes.

The Prime Minister, I regret to find, was "much intoxicated"; yet he improvised a poem in honor of the prince which "had feeling, for it came from his innermost desire." In England, just then, men "died as they stood at their drink," or gorged themselves with lampreys and died "of a surfeit." Their poems, if any, were like "Beowulf" or the "Roman de Rou." I must close Lady Murasaki's diary with an instance of her susceptibility to impressions, to find a western parallel for which I should have to travel to the nineteenth century:

On the twentieth day of the Frost-month the dance of Gosetchi was performed. . . . Torches were lighted in close rows along the outer doors of the eastern veranda, so there was day-brightness, and it was really awkward to wait there. I felt for the girls, but it was not they only who were embarrassed. Young nobles looked at the girls face to face, almost bringing the lights down in front of them. They tried to draw the curtain before



themselves, but in vain, and the nobles' eyes were still on them.

*My heart throbs even at the memory of it.*

Match me that in any one but Dorothy Wordsworth, *mutatis mutandis*.

Izumi Shikibu's diary relates a love affair. Many a girl of ours, poet or not, might feel it as delicately, but not one, poet or not, could reveal it as she does, so that the reader apprehends it all, from its tremulous dawn to its slow unfolding as of some flower in the heat. She tells the tale in the third person, and gives the poems which passed between the lovers. I am no judge of Japanese poetry, even when the translation is as good as it is here. It is more allusive than English will usually bear, and symbolizes very much that, to our understanding, it would be better without. Izumi, we have been told, became famous; yet to me it seems that Prince Sochi-no-miya, the lover, is quite as good as she. His approach to her—after a proper interval to allow for her time of mourning for the former possessor of her heart—was made by means of a spray of flowers, taken to her by a page. She acknowledged the gift in a poem, and earned one in reply. Further literary exchanges led to a visit from him. He came "in a humble palanquin" and caused himself to be announced by his page. She placed a cushion for him in the veranda, but remained herself within the house. "While they were talking the moon shone out, and it became uncomfortably bright." He thought it "embarrassing," or said so. "Let me come in where you are sitting. I will not be rude as others are."

Thus lightly talking, the night advanced. "Shall we spend the night this way?" He asked:

*"The night passes,*

*We dream no faintest dream—*

*What shall remain to me of this summer night?"*

She: "Thinking of the world,

*Sleeves wet with tears are my bedfellows.*

*Calmly to dream sweet dreams—*

*There is no night for that."*



He: "I am not a person who can leave my house easily. You may think me rude, but my feeling for you grows ardent."  
And he crept into the room. Felt horribly embarrassed, but conversed together, and at daybreak he returned.

That was the way of it. It is like a summer night's dream spun in gossamer. One needs space in which to unfold it, and a skill equal to the lady's own, lest anything taken away should leave a rent in the beautiful fabric.

We are apt to doubt whether the Japanese are of our species, as we understand human nature. They neither look to be, nor talk as if they were. But contemplating their art, studying their literature, and now, I may add, reading their hearts, we conclude—so much the worse for human nature if they are not.

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## SLUMBER SHIPS

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

Wide sails in shadow move before the moon  
From far-off harbors where the winds are low,  
And fragrance floods white beach and blue lagoon  
Where all is as God made it long ago.  
These are the slumber ships that once were ours  
When we were little children, and from far  
They brought us dreams like opened bales of flowers—  
Each ship whose mast-light was an early star.

O have you bowed above a child that sleeps  
And caught the sweetness of those cargoes sent  
With shadowed sails moved on the starry deeps?  
If so, came back the olden wonderment  
And you have whispered, "May the dreams come true,"  
Even as some one whispered over you.



## THE END OF A GREAT ARTIST

*By* ARTHUR SYMONS



HAT malady is comparable with that of alcohol?" These words Edgar Poe wrote, some time before he was found, drugged and stupefied, in one of the rum shops used for voting, then taken to the hospital, where he expired, in an alarming delirium. His nerve created his genius, and therefore only nervous writers have never understood him. By his caprices, his fantastic follies, his exasperations, his natural insolence, his passionate excitations, his bitter satire, his fashion of annihilating deserved and undeserved reputations; by the fact that he had not enough grip in his constitution to live wisely; that his evil star inevitably doomed him to a tragic death; by what are called his delinquencies in regard to morals; for such propensities as these he has been generally misunderstood.

In Lautrec's case, there were delinquencies enough in all conscience, certainly not against morals as they are usually understood—or (as I have said) misunderstood: but absolute, but to him fatal and most necessary, but to him part of his overwhelming temperament, but to him part of his admitted abnormality. He had used, indeed abused, too many spirituous liquors: he had taken too little care to preserve, on another side, that body of his that had served him, so far, prodigiously. It was not through excess of drink, it was through excess of living, in a word it was through all his excesses, that he let himself be ruined.

Baudelaire in his "Notes on Poe" in which he reveals Poe's genius and defects in as irrefutable a fashion as that



of the Sphinx without an Enigma, refers to an unknown power, *un penchant primordial*, which makes inexplicable the actions—good and evil—of men of genius. This primitive, irresistible force is that form of perversity which makes man ceaselessly homicidal and suicidal, assassin and hangman; for, it has been said with a remarkably satanical subtlety, the impossibility of finding a sufficient motive for certain evil and perilous actions might lead us to consider them as the result of the Devil's suggestions, if experience and history had not taught us, that God often derives from these the establishment of order and the chastisement of criminals:—*après s'être servi des mêmes coquins comme des complices! tel est le mot qui se glisse, je l'avoue, dans mon esprit, comme un sousentendu aussi perfide qu'inevitable.*

Perversity! the most sublime and the most sinister word that exists, is, for one thing, *un penchant primordial*, and, for another, "the primal need," and, for another, men's greed after women, women's greed after men; it exists in violent animal peace and in the stirrings of the blood; in all the sexual instincts; in all the appetites; in the imagination and in the creator's nerves. I do not admit for one instant that there was an equal perversity in Poe and in Lautrec: for, as I have said, the elements of their perversity were elementally unlike. And, for my part (without disguising what has always been in me a peculiar kind of perversity), neither man nor woman, book nor picture, scent nor savor, that has none of this quality, can give me the fascination I require. Can one imagine a Dusé, a Lautrec, a Rodin, a John, a Pachmann—to name four of the greatest artists I have known, all with their different kinds of genius—without Perversity?

In 1899 Lautrec's eccentricities become so notorious that most people suppose him to be absolutely mad. He is not exactly that, in spite of the insanity in his veins; he is more than ever the prey of his hallucinations in which there are long intervals of lucidity; in the meanwhile he has



been sent to the house of Dr. Samalque at Saint James. I find from a letter written to me by Ernest Dowson, Hôtel de St. Malo, Paris, March seventh, 1899, the exact date in regard to Lautrec's entrance into Saint James. "I am intrigued by your card. It is from a serious Belgian consulate or a jest from Dublin? If it is the former, I can only imagine that Leopold has discovered my merit and decided on decorating me. Toulouse-Lautrec, you will be sorry to hear, was taken to a lunatic asylum yesterday."

*Il y a de quoi devenir fou*, Lautrec certainly said to himself, after his reason had returned to him, quoting the words of Gérard de Nerval; having also awakened out of a dream, perhaps refracted from some broken, illuminating angle by which madness catches unseen light, revealing to him the meaning of his own superstition, fatality, malady. It might have occurred to Lautrec to wonder what really can be the link which holds our faculties together; being so intensely conscious of his nerves' illusions, of their disillusion, of their imaginative discords. Yet Lautrec always distinguishes the causes of certain of his moods from those other causes which come to him because he is an artist, and are properly concerned with that creation which is his own function. Did the obscure and fatal irritation of his madness reveal to him visions he had never seen before, visions of worlds unrealized, Hamlet's disembodied visions? To have been obstinate in depravity, as Lautrec was; to have remembered this sentence, "when, with mental malignity, he persuades men that the works of the Holy Spirit are the works of the Devil," to have had the sensation of a world in which the daylight has been abolished, when men stumble in a perpetual night; to have wondered if he had ever been in the emotional state of the man in "Adolphe": *Je me reposais, pour ainsi dire, dans l'indifférences des autres, de la fatigue de son amour*, that marvelous phrase which has in it so much of the intolerable indifference of love's fatigue and of passion's satieties, of the intolerable indifference a man of genius is bound to

have toward a woman who is intolerable; to have chased some divine shadow, through one hot day and to return tired and to find the visitor just turning away from the closed door—and for that to be an obsession; to have felt a subtle terror growing out of the waters, with a more ghastly insistence than anything solid on the earth; finally, to have had the shock on his nerves which came to him as he read this sentence in “*Sur Cathérine de Médicis*” of Balzac, speaking of the Calvinist martyr who is recovering after having been tortured: *On ne saurait croire à quel point un homme, seul dans son lit et malade, devient personnel*:—all this is exactly what I imagine Lautrec must have felt during the last two years of his tragic life.

The great artist, Toulouse-Lautrec, had no more illusions. There was no more for him any Rubesquerat, who created myriads of illusions, a scornful and a cruel Queen, wily and unwise, who finally—as finally Lautrec is bound to—loses her own illusions, and is no more their mistress; all that is left for her is mischief. Yet, before then, as such wicked adventuresses did to Lautrec, her power remains her own.

“So she clenched her hands an instant,” writes Meredith, “with that feeling which knocketh a nail in the coffin of a desire not dead, and controlled herself, and went to the youth, breaking into beams of beauty; and an enchanting sumptuousness breathed round her, so that in spite of himself Shibli Bagarag suffered her to take him by the hand and lead him from that orchard through the shivered door, and into the palace and the hall of the jasper pillars. Strange thrills went up his arms from the touch of the Queen, and they were as little snakes twisting and darting up, biting poison bites of irritating blissfulness.”

What now is left, since death knocks at the very gates of his life, for Lautrec? No more irritating poison-bites from women’s lips, no more Liliths to seduce him, no more dead desires. Nothing, nothing at all; only for him to jest



over his own condition with a disconcerting cynicism and a cold-blooded irony.

A certain sinister event, of which Lautrec is either the direct or the indirect cause, gives him—in the few years that remain to him, much of the “fever called Living” that burns in one’s brain; much of “the terrible torture of thirst”, of the fancy (I quote Poe’s poem, “For Annie”) that anyone might start at “beholding him dead”, of the thought that the “crisis”, this serious crisis that has come on him, might prove fatal—an actual repugnance to Paris. For, knowing him lost (such news flies fast in Paris) certain of those who had met him at “La Nouvelle Athènes”, and certain dealers—known to all artists as swindlers, ar-rant thieves, and dishonorable liars—pounced on him; and in so abominable a manner, that their atrocity reminds me of the Furies who pursued Orestes and Clytemnestra; only, the Furies were rightly named Ministers of Vengeance. “And while he falleth,” says one of the Furies in the “Eumenides” of Aeschylus, “yet doth a man know it not, from the disease of folly; so thick is the gloom in which pollution hovers over him; a cloud of darkness hanging as it were above his house becomes the theme of many a sighing tale. For it abideth. Able are we to contrive and to effect, and with long memories for evil, awful ones and inexorable to men, administering a chosen province though rejected with dishonor by the gods above and separated from them by the sunless mould.”

It was none of these, whose abiding place is below the earth and in the sun-forsaken gloom, who attacked Lautrec; but, in a literal sense, those who had no sense of honor, no sense of pity, no sense of mercy, as the actual Furies had. With fingers for talons, those miserable creatures thrust into the still nervous fingers of Lautrec, as he sat in some café, the mere material for him to trace designs on.

Painting being his *métier*, Lautrec had but little spare time for reading, finding novels simply stupid; but, apart from that, he was the most pernicious and malicious diviner

of the human comedy that ever existed: he saw always the comic, he saw always the tragic, side of things; and he was much too inhuman ever to disguise the storms and tempests that he endured, in his imagination, and bodily. So—as hatred of isolation grew on him—he would never let you go, by day or by night, when he was in need of you. In a certain sense he was like Rossetti: the slave of his own imagination, and how little command he had over that or over his genius is painfully enough known. So, having no more feeling for nature as nature than Rossetti had, he never had from nature any consolation, any soothing of any of his sorrows, even the deepest of all—the sorrow of sorrows, Sin.

That Lautrec was capable of deeper depths of sinning than any of his contemporaries—more so, really, than Verlaine, in spite of the immense difference between them—is a lamentable fact, which can only be explained by the madness he certainly inherited. There is not one picture of his that does not show traces of insanity; by a deformation, an exaggeration, by an infernal craft: always these traces remain. Nor did any artist of our time choose so deliberate, so inevitably fatal, a way of ruining his own existence. It was in his blood, it was in his genius. Yet never, on any occasion, did he, like Dowson, become under the influence of wine almost literally insane, and quite irresponsible; only, at times, he fell into unreasoning and furious passions; a vocabulary before then unknown to him, sprang up like a whirlwind; he seemed always about to commit some act of absurd violence.

I have written: "For, there is not a dream which may not come true, if we have the energy which makes, or chooses, our own fate. We can always, in this world, get what we want, if we will it intensely and persistently enough. Whether we shall get it sooner or later is the concern of fate; but we shall get it. It may come when we have no longer any use for it, when we have gone on



willing it out of habit, so as not to confess that we might have failed. But it will come."

Lautrec, who had the Devil's energy, did not choose his own fate, any more than Satan; for (as an Irishman told me on one of the Aran Islands) Satan, being led by pride to equal himself with God, looked into the glass in which only God should look, and when Satan looked into the glass, "Hell was made in a minute." It requires a strong spirit to "sin strongly" and to make one's own profit out of it. Lautrec sinned tremendously, nor did he ever repent of the sins he had committed; at his own expense he had fallen into "the waste of shame." He contrived to get out of his tragic life almost all he wanted, he got almost all he willed—with an amazing intensity. His was no soul "unspotted from the world" in a body which one sees visibly soiling under one's eyes; in him, hidden and yet inherent in him, I saw all the fever and turmoil and the unattained dreams of a life which had so much of the swift, disastrous, and suicidal energy of genius.

The Château de Malromé is a beautiful old castle, with towers and turrets, in the department of La Gironde, where Lautrec generally spent part of the summer with his mother. "I shall always remember", wrote Gustave Coquiot, "this fact. Lautrec was going to leave Paris, and Carabin had met him, in La Place Blanche, before his actual departure for Brittany, when I came on them. Lautrec jeered—jeered abominably. I have never again found for a friend a more agonizing moment. What he had become! Cowardly, I took Carabin's arm, and we went away. We had from him only one word, brutal. And we knew that this was the end."

Certainly, the end was near at hand; for no sooner had Lautrec found himself in Tausset, than he was struck by paralysis. His mother, being warned of his condition, came to him, and never left him till he died. He seems (as Baudelaire did before him) to have believed in his cure; but it is more reasonable to suppose that he forced

himself to say so, that he might give some hope to his mother. He died, September ninth, 1901, at the age of thirty-seven.

Certainly, every artist of genius is created to live his life exactly according to his own choice. We get out of life, all of us, what we bring to it; that, and that only, is what it can teach us. Lautrec was a great creator, by instinct and by imagination, and by an astonishing, a prodigious, mastery of his *métier*—*Il fut uniquement préoccupé de mettre, comme il disait, les choses à point, d'apprendre son métier, et aussi, et surtout, de vivre la vie qui lui plaisait.* He, in a different sense from Balzac, dealt in flesh and blood, and knew that the passions in nature can teach more to the philosopher, and can justify the artist more fully, than all the unacting intelligence in the world. Both, I am certain, sought the soul that lurks in some occult corner of our body; and that, most of all, it is the soul as nervous fluid, the executive soul, not the contemplative soul, that, with rare exceptions, they seek. Both had vision; neither I think, were contemplative. They could surprise the motive force of life, *la recherche d'absolu*; and could ask the unanswerable question: "Can man by thinking find out God?" Or life, they might have added; and then might have answered the unanswerable question with the great "Perhaps!" of Montaigne and the last utterances of Rabelais: "I am going to leap into the dark. Let down the curtain: the Farce is over." Still, in regard to Lautrec, it is worth quoting this sentence of Peter Motteaux on Rabelais: "We ought not easily to believe, that he, who even in the most licentious places of his many companions, is thought by the judicious to have generally a design to expose villainy; we ought not, I say, to believe, that such a man, in his seventieth year, could have abandoned himself to those excesses."

Lautrec's existence, if not disordered—as in certain senses it was—was ardent, indefatigable, unslackening, animal, ferocious, insatiable. He—as many other artists have done



—divided his days and nights into two divisions: one for pleasure, and one for work. I have never known anyone, with the exception of Verlaine, who loved the pleasures and the satisfactions of the flesh so abnormally as he did; only, with Verlaine, his genius was often lazy and inactive. This disorderly life, year after year, the inordinate fatigues that came over him too often, did not, until the end came, succeed in harming or in hurting his astonishing force of physical existence. His failure, his tragical failure was, that he did not give himself enough sleep. Utterly vain is such an one's idea that, with such lack of sleep as he endured, he can go on year after year without ruining his body. He was, one is aware, not normal; he was, as he himself was vividly aware, abnormal: as he was born, animal to the last degree of animality, voluptuous and full-blooded, so had he to exist. Cruel, he was capable of kindness, even of ardent affections; in fact he found some of his gaiety when he plunged deepest into the somber waters of Lethe; as Meredith did in these lines of "Modern Love:"

But there's a strength to help the desperate weak.  
That night he learnt how silence best can speak  
The awful things when Pity pleads for Sin.  
About the middle of the night her call  
Was heard. And he came wondering to her bed.  
"Now, kiss me dear! It may be now!" she said.  
Lethe had passed those lips, and he knew all.

And, as André Rivoire says: *L'art n'a rien perdu à cette existence effrénée. Toujours et partout, l'artiste y suivait l'homme, et autour de lui cherchait de la beauté. C'est pour avoir su découvrir cette beauté, où personne avant lui ne l'avait si bien découverte qu' Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec restera comme l'un des artistes les plus puissants et les plus originaux de notre époque.*

Did Lautrec, I wonder, when he felt the approach of death, day by day and night by night, when he was sleepless, think of certain declarations of the Catholic Church: *Absorba est mors in victoria. Ubi est, mors, victoria tua? Ubi est, mors, stimulus tuas?* He might have given up all

that consolation, as if any such consolations were to him then more than hopeless, all the time his miserable and racked body was longing for its pain to be over and craving for peace when peace was not, imagining if there were any chance of the Spirit surviving the infamy of the grave; as he saw in vision, or visibly, he who had lived a life few men have ever lived, who had longed so passionately for length of life, and who knew, just then, that length of life was denied him—the Thing—Death's figure, hooded and masked and menacing, with all hell's fire in his cruel lips. If Lautrec could have turned his eyes away from the hideous aspect of that Thing—that Thing that has neither name nor lineage—could have closed them and turned his face to the wall—the naked wall that shuts that outer world from our vision—that might have been wonderful; only, instead of being wonderful, the imagination would come over him of himself utterly dead, the narrow boards of the coffin waiting—how ignobly!—for his body to be nailed inside of it; and then, all the grave's infamy! And then, finally, to have fallen asleep, and to have passed forever into the common air unfelt by others; and then, in Pater's words, "to have experienced the last curiosity."

Had he but read them, Lautrec might have found his destiny revealed in two lines of Hood—that found an echo in Baudelaire:

Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world!

For this saying has passed through interpreters, and helped to make a rare corner of modern literature; and the pity of the whole thing is like that of a great line of Dante, not less universal. Or rather, let this be Lautrec's epitaph: A stone is flung angrily and straight into the air, and may strike the canopy before it falls back on the earth: or, by preference: *Un homme qui improvisait avec une aptitude terrible et un comique sinistre, ces charges amères où perçait déjà le dégoût du monde et des ridicules humains.*



## NEW GERMANY AND ITS MAKERS

*By* GENERAL CHARLES H. SHERRILL

**S**OME years before the war, an intelligent American named Wile wrote "Men About the Kaiser"—a group picture of different personalities each contributing elements of power to the "All Powerful" monarch, as he was then believed by them to be. These blossoms of the Prussian military plant showed it to be of sturdy growth, and that it had wide-spreading roots. The war has cut off these blossoms and proved the plant to be of ill service to the German people. Have its roots been injured? Will it blossom again? It is still too early to say. But meanwhile the productive energy of the Teutonic stock has not been idle, a new plant has sprung up, and perhaps from a consideration of its first group of blossoms we may venture to judge if the plant will be of permanent growth, and if that growth will benefit the Germany of tomorrow.

From the men now in the public eye, let us single out for observation Josef Wirth, the Chancellor; Friederich Rosen, the Minister of Foreign Affairs; Hugo Stinnes, the apotheosis of enterprise in "big business"; Max Warburg, the banker; and last but perhaps most significant of all—Walther Rathenau, he who recently left the presidency of the *Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft* to accept the portfolio of a new cabinet Ministry of Reconstruction expressly created for him. These men personify Germany's new position since the war, and perhaps if we sit down with them for awhile, we will rise with the conclusion that this group incarnates a spirit of better national promise than could ever have been expected from the men around

and influencing the Kaiser. These new men are stationed around no dispenser of royal favor, but are standing for the conserving of Germany's present in such fashion as constructively to protect her future.

The reader will at once object: But why include Hugo Stinnes in such a patriotic category? Is he not interested only in his own pocket? Can war-profiteering in any land show so colossal a figure—a man whose acquisitiveness refuses to specialize as has the acquisitiveness of his prototypes in other countries? Newspapers by the dozens, mines, shipping lines, industrial enterprises in a score of fields—all are equally fish for his mighty net; he gathers them all in with a catholicity of taste that makes the average maligned plutocrat seem a contented fisherman on the banks of a small stream. To all these questions, "yes" is a proper answer, but to them all collectively, so is "no." More than once in the months leading up to May tenth, 1921, when in London the Allies fixed the amount of the German indemnity, was Stinnes to be seen aiding his none too stable government to carry on its negotiations and its work. True, he made much money out of the war, but also he has proved a great factor for stabilizing business in many fields during the chaos that came with shattered government finance, a currency that dropped out of sight, vacillation in plans for taxation, and lack of public and private confidence. Along with the news of Stinnes' profits came the assurance to smaller men that if he could be doing business so could they, and they went to work. Indeed, one of the most outstanding economic facts of Germany today, is that everybody has gone to work. Numerous are the instances of workingmen's groups seeking permission to exceed the eight hours work per day fixed by law. Anyone who read the newspaper accounts describing Stinnes' alleged outrageous manner at the Aix la Chapelle conference, his domineering insistence upon his own indemnity plan, and his intolerance of conflicting opinions, naturally concluded that here was the incarnation of the Prussian military spirit. When



I met the man in Berlin at the end of May, 1921, I was never so surprised in my life. Instead of the unreasoning bully, he appeared the quietest of men, with a pleasant blue eye. Strange looking he certainly is, for his closely cropped hair and beard are of exactly the same length all over his head and face—an even coating throughout of the same color, as it were! And with it all so gentle and modest a manner and so simple a dress. No, said he, it was not fair to allege he had acquired three hundred newspapers—he personally owned only one outright, and although he had bought an interest in many stock companies, it was rather to help straighten out their tangled affairs than for any other reason! As long ago as 1893 he founded a firm that now has thirty foreign branches. He spoke mostly, and convincingly too, of the advantage he thought possessed by the German cartel or syndicate system for foreign trade over our trusts; and said that by their method they conserved all the personal initiative in the various companies combining for some export purpose, and did not rely so much on centralization, as the American method does. He is well informed on labor conditions, for it is estimated that the companies he controls employ one hundred and twenty-seven thousand men! Obviously here was a novel human factor in German national advance—a type one could not imagine dangling around a Kaiser, for to such as he royal favor and high decorations mean nothing. The man's chief joy is clearly work, and as many hours of it per day as possible. Meals are an interruption, as one saw when Stinnes would slip down stairs to the Adlon restaurant from the up stairs suite where his inner working force is installed, swallow a hasty meal at strange hours, and hurry back to the only thing that interests him—work, and then more work!

When the Allies fixed the amount of their financial demands on Germany, and it became necessary to find some German who would sign the document accepting those terms, it was generally believed that whoever signed it would thereby commit political suicide, so unpopular at home

would that act be. And this was believed just as firmly inside of Germany as outside, so when Josef Wirth undertook to form a cabinet to carry forward business under this onerous document he was considered both at home and abroad a mere stop-gap, brave and self-sacrificing if you please, but after all a foolhardy soul whose head would soon topple into the political waste basket. When I saw the man a fortnight after he signed the fateful paper he seemed far from a moribund politician! Tall, heavily but powerfully built, with a faint reddish tint showing in moustache and hair, and with quick, eager eyes, he seemed far from out of place in the splendid room at number seventy-seven Wilhelm Strasse looking out upon the great trees of the garden behind—the room often paced by the Iron Chancellor Bismarck, who for so many years occupied this official residence. No, here was a man, in the prime of life (he was born in 1879) a factor of international politics that would have to be counted with for some while to come. It is significant of the changed times that Chancellor Wirth is not Prussian, but comes from south Germany, having been born in Baden in 1879. At the time of our interview he, as head of a newly formed cabinet, was of course chiefly concerned in gathering new elements of strength, for it was then generally believed that his continuance in power would depend upon his obtaining aid from the powerful parliamentary bloc called the *Deutsches Volks Partei*, representing what we would call “big business.” For that reason he was interested to hear how chambers of commerce in the United States were beginning to study governmental policies, and how those groupings of the best trained business brains in each community were answering President Harding’s summons to participate in politics: “more business in government and less government in business.” When I returned to Paris a few days later and told my French friends of the impression made on me by the German Chancellor, they were at first amused and then incredulous, but as the weeks went on, and he skilfully weathered one parlia-



mentary storm after another, a study of his past revealed many reasons for his present success.

As a student, and later as a professor of economics and mathematics at Freiburg Realgymnasium, he laid a sound basis fitting him excellently to hold the portfolio of Finance, first in Müller's Cabinet, then in Fehrenbach's, and lastly in his own. He is a convincing public speaker, not only in parliamentary debate but also on the hustings. He is a Roman Catholic, a follower of Erzberger, and it is well to remember that the Roman Catholics of Germany possess more of an international point of view than do the Protestants. Membership in the former church carries with it a recognition that there exist abroad other units of the same order, and this makes for a broader outlook than that of most German Lutherans. I spent some weeks in 1914, just preceding the war's outbreak, traveling about Germany collecting notes for a proposed book on German ancient stained glass, and as an American Protestant was surprised to find that the Lutheran churches were almost always locked and therefore gave no opportunity for meditation in the House of God, which most American churches invite. Even when open for service the Lutheran churches (mostly in north Germany) seem to attract but small attendance. The number of churches I visited on my quest was of course considerable, and I was left with an unfavorable impression of Protestant vigor in Germany. Just after the war I spent some months in Japan, and its thronged temples and pilgrimage shrines caused one to wonder if a religion so woven into the daily life of the people, making for frequent reflection upon things spiritual rather than upon those material, is not finer than a religion of locked sanctuaries during the week and sparse congregations on Sundays. And later when I visited Louvain and Rheims, and saw the hacked fruit trees of France's devastated regions and the almost obliterated sites of her carefully destroyed factories—again I compared the Japanese thronging of sacred places with the locked Protestant temples of Germany! Japan,

like Germany, fosters a dangerous military party, but her religious antidote seems more active.

Chancellor Wirth has been fated more than once to find himself in positions requiring quick thinking and even quicker action. After the revolution broke out in Berlin, he started home for Baden. He stopped on the way at Carlsruhe, and to inform himself on matters at home telephoned on to a friend to ask how things were going.

"You ought to know better than I, because yesterday you were appointed Finance Minister of Baden!"

This was the first Wirth had heard of his appointment, but he tackled the job and succeeded with it. In the same abrupt and unsought fashion came his selection as German Chancellor. Whether he continues long in power or after awhile is superseded, at least it must be said that in a great national crisis, Germany produced a man of courage and preparation who carried faithfully into effect the announcement made on taking office that he would carry out in full what Germany had signed. The sooner Germans realize that, for the outside world, those words benefitted their credit more than others spoken in Germany since July, 1914, the quicker will their national psychology get back into step with the rest of us.

Dr. Friederich Rosen, Minister for Foreign Affairs, taken from the German Legation at The Hague to fill that post, and long trained in diplomacy at Bagdad, Jerusalem, Abyssinia, Algeciras, Teheran, etc., typifies the use which the new German republic is wisely making of trained men; it is not, like some new republics, discarding everything of an older régime as untimely. With no trace of accent in his English, but speaking like a Londoner, this German expert in oriental languages talked, not as I expected, of international affairs so much as of the domestic need of rallying to the new government the support of new elements of political strength. Even more than Wirth, did Rosen seem interested in gaining the support of the great commercial interests. His remarks on foreign affairs were



chiefly to the effect that if the Allies made things so difficult that even home support could not sustain this government, then the present one would be succeeded by another even less capable of carrying out the terms imposed in London. Neither from him nor from any other well-informed German does one hear any hint of Bolshevism over-running Germany. That nonsense is reserved for certain yellow journals and their credulous readers. Germans are too well educated to be led away by the economic piffle of men like Lenin and Trotzky. The Prussian military group used Bolshevism as a war weapon to overwhelm illiterate Russia, and it succeeded beyond their fondest hopes, but in Germany such a propaganda would wither up. They know it, and do not waste their own time nor that of foreigners of average intelligence by trying to make that ghost walk!

The Roman Catholic is not the only faith that makes for an international mind. So does that of the Jews, and the strength of their faith has suffered the advantage (if one may venture an Irish bull) of centuries of persecution. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, and of no faith is that truer than of the Jewish, and especially in regard to the grasp of its followers upon matters international. The new German republic recognizes this fact, and chief among the Jews now aiding it is Max Warburg, head of a banking house that has existed one hundred and twenty-three years in Hamburg. He maintains intimate relations with his brother, Paul Warburg of New York, to whom American banking owes so much of the early success and functioning of our Federal Reserve system, and who is now rendering almost as great a national service in founding our first bank exclusively for acceptances. Max Warburg, thanks to his blue-grey eyes, has a gentler expression than Paul's piercing black ones will permit, but the same trained banker's brain lies behind both their seeing apparati. Nor is the present German crisis the first one that Max Warburg's Hamburg firm has helped its government to meet.

And now for the fifth and last personality of the group we have selected to personify the new post-war Germany—Walther Rathenau. Son of an influential father of the same name, his predecessor as head of the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft (an economic colossus resembling our General Electric Company) this business magnate of fifty-four, a well known writer on public topics, decided at last to enter “practical politics”, and at six fifteen P. M., May twenty-eighth, 1921, accepted a cabinet position as Minister of Reconstruction under Chancellor Wirth. I have no difficulty in remembering that date, because by a freak of fate, I spent with him, upon his invitation, the last half hour before he drove to the Ministry of Justice to report acceptance of governmental responsibility. Grave, practical, hard-headed he certainly was, but withal courteous-minded, not only in discussing Germany’s position with a foreigner who had not viewed the war’s causes from his angle, but thoughtful even of future associates and their possible divergence of views, for he qualified his positive statements by “please remember I am speaking as of Saturday afternoon while still a private individual, and not as of to-morrow, when, as an official, my views must be affected by the majority opinion of the cabinet I am entering.” Most explicit was his insistence that this cabinet be regarded abroad as one devoted to complete fulfilment of the terms signed and accepted by Germany in London on May tenth. Proud of his father’s good name, known as well in America as at home for strict compliance with the contracted word, he believed, said he, in as scrupulous performance of government agreements as is required in the higher business circles where his father and he had gained their training. From the same schooling came both his impatience of official red tape, and also that love of direct dealing, man to man and face to face, soon to be evidenced in his Wiesbaden meeting with Loucheur.

“We have no right to force our modes of thought and feeling upon other civilized nations.” And this is



from a practical man, who although he believes in monarchical government, conditions this upon constant effort by the monarch to conduct "a people's state," the demand for which in Germany he asserts to be "timely and inevitable."

"No one", says he, "can be a statesman unless he bears or has borne creative responsibility":—and to this it is fair for an American to reply that such a man is Rathenau himself! He has turned from great commercial affairs and has put his hand to the political plow. Perhaps he may not remain long in this cabinet—certainly he will withdraw if it wavers from its pledge completely to fulfill Germany's May tenth agreement with the Allies.

To anyone who has been privileged to meet all the leading Ministers of Europe during that trying reconstructive period known as A.D. 1921, there will be no doubt that Walther Rathenau belongs in the same class with Lloyd George, Briand, and Venezelos—to which, by the way, Lloyd George would add Giolitti, for says he, "he is the best of the whole lot of us."

Those who have Germany's future most at heart, as well as those who loathe the brutal scars of Prussian militarism left on Belgium and northeastern France, may both find satisfaction in a consideration of this group of five powerful human factors in the Germany of 1921. Taken together they spell out a nationality very different from the group around the Kaiser in the days when it cheered the rattle of his sabre and beckoned on "Der Tag" that was going to make the Kultur of one country lord it over all others.

From the body politic of the same nation that blossomed in the Kaiser's clique, there has come forth a new type, just as resolute in purpose and certainly just as German, but now at last we see leaders willing and able to consider the viewpoint of other nations—a vast change from the ingrowing Prussian psychology that helped Germany to lose the war.

## THE MOVIES—AN ARRAIGNMENT

By S. L. M. BARLOW

**W**HOSOEVER is bored with the play or his companion at the theatre may turn the pages of his program and find a full page advertisement of a current movie. Approving quotations may there be found. John Barrymore, "the greatest artist of the English speaking stage" (and that while Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Fiske yet breathe), Belasco, and others, are fulsome in their praise of the Art (sic) of this latest masterpiece. The words *art*, *artistry*, *artistic*, are scattered profusely over the page. So much emphasis is a challenge to a searching probe; such an exhibition of symptoms calls for a drastic diagnosis. Have the movies developed a case of Art, or are they merely suffering from acute indigestion? Let us hold an autopsy on one of the most recent.

Griffith's "Way Down East" is the exemplar of cinemetic production in America; it falls into the ridiculous without having quite achieved the sublime. The first half is the epitome of photo-drama, a preposterous depiction of a society which flocks to unregenerate supper parties on Beacon Hill in a studio that resembles the reception hall in the Campbell Funeral Parlors. Gentlefolk are conspicuously absent—an inadvertence partly due to the actors. The entire performance is cheap, meaningless and silly; its counterpart never existed, except in the producer's perverted imagination. It is a case of *reductio ad absurdum*. With the second half of the picture there is disclosed material more obvious, and hence more within the scope of the movies. The subtle delineation of character which facial



expression alone can never record, beyond the invariable use of a moustache for the villain, is left carefully to one side, and the attention of the photographer is turned to the only reliable actress in the motion pictures: Dame Nature. The recording of a great ice jam is superb and thrilling, gripping that atavistic attention which of yore was galvanized by Eliza's well-known crossing. The dramatic values, being equally objective and external, are hardly more significant in one than in the other. This second half of "Way Down East" is undeniably magnificent, gigantic, if you will—but, as art, it does not exist. As art it is the apotheosis of Drury Lane.

These may seem harsh words to apply to a movie which is commonly considered to represent the pinnacle of cinematography. But let us survey the best scenes in it, and judge it by its heights rather than by those abysmal depths sounded in the first part. The ice jam, then: a girl floating on a cake of ice, a lover struggling to her across the treacherous floe, a rescue on the brink of the waterfalls. Here is no call for great acting. The only essential element of drama here is suspense, and that element is carried by a cataclysm of nature. Great acting and true drama develop in the all but subconscious relation between people, in the labyrinths of the brain, not on a piece of ice. That part of Hamlet which calls for the most subtle acting presents the Prince alone on the stage.

Dusé, Bernhardt, Mrs. Fiske, have never essayed the part of Eliza to my knowledge, not only because of its innate incongruity, but because they were too clever to appear in a play where their big scene was stolen from them—by a natural phenomenon. If then the actors are puppets and the drama is subordinate to the convulsions of a river, the repository of art must be found in the photography itself, or not found at all. Here again, our emotions are identical with those called forth by the performance of a steeple-jack—we marvel how it was done, but at the same time we find a complete absence of the re-

finements without which no art is possible. The very perils and haste of the scene do not permit the leisurely arrangement of lines, the grouping, the contrast, the chiaroscuro, the balance that contribute to the composition of a work of art. Each separate click of the machine should record a set as perfect as an "arrangement" by Whistler. When we consider how Stieglitz has labored over each plate to produce something that approaches an autochthonous art of the camera as distinguished from bastard painting, we perceive the contrast whereby the mere recording of the motion picture lens cannot be taken seriously because of the forced exclusion of the two greatest objective factors in any art, selection and rejection.

A brief record of the more pretentious movies confirms the prevalence of the double fallacy so obvious in "Way Down East." Chiefly are the producers at fault for being led on by the allure of an essential misnomer. The words "photo-play" and "photo-drama" dance invitingly over the bottomless pit of twaddle. The intimate drama, without exaggeration or buffoonery confined in four walls, can never be screened. Ibsen, perfect on the stage, becomes, in the movies, such an amorphous and dull spectacle as one of de Mille's sex triangles or the cream pie farce. So long as the cinema deals with material which can better be handled on the stage, so long shall the cinema be without its own art. Unquestionably artistic things have been done in the movies: "Broken Blossoms," Mr. Griffith's redemption for the base propaganda of "The Birth of a Nation"; "The Kid," irradiated by Chaplin's genius; "Sentimental Tommy," where the most illusive of atmospheres has been caught in more than one scene. But the charm of these productions does not establish the art; Barrie remains greater in the book than on the screen.

The second fallacy we may call the "Drury Lane complex." Here the forces and spaces of nature, not possible on the stage, are called upon in no uncertain voice. A cavalry charge, an ice floe, a chariot race, or a volcanic



eruption bear a world of nonsense on their shoulders. Their ultimate worth, however, is open to question when we consider the convincing and moving performance of Miss Anglin as Joan of Arc, and all the king's horses and all the king's men that never quite lifted Geraldine Farrar's picture out of archæological sterility. The "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" comes directly into the same category. The original chronicle is better by far than the movie. Again we find certain laudable exceptions. Annette Kellerman's under-sea pictures are legitimate as well as beautiful. The subject is impossible, except in the movies, and the photography is exquisite. Such pictures are *echt*—they pertain to the movies alone, they are not perversions or enlargements of the regular stage—they are neither Ibsen nor Drury Lane suffering from Elephantitis. At their best, however, such spectacles are but glorified travelogues, Burbankiana, without dramatic significance. They do but point the way to those individual expressions which at some later date are to coalesce into the art of the cinema.

Within the past year and a half two movies, planned and made in Europe, have appeared, which all producers should see, mark, and inwardly digest. "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "The Golem" are the first films to be conceived in the fourth dimension, not perverted from a novel, not enlarged from a play. They possess purely movie scenarios, and develop along the lines of absolute cinema technique. "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" is the more interesting, particularly so as it was the first of the two. Therein for the first time the producer has become aware of the seemingly obvious fact that movies are commonly shown in black and white. He has accordingly set and massed each scene as Beardsley balanced each drawing. The resultant effects of perspective and contrast are astounding. In one scene, the somnambulist, escaping with the body of the young girl, appears to be running down the outer shingles of the world, a ridge over eternity. A grotesque and horrible story unfolds amid grotesque and horri-

ble surroundings. There is complete unity. The Bedlam in the "Duchess of Malfi" alone can compare with these scenes for unique terror. The American lessees, of course, could not let this pristine film alone; they have cut it considerably, thereby necessitating superfluous titles and also confusing the onlooker, who does not realize till the end that the whole thing is the phantasmagoria of a madman's brain. Even so, it stands as the one picture which conclusively proves that the movies may some day have an art of their own.

Two other avenues of escape, one attempted but not pursued long, the other unattempted, offer themselves. The first is the animated cartoon, so far used only for comic effect, but actually inherent with possibility. Imagine a Hiroshige, a Beardsley, or a Rackham drawing a series of pictures to be vitalized by the motion picture! Here the camera would be essential; it would produce an authentic movie. The second is the use of marionettes. Puppets can perform as no human being is able. The limitation of the marionette up to the present has been set by the inability of the figure to change its expression. Aided by the cinema, the puppet could create the illusion of "registering" as many emotions as there were masks for it. Here indeed are broad fields for the camera. With cartoons and puppets, with the lesson of Dr. Caligari, how original and limitless spreads the realm of the movie of the future! And yet, for want of imagination and a real sense of what is true and what is spurious, the producers in America have been pecking at the carcasses of plays and novels, photographing the remains, and naively calling it Art.



## THE MOVIES—IN THEIR DEFENSE

By ROBERT EMMETT MACALARNEY

**N**OWADAYS the easiest—hence the most common—exploitation of one's critical faculty is found in slanging the movies.

Some motion pictures should be slanged, because they are very bad indeed. And then anyone can criticize a motion picture, whether he be stevedore or Ph.D. Anyone goes into a movie theatre—he goes in more often than he would enter a legitimate theatre, since it is cheaper—and sees what he sees. Of course he may see more than he sees. But all he really needs, to be able to tear a picture to verbal pieces, is to see what he does see. As a rule, motion picture makers desire him to see more. They regard pictorial presentation as stimulation of the spectator's ego, which is supposed to hang its emotional hat upon the peg of five unwinding reels.

When one is dealing with novel or dialogue play, inhibition toward glib criticism functions less vividly. Here the stevedore falters. Unless it be drama such as "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," he chokes vague fault finding perforce. He is not certain as to what most of the mixed metaphors mean. Even a stevedore hates to be utterly ridiculous. Again he rightabouts when it comes to black-guarding the author of a popular novel. Stevedores are not long on polysyllables, as a rule; they would not know one if they met it on West Street. So dialogue play and novel elude much ragtag and bobtail attack with which manufacturers of motion pictures must reckon.

In goes the stevedore to a picture show. He sees what he sees, and, because he does not like what he sees, he slangs the movies.

Fundamentally, I think, producers are to blame. They have invited guerrilla warfare upon the screen by coaxing the public into taking its film too seriously. They have nurtured an idea that the screen must compete as an art of expression with stage play and book. Yet the film at its very best is a somewhat hard and flat, if potent, medium. And spoken titles, no matter how skilfully written, are, after all, only so many unuttered words, slightly oscillating, surrounded by quotation marks.

In gauging the quality of a motion picture one should remember—the unthinking stevedore won't—that here we have a product made in bulk. A play success on Broadway seeks the road only if it is deemed appealing to Keokuk. But pictures, inevitably, with their infinite duplication of prints, are rammed down the gullets of middle west farming hamlet and New England mill town with undifferentiated pushing. Only one grade of product is made. It invades territories without distinction. If it were possible—by this I mean financially possible—to produce assorted pictures for city, small town, highbrow, lowbrow, rural, etc., consumption, there would be far less hue and cry about meretricious movies. But this day is not likely to dawn soon. Let us begin aright then. Let us look upon the screen as it is. Naturally it is an art. Anything capable of being handled artistically may be labeled that. But woven through every foot of positive print is the celluloid cry of business, business in bulk, sold and over-sold through the same hippodrome methods used by the manufacturer of soap or motor cars.

It is the most hazardous industry in the world, an industry almost slaughtered in its infancy because the watchers beside the magic bird evolving golden eggs, tried to induce it to lay radium instead. The cost of producing stage spectacles is trivial in comparison. Publishers of "best sellers" hide diminished heads at the thought of risking approximate sums in their literary foundries.



But there is no reason why motion pictures should not be criticized, or why bad ones should not be slanged. However, let us criticize and slang with something like understanding; which at least means sketchy knowledge of the topic. Creatively all motion pictures are at the mercy of a mathematical fact. It is a simple fact, one that may be comprehended by a child emerging from kindergarten. In every science there is at least one such epochal truth. For instance, any domestic science student is familiar with the tenet, "Twin Mountain Muffins Are the Beginning of Cake." Here we have impressiveness of a deed. We realize the remorselessness of it all. We are impressed.

In motion picture studios the same common or garden tenet is inhaled by everyone, from property boy to director, often overpaid. This tenet is—let it be well regarded by all who criticize—that twelve inches make one foot. Footage is the ever present, haunting studio ghost. There is no dodging, no exorcising it. What is more, there never will be. Directors must compress drama into a five thousand foot maximum. The staple of every movie theatre today is five reels. Now five reels should mean really five thousand feet. But literally it does not. It is difficult to handle reels containing one thousand feet of celluloid. Therefore manufacturers endeavor to hold each reel to nine hundred, or nine hundred and fifty feet. Exhibitors prefer short five reel features to long ones. Profit in theatres depends upon the regularity with which the house can be filled and emptied. To show five thousand feet at theatre speed takes about an hour and a quarter. Really normal projection would demand eighteen minutes for each reel. But operators speed films deliberately.

Five reels mean also that out of the total footage not less than twelve or thirteen hundred feet must be given up to titles. The average line of title type holds four or five words. By each line three or four feet are eaten up. A conservative estimate of average title footage, therefore, is twelve hundred feet. This leaves a residue of thirty-eight hundred for

action footage. Try to comprehend, please, what this shrunken footage means to the director. And then, if you can, look over a community; try to decide what you would do with the story to make it better than it is. As a rule you will find the task a baffling one. There are cocksure directors who talk fluently about the titleless picture—a palpable absurdity. You can no more dispense with necessary titles in screen projection than you can substitute pantomime for the sound of the voice in legitimate drama.

So we have, then, the motion picture as a business even more than an artistic product. Further, it is manufactured in bulk and sold by merchandising methods. Thirdly, it is handicapped by the inexorable fact that there are only twelve inches in a foot of film. Finally, you have a goodly percentage of that footage consumed by titles. Q.E.D.

Let us have better pictures by all means. Technically they must be bettered. Decidedly, story material must be improved. The time is coming when novel or play will not be filmed just because it has achieved success in its own zone. There will arise also a tribe, limited to be sure, who will write intelligently for the screen itself. And there will be provided by a kindly fate directors who will not use the screen as a target for self expression alone.

Let it be repeated that the screen is here to stay. Motion pictures will never disappear from the face of the earth. The human voice, the written word, and motion photography will share responsibility for transmitting the truth or the lie of life. It is silly waste of time to direct gun-fire against the screen unless that attack is constructive. All the clamor in the world will not wipe away motion pictures. Slang the movies if you must, but slang them only after giving some thought to the difficulties of their making. The motion picture business is the most open-minded business in the world. It wants to be told why the public likes and why the public does not like what it produces. Picture makers are very willing to learn. Which is not a bad symptom. Is it?



## JANE CARLYLE'S UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

*Arranged by* REGINALD BLUNT

*(The first and second instalments of Mrs. Carlyle's letters appeared in the November and December issues of The Forum)*



packet of letters, written by Mrs. Carlyle to the daughter of her Chelsea doctor, was last year brought as a gift to Carlyle's house by that lady's daughter, Mrs. Chambers. On collating these letters with the published volumes, I found that nine of them had been printed in the "*Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*," and three of these had also been included in Mrs. Alexander Ireland's biography, but that the remaining fifteen letters and notes, the third instalment of which follows, had not, so far as I could discover, been published.

After the letter of May, 1862, there is a gap in the series of nearly eighteen months; a gap, as we know, rather tragically eventful in the story of the Cheyne Row household, including as it did the completion of the third volume of "*Friedrich*," the severe illness of Lord Ashburton in Paris, the fall and loss of Carlyle's good horse Fritz, and Mrs. Carlyle's bad accident whilst trying to reach an omnibus in St. Martin's Lane. This last smash occurred at the beginning of October 1863, and Mrs. Carlyle was carried by Larkin to her bed, in terrible pain, the sinews of her thigh torn and lacerated. There she lay for nearly a month, slowly recovering; and the next little note of our series is written in pencil, addressed to "—— Simmonds Esq." and sent by hand. He had evidently written early word of an important family event for himself and her "*Carina*."

5 Cheyne Row,  
1st November.

Many thanks, dear Mr. Simmonds, for sending me the good news so quickly. Having lots of time at present for making myself miserable, and a born genius for that sort of thing, and considering what happened before, I had been more anxious how your dear little wife should get thro' this business than *she* had the smallest idea! But she has got thro' it well, thank God, as she gets thro' most things.

I am only sorry that I shan't be up to going to see her and *It* for some time. Give her my love and compliments on her cleverness—and *It* a kiss for me and congratulations on having got duly born!

I suppose it is very *red*?

Yours sincerely,

Jane Carlyle.

The two next letters in this batch have been included in the Letters and Memorials. The first of these is dated November third, 1863.

I am so thankful that you are alright. And to think of your writing, on the third day after your confinement, the most legible—indeed the only legible note I ever had from you in my life!

Now about this compliment offered me, which you are pleased to call a favor (to you) I don't know what to say. I wish I could go and talk it over; but even if I could go in a cab, one of these next dry days, I couldn't drive up your stairs in a cab! I should be greatly pleased that your baby bore a name of mine. But the godmotherhood? There seems to me one objection to that which is a fatal one—I don't belong to the English church; and the Scotch church which I do belong to, recognizes no godfathers and godmothers. The father takes all the obligations on himself (serves him right!) I was present at a Church of England christening for the first time when the Blunts took me to see their baby christened, and it looked to me a very solemn piece of work; and that Mr. Maurice and Julia Blunt (the godfather and godmother) had to take upon themselves before God and man very solemn engagements, which it was to be hoped they meant to fulfil! . . . Now, my darling, how could I dream of binding myself to look after the spiritual welfare of any earthly baby? I, who have no confidence in my own spiritual welfare! . . . How could I, in cold blood, go through with a ceremony in a church to which neither the others nor myself attach a grain



of veracity? If you can say anything to the purpose I am very willing to be proved mistaken, and in that case very willing to stand godmother to a baby that on the third day is not at all red!

[One imagines that the aspersion at the end of the previous letter had been indignantly repudiated by "Its" mother!]

The second of these letters enclosed a locket-brooch as a christening gift for the baby to wear, as soon as it was "sufficiently hardened from its present pulpy condition."

Next comes a note written towards the end of this same November, on the eve of the christening of "Jane."

5 Cheyne Row.

Carina, I am glad of the proposed addition to *Its* name, glad that the poor Dear will have a reasonable Christian name to fall back upon when she has grown to having a judgment of her own, and to recognizing the fatuity of a meaningless lispings "Ethel" out of a Thackeray novel! I cannot *engage* to come tomorrow. I will try!—not to luncheon, however! That would complicate the nervousness of the thing for me. You have no idea how nervous I have been, since my accident—sitting here in the same sofa corner always, in the same dressing gown, seeing the same two or three people. To start out into a christening company before I can stand steadily on my two legs—after such a nine weeks of seclusion! Dear, have you thought what an effort that would take? I was very much the worse for my wild expedition that day to see my baby. I never closed my eyes all night after! I felt so fatigued and *excited* by it!—and felt to have caught cold all over. The fatigue would be lessened by going in a cab, but on the other hand the excitement would be aggravated by the presence of company. You would be very sorry if I were laid up for two or three days in consequence. But if it is a fine day tomorrow and I feel particularly *brave*, I will try to come for a few minutes.

Yours affectionately,

Jane Carlyle.

The baby was duly christened "Ethel Jane Carlyle Simmonds." Mrs. Carlyle did not actually and finally stand as her godmother, but she came to the house after the christening: and the silver mug she gave her small namesake is still in Mrs. Chambers' possession.

Again there is a gap of over a year and a half between this letter and the next—and final—one; and we know with what a tormented record of illness and suffering that critical period was filled for Mrs. Carlyle. The pain, in part resulting from her accident and partly from acute neuritis in her arm, grew worse again during the winter of 1863-4. In March she made the desperate experiment of a visit to St. Leonards and the Blakestons', where she remained in great misery, sleeplessness and utter depression till the end of June, when she fled, distracted and unnerved, to Scotland. There she remained chiefly at Holm Hill, till the end of September, when she returned to Chelsea, having outworn the longest and worst phase of her "horrible ailment"; but with her health and strength irretrievably shattered. Carlyle's gift of a carriage to her this autumn was an immense boon in her disablement, besides being tangible evidence of an affection and solicitude which, except in moments of the madness caused by nervous breakdown, protracted insomnia and physical torture from her accidents, Mrs. Carlyle never, in her heart, either doubted or disbelieved.

In January 1865 Carlyle took the last sheets of "Friedrich" to the post office; and in March they went, for a month, to the Ashburtons' cottage near Seaton. The change did Mrs. Carlyle good; but in May the neuritis, which had, for two years, more or less crippled her left arm, passed to the right, thus incapacitating her from writing till she could learn to scribble with her left hand. In June she went north once more, and this last letter to Mrs. Simmonds is written, in ink, with her left hand, from Mrs. Russell's ever welcoming house:

Holmhill, Thornhill.

10th July, 1865.

Oh my poor little Darling!

I am dreadfully sorry for you! Your little child that was such a Pet! Nothing worse could have befallen you under Heaven, except the Death of your husband. Be thankful, poor sorrowing young Mother, that you are spared that! Oh try to bear up



for your husband's sake, and for the sake of the Baby unborn who is soon to come and comfort you for the little sister taken away. I wish I were at home to go and see you very often! I cannot even write as I should wish. My right arm and hand continue to be a perpetual torment to me, and utterly useless. I have had to learn to write and to do the things I can do at all with my left hand. But I feel it so difficult!

I am coming home in about a fortnight.

Thank you, Darling, for writing to me.

I have not improved in "the country." The pain is constant, and takes away my sleep and appetite.

Your loving Friend,

Jane Carlyle.

Mrs. Carlyle returned to Cheyne Row towards the end of July, and except for a brief visit to Miss Bromley at Folkestone, in August, this was her last journey.

The autumn and winter were comparatively uneventful, save for alterations of bookcases, trials of the "hereditary housemaid," an invasion of cocks and hens next door, triumphantly subdued by Mrs. Carlyle's brilliant diplomacy, and the pleasurable preparation for Carlyle's Edinburgh Lord Rectorship. Her neuralgia was much better, and, though extremely frail in body, her indomitable spirit seemed now to have reached a haven of comparative serenity and calm.

The Carlyle's were often at the Rectory during this last year of Mrs. Carlyle's life. My father gave stable accommodation to Carlyle's horse, "Noggs", of which he had wished to make him a present, and which he occasionally rode.

Noggs, however, was not a very satisfactory steed; "he had," as I have elsewhere recorded, "too long been accustomed to the ways of a preoccupied rider, who had ambled with him absent-mindedly about thirty thousand miles—the majority of it as he was thrashing out 'Frederick the Great.' People had often seen Noggs grazing quietly along the roadside of Clapham Common, the reins loose on his neck, whilst history was being evolved on his back; and Noggs, having too long had his own way, resented a rider who had

ideas of his own as to whither and at what pace they should go; and in May, when Carlyle went to Annandale, he took his horse with him for the summer."

In October Herbert Barnes, Mrs. Simmonds' brother, who had taken over his father's medical practice, and with whom Mrs. Carlyle had grown "so satisfied when I had conquered my prejudice against having a doctor under thirty who wore a glass in his eye," died suddenly; and it was my Mother who had to go and break the news to Mrs. Carlyle.

Our Rectory cow supplied her with new milk every morning, milked straight into the tumbler and drunk warm within five minutes, "a daily recurring miracle," as Carlyle described it.

Though I was only a boy of eight, I can well remember the Mrs. Carlyle of those last months, white and frail, almost as a wraith, but very kind and gentle—as other children than I, had found her. Particularly I recollect the evenings when Carlyle came to the Rectory, and the arrival of the box of long delicate "churchwardens" from Edinburgh, with green waxed ends, always provided for his smoke; and the great marmalade making in February 1866, which Mrs. Carlyle herself came over to superintend in our big stone flagged kitchen, according to her own delicious, but very elaborate, recipe.

Carlyle went north in March for the Edinburgh Rectorship and Address, which was accomplished, on April second, "in a tempest of enthusiasm," the exhausted Rector thereupon escaping to Scotsbrig to recover himself. To him from Cheyne Row went, almost daily, some of the most cheery, playful, and proudly affectionate letters ever sent him by his wife, the last of them dated April twenty-first, and expecting his return to her "the day after tomorrow." And within a few hours of its completion, "Dearest—Yours ever, J. W. C.," the true troubled heart from which those words had come, had, in her carriage in Hyde Park, ceased suddenly and finally to beat.



To these letters, in justice to the memory of Carlyle, one other must be added, which completes the little package, and refers to its contents, which had been sent him.

It will be remembered that when Carlyle, after his wife's death, collected and annotated her letters and memorials, he expressed, repeatedly and emphatically, his strong feeling that if they were ever to be given to the world, it should not be for a long period after his death, when those to whom allusion in them was made had passed from the scene. As to the precise time that should elapse, if it should finally be judged well to publish them, his feelings varied. At first he had named twenty years; ultimately he thought that a shorter period might perhaps suffice, but seven years was the lowest limit he ever named, though finally the decision was left to Froude.

Froude's decision, in face of Carlyle's repeated expression of his own view, was remarkable. He published the "Reminiscences" within a few months of Carlyle's death, and included in them, against Carlyle's express injunction, the paper on Jane Welsh Carlyle.

This injunction being made known by Carlyle's niece, Froude offered, in the *Times*, to restore at once to her the remaining papers. The offer, which was public and unconditional, was at once accepted, and the papers were sent for in accordance with its terms. They were declined. A day had elapsed, and Froude had changed his mind. He gave reasons for doing so to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's solicitor, which can hardly be accepted as sufficient, in view of the undertakings she offered and her relinquishment of her right to the profits of the Reminiscences. But Froude was obdurate. The first two volumes of the "Life of Thomas Carlyle" were published in 1882, and the "Letters and Memorials" of his wife followed in 1883, within less than two and a half years of Carlyle's death. Of their sins of omission and commission, and of the fundamentally false view of those two lives which was thus given to the world, there is no need to speak here. But this letter of

Carlyle's, coming now after half a century out of this little precious packet of his wife's "ustekins," reveals once again and unmistakably his own feeling and desire about their publication, written at the very time when he was just completing their collection and arrangement—"those dear letters are *saved*, thank God! lying legible to good eyes, with all the needful commentaries."

Addiscombe Farm,  
Croydon. 4 Sept. 1869.

Dear Mrs. Simmonds,

Those precious letters are all lying punctually locked up in Chelsea awaiting your return. I am greatly obliged by your loan of them; and beg (and believe) that you will not deny me a sight of any others you may still have or be able to discover.

Niece Mary has taken copies of those you sent, as was my object in asking for them; but you may trust me there is no wish or intention to *print* anything; on the contrary a strict *prohibition*,—at least and lowest till all whom it could personally concern are out of the scene.

On your return I will ask you further to help Mary whatever you can towards accurately *dating* these letters. Out of very piety you cannot refuse!

With best regards to Mr. Simmonds and yourself,

Yours sincerely and much obliged,

T. Carlyle.



## HAS THE CONFERENCE SUCCEEDED?

*By* GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM

**T**HE Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments has filled and is still filling a large place in the public mind. The cynicism with which its coming was anticipated in many quarters gave way before the great burst of enthusiasm which greeted Secretary Hughes' dramatic opening. It has reasserted itself to a lesser degree as it becomes apparent that both Japan and Great Britain needs must consider details of the program, and possibly require minor modifications before they are ready to put their signatures to definite agreements limiting naval armament. But their ready acceptance of the main provisions of Secretary Hughes' program was auspicious.

The philosophy of international agreements to end competitive navy building, finds its roots in the well known disposition of individuals to use weapons at hand in case of dispute. The enactment of laws prohibiting the carrying of deadly weapons has been followed by marked decrease in the number of homicides. The rapid increase in the size and power of the German navy required a corresponding increase of hers by Great Britain, to ensure her national safety. The danger of such competition was perceived by Mr. Monroe and Mr. Adams after the close of the War of 1812. This led them to make the proposals to England which were accepted in the so-called Rush-Bagot agreement of 1817, reducing the naval establishments of the United

States and Great Britain on the Lakes to four small gunboats each, the demolition of all other war ships, and an agreement to construct no others. Under this agreement, the two countries have lived peaceably for more than a century. A later American example also is furnished by the agreement between Chile and the Argentine in 1902-3, by which the fleets of the two nations were dismantled, vessels in course of construction sold, both countries agreeing neither to buy nor to build warships for a period of five years. Possibly the first example, in small compass though it was, may have inspired the Czar of Russia to summon the First Hague Conference in 1898. The initial purpose of that Conference as stated in the imperial rescript was expressed in these words:

The maintenance of general peace and a possible reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations, present themselves in the existing condition of the whole world, as the ideal towards which the endeavors of all governments should be directed. \* \* \* The economic crises, due in great part to the systems of armaments *à l'outrance*, and the continual danger which lies in this massing of war material, are transforming the armed peace of our days into a crushing burden, which the peoples have more and more difficulty in bearing.

But the world at that time was not ready to grapple with this problem. Germany was dreaming of and planning a world dominion. The utmost obtainable from the Conference was a declaration by the Committee appointed to consider the matter, "that a limitation of the military charges which now weigh upon the world is greatly to be desired in the interests of the material and moral welfare of humanity"; and the expression by the Conference itself of the wish that:

the governments taking into consideration the proposals made by the Conference, may examine the possibility of an agreement as to the limitation of armed forces by land and sea, and of war budgets.

A similar fate attended the efforts towards the same end of the British, French, and American delegates to the



Second Conference held at The Hague nine years later. Again, the Imperial German Government blocked the movement. Its delegates maintained that Germany was thriving commercially in proportion to the growing strength of her army and navy: they had, they said, "too much confidence in the wisdom of sovereigns" to share in the fears that excessive armaments might bring about war. Their attitude furnished a striking example of what Kipling described as

Heathen faith which puts its trust  
In reeking tube or iron shard  
All valiant dust that builds on dust  
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard.

A truer note was sounded by M. Lèon Bourgeois when he said:

The object of civilization seems to us to be to abolish more and more the struggle for life between men, and to put in its stead an accord between them for the struggle against the unrelenting forces of nature.

But so the great competitive race in warlike preparations went on, Germany straining every nerve to outdo all others, and to overwhelm the neighboring countries with an attack in such force as to lay prostrate at her feet the civilization of France, the commercial supremacy of Great Britain, and the potential power of Russia—as a prelude to the extension of her dominion throughout the rest of the world. Man proposes, God disposes. The German armies were defeated. The German navy lacked the courage to measure strength with the Allies and surrendered without firing a shot. The Peace Treaty of Versailles was framed to secure against a new growth of German military or naval power. More than that, the limitations imposed upon the maintenance of armies or navies in Germany, and the prohibition against unusual military service by her youth, were stated to be designed "in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations." With a view to the accomplishment of this wider object, a League of Nations was organized "in order to promote

international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security."

In carrying out this high purpose, Article VIII of the Covenant of the League sets forth that

The members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety, and the enforcement by common action of international obligations.

The Council, "taking account of the geographical situation and circumstances of each state", was required to "formulate plans for such reduction for the consideration and action of the several governments." It also was provided that after such plans "shall have been adopted by the several governments, limits of armament therein fixed shall not be exceeded without the concurrence of the Council."

It was also agreed "that the manufacture by private enterprise of munitions and implements of war is open to grave objections", and the Council was required to "advise how the evils attendant upon such manufacture can be prevented, due regard being had to the necessities of those members of the League which are not able to manufacture the munitions and implements of war necessary for their safety." Finally, the Members of the League undertook "to interchange full and frank information as to the scale of their armaments, their military and naval programs, and the condition of such of their industries as are adaptable to warlike purposes".

During the months of uncertainty as to the final attitude of the United States with respect to the treaty of Versailles, the Supreme War Council of the Allied Nations retained its jurisdiction over European affairs, and the League of Nations did not come into the full and effective exercise of the functions entrusted to it by the Covenant. But in March, 1920, the Supreme War Council resolved that "in order to diminish the economic difficulties of Europe, armies should everywhere be reduced to a peace footing,



armaments should be limited to the lowest possible figure compatible with national security, and the League of Nations should be invited to examine proposals to that end without delay”.

The Council of the League of Nations thereupon appointed a “Temporary Mixed Commission on Armaments” to report to the Assembly. Its report was submitted September fifteenth, 1921, and was followed on September twenty-seventh by a report of a Committee of the Assembly prepared by Lord Robert Cecil, renewing the work of the Mixed Committee and indicating the lines of future operation. This report dealt with a number of questions, but Lord Robert Cecil wrote:

No complete scheme of reduction of armaments can be carried out without the cooperation of the United States, Germany, and Russia. In particular, the naval strength of the first named power makes any scheme of naval disarmament impossible without her support, and it is for that reason among others that the Committee warmly welcomes the forthcoming Conference in Washington, and trusts that it may be fruitful in securing a large measure of reduction of armaments.

The call for a Conference of the great naval powers and other powers having interests in the Pacific, to be held at Washington, for the consideration of plans for the restriction of naval armament, came on the heels of the passage by Congress of a bill appropriating four hundred and ten million dollars for the naval establishment in the current fiscal year. The virus of naval competition had begun to work in America during the great war, and the fever of competition was still so active in 1921, that the Senate proposed to increase the naval appropriation from four hundred to five hundred million dollars, but the House of Representatives refused its consent. The excuse advanced for this extravagant expenditure of public moneys was, that the United States must have a navy equal in size and strength to that of Great Britain, and so much larger and stronger than that of Japan as to be able at all times to overawe her. Japan, since the overthrow of Ger-

many, has become the "bogey-man" whose sinister designs against the United States require, in the minds of many people, the construction of a great and powerful American navy, constant apprehension of her designs and watchfulness of her actions. Doubtless, with this in mind, Senator Borah caused to be inserted in the Naval Appropriation Bill a clause requesting the President to invite Great Britain and Japan to a conference for the purpose of reaching an agreement substantially to reduce the naval expenditures and building programs of all three nations annually during the next five years. But the President, in acting on this suggestion, looked far beyond its limitations. Possibly he saw in it an opportunity once more to range America in the movement which she had so nobly aided at the Hague Conferences, looking towards measures to secure the peace of the world. She had stood aside from the League of Nations, even though its constitution embodied those principles of peaceful settlement of international disputes, and the restriction of warlike preparations for which American governments had stood throughout our history.

A traditional dread of political entanglements in the affairs of Europe lay across the threshold, and prevented American ratification of the Versailles treaty.

But here was an opportunity to show that we are not animated by military ambitions or lust of conquest. Here was the occasion to pick up the threads dropped at the Second Hague Conference, and to lead the nations into the ways of ordered and ensured peace. The proposal made by Secretary Hughes at the opening of the Conference struck boldly at the very heart of the matter. Recognizing, as his predecessors had done in 1817, 1898, and 1907, the evil consequences of competitive armaments, he proposed nothing less than the destruction of sixty-six capital ships belonging to the United States, Great Britain, and Japan—the establishment of a certain proportionate strength of naval equipment between the powers, and an



agreement restricting the construction of vessels-of-war for a period of ten years.

The estimated savings in expense to the three nations principally concerned in this program, is six hundred million dollars a year, or six billion dollars for the ten year period. The effect upon the peace of the world of the ending of competitive navy building is beyond calculation.

Well might Mr. Lloyd George say, as he did at the Guildhall a few days after this proposal was laid before the Conference, "the Washington Conference is like a rainbow across the sky".

But it is not enough to restrict armaments. If irritating causes of antagonism between nations exist, the danger of armed conflict is continually present and nations may fight with what weapons they possess. For twenty-five years past, the growing weakness of the Chinese government has furnished occasion for acts of lawlessness on the part of her people against the nationals of other countries within her borders, followed by retaliation by those governments and the granting in reparation by China of commercial or political concessions over ports and adjacent territory. The injurious effects upon American commerce of these various cessions to Germany, Great Britain, France, Russia and Japan, led Secretary Hay in 1900 to secure an agreement by all of them, that so far as they could influence it, the littoral ports and those on the rivers of China should remain free and open to trade and to every other legitimate form of economic activity for the nationals of all countries without distinction, and that this should especially be so within the so-called "spheres of influence or interest" claimed by the various European powers in China.

This was the famous Hay "open door" policy, intended "to safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire".

What Mr. Hay feared, was discrimination against American commerce with China in favor of the various other

nations which had secured special concessions in the ports and on the rivers of China. Under Mr. Root in 1908 and Mr. Lansing in 1917, agreements were made with Japan reiterating the intention of both countries to support "the independence and integrity of China"; to preserve "the common interest of all powers in China and the principle of equal opportunity for commerce and industry of all nations in that Empire". The markets of China increasingly became objects of interest on the part of other nations. In 1917, by the Lansing-Ishii notes, our government recognized "that territorial propinquity creates special relations between countries". Our Monroe Doctrine necessarily involves the affirmation of such a principle.

But Mr. Lansing conceded "that Japan has special interests in China, particularly in the part to which her possessions are contiguous". The nature of such *special interests* has been the subject of much discussion. Japan however expressly disclaimed any desire "to discriminate against the trade of other nations or to disregard the commercial rights granted by China in treaties with other powers". She reasserted her acceptance of the policy of the open door, or "equal opportunity for commerce and industry in China". As the result of her war with Russia, Japan secured control of Korea and South Manchuria, including the ports of Port Arthur and Dalny. As a result of the world war, she secured a transfer to herself of the rights previously granted by China to Germany in and about the port of Kiaochow, and respecting the railroads in Shantung. This transfer has been the occasion of much adverse criticism and Japan more than once has announced her intention of returning these acquisitions to China. Proposals for the cession by other powers of political and territorial concessions in China are also being made. Were it not for the weakness of China, no doubt almost all would be returned. It cannot be doubted that for Great Britain to give up Hong Kong—or Japan, Port Arthur, would mean a serious blow to the commercial



interests of all foreign countries engaged in commerce in the East. Nor would it seem to be to the interest of civilization for Japan to abandon Korea or South Manchuria. The vast improvement in those countries under Japanese rule is obvious, despite the undoubted abuse of police authority in Korea. Until there is developed in China a national spirit, and there is established a government strong enough to command respect at home and abroad, the only way to secure fair treatment of all nations engaged in trade with China must be through a Consortium or agreement of those nations.

Such a result is foreshadowed in the proposed agreement between the eight or nine powers interested in the Pacific, defining their attitude towards China and especially agreeing not to secure any further grants or concessions of political rights from China. This agreement is to be accompanied by certain measures designed to give the Chinese people incentives to support and strengthen their national government. Japan and Great Britain propose to give up all rights in Kiaochow and Wei-hai Wai; the interests of Japan in the Shantung railway are to be acquired by China; the powers are to give up their separate post offices in China; a commission is to be appointed to investigate and report within one year on the administration of justice in China. If the result is satisfactory they will surrender their extra-territorial jurisdiction. The clash of interests between the United States and Japan over the Island of Yap, has been settled by an agreement, which, incidentally, recognizes the rights of Japan as mandatory under the League of Nations over the islands formerly belonging to Germany north of the Equator. Finally, by a treaty formulated between the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan, these powers agree as between themselves "to respect their rights in relation to their insular possessions and insular dominions in the Pacific Ocean," and that in case of controversies, either between themselves, or resulting from aggressive action by others, they will confer or communicate

with each other as to the most efficient method of meeting the situation. This agreement is to continue for ten years, after which any party may withdraw on a year's notice.

This is a wonderful program to have been accomplished within a month. It demonstrates the value of conference. It constitutes a great step towards securing lasting peace by removing causes of irritation and antagonism. Only those will oppose it who would sacrifice the attainable for the impossible. It marks a new attitude on the part of America towards the post-war problems of the world. It affords a basis for the hope that the next step may be in the direction of Europe, whose problems, infinitely more actual in their relation to America than those of Asia, cannot satisfactorily be solved without our aid. So may we strengthen our leadership and justify our prosperity in the eyes of the nations and in the sight of God.

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### **THE LOST ROAD**

*By* VICTOR STARBUCK

There is a winding road that runs  
Through pines of yesterday;  
Cool-glimmering in the light of faded suns,  
Soundless and gray.

Across the green and quiet land  
Tented with topless sky,  
All silent, over shadow-checked sand,  
The dreams go by—

Go by to dim-remembered lands  
Beyond the realm of sight,  
Where dwell enchantresses with pale, cold hands,  
And fay, and knight.

Therein a willow-bordered stream  
Past ivied turrets flows,  
Where troubadours make rhyme and damsels dream  
Under the rose.

And there are dolorous cities, smit  
With war and death and tears—  
I shall not find, although I seek for it  
A thousand years.



# MONTENEGRO BETRAYED BY THE ALLIES

By LUIGI CRISCUOLO

*Great Tsernagora! never since thine own  
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm  
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.—TENNYSON.*



S this article was being planned, the metropolitan press reported with black headlines the invasion of Albania by Jugo-Slav troops. Only a few months ago His Grace, Bishop Nicholai was in this country soliciting the aid of philanthropic Americans for the poor, starving children of Serbia. At about the same time, Serbs were committing unmentionable crimes among the people of Montenegro! The Serbs have no money to feed their starving children but they are well supplied with funds and munitions with which to carry on warfare against their neighbors—Albanians and Montenegrins!

How long will America suffer such conditions to exist in the Balkans? The British, French, and even Italian governments have absolutely ignored the rights of Montenegro because they all have particular political interests to foster. England has manifested her sympathy for Montenegro but has taken no positive action. France has been using every effort to establish a Greater Serbia so as to counterbalance the influence of Italy in the Adriatic. Italy has been interested in concluding an accord with Jugo-Slavia for commercial reasons, so that in the Treaty of Rapallo no mention was made of Montenegro. This is strange because the Italian people are attached to the House of Montenegro because it represents Queen Helena's family, and the Italians love their Queen because she did more than her duty during the war.

The trials of the Montenegrins made us wonder whether there is justice for small nations. In November, 1918, Serbia committed her first crime against Montenegro, when she proclaimed the forced annexation of the country with the support of France and its Generals (Franchet d'Esperey and Venel) who were then in command of the Allied troops in the Balkans. In May, 1919, the Committee of Montenegrin Refugees submitted to the French republic a memorandum in which it exposed the participation of French diplomacy in this crime, and supported the accusations by documentary evidence.

The French republic assisted Serbia in every way in its designs to destroy the sovereignty of Montenegro and the English government, through the medium of Lord Curzon, supported France's attitude by not taking any steps. It was simply a question of England not wishing to complicate the already dangerous conditions in the Balkans. French policy favored Serbia's ascendancy in the Adriatic to counterbalance Italy's influence.

The English government had in 1919 instructed its Minister to the Vatican, Count de Salis, to make an investigation into the situation in Montenegro. It was announced at the time that as soon as this report was available it would be made public. The report arrived but was never communicated to the members of Parliament, even in part. Lord Curzon attempted to justify his conduct by declaring that he could not submit the report for "fear of compromising the informants of Count de Salis and thus exposing them to reprisals."

Imagine this: Lord Curzon made an admission that if the report were made public, the informants of the Count de Salis would be subjected to reprisals (on the part of the Serbians, surely). Yet the great British government with every means at hand, would have taken no steps to protect its informants! To the contrary, in a recent article in the *New York Times*, which has every indication of being "inspired", the statement is made that Count de Salis' re-



port was not published because it could not have been without denouncing the Italian origin of some of the stories. Still, a Montenegrin government official publication, "The Bloody Album of the Karageorgevitch," gives in detail many specific and documented instances of crimes committed against Montenegrin men, women, and children of all ages.

It has been the opinion in Montenegrin official circles that in sending Count de Salis to Montenegro, Lord Curzon had hoped to obtain a report favorable to Serbia, one perhaps denying that the Montenegrins were being persecuted. It is believed that, having obtained a report *contrary* to his expectations, Lord Curzon decided to repudiate his previous promises and keep the report hidden. In spite of Lord Curzon's attitude, Mr. Lloyd George was more sincere in a declaration made in the House of Commons in March of 1920. He said that he could not communicate Count de Salis' report to them *because it would be injurious on account of Serbia and another Allied Government* (France, of course!)

The British government knew the contents of Count de Salis' report and did nothing to uphold the sovereignty of the Montenegrin state, although the Allies had repeatedly affirmed that the integrity of Montenegro would be maintained. For example, here are a few quotations:

Great Britain will continue war energetically until Belgium, Serbia, and *Montenegro* are restored!—(Lord Asquith, January tenth, 1916.)

—before all, the restorations of Belgium, Serbia, and *Montenegro*, with the compensations due to them.—(Conditions of Peace submitted by the Allied Powers to President Wilson, January tenth, 1917.)

But even though the present time is that of the great nations, yet the time of the small nations should come first, because round them is concentrated this great fight for freedom, that is round Belgium, round Serbia, *Montenegro*, and Roumania.

It was to them that the oppressor first threw his glove, and provoked them; they were the first to start this fight which

will decide as to the future of humanity; they are temporarily overwhelmed by the much greater military force, but not one of them regretted having picked up the said glove, neither did one of them renounce her independence.

The day of their restoration will also be the day of deliverance for the world.—(Lloyd George.)

Nothing is more characteristic or eloquent than the long series of peoples who of their own free wills, took up arms on our side, after the attack on France and Belgium. In 1914, Great Britain, *Montenegro*, Japan; and in 1915, Italy, etc.—(Poincaré.)

Montenegro will be restored.—(President Wilson, in Article Two of the Message of January eighth, 1917.)

Your Majesty may be assured that the troops placed under the command of General Franchet d'Esperey will neglect nothing to assure in Your Kingdom the maintenance of order, and that they will put into practice the respect of the constitutional authorities as well as of the liberties of the people of *Montenegro*. —(Pichon, in a letter addressed to the King of Montenegro on November fourth, 1918.)

As regards the French troops called upon to occupy provisionally the territory of Your Kingdom, respectful of established institutions, they will apply themselves to maintain order, by assisting to the best of their ability the population, so as to prepare the reestablishment of normal life, which was deeply disturbed by the painful trials resulting from the enemy's occupation.

It appears preferable that Your Majesty should wait, to return to Your Kingdom, until this end has been reached and life should have resumed its habitual course in *Montenegro*.

The presence of the Allied troops, the cooperation which they will lend to the inhabitants, will contribute no doubt to hasten this moment which Your Majesty's every wish is awaiting. As soon as it has arrived, the Government of the Republic will be happy, Your Majesty, to facilitate your return voyage.—(Poincaré, in a letter addressed to the King of Montenegro, November twenty-fourth, 1918.)

*Montenegro* will be represented by a delegate, but the rules concerning the appointment of this delegate will only be determined at the time when the political situation of that country will have been cleared up.—(Decision of the Supreme Council, January thirteenth, 1919.)



In spite of all these protestations of friendship on the part of powerful allies, Serbia found it possible to annex her ally Montenegro by force. Naturally, the great Allies could not openly approve and sanction the crime Serbia had committed against an allied and sovereign state, but they obtained the same result by suspending the payment of monthly credits which had been granted to Montenegro during the war and, in this manner, hoped to stifle any protest which might be made before civilized peoples on behalf of the Montenegrins.

Lord Curzon stated in June of 1920 that the Montenegrin people would be given the opportunity to declare themselves as to their future in the Jugo-Slav constituent. In November of the same year, Mr. Harmsworth, British Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, promised to send, in the name of the British government, four officers to Montenegro charged to control the elections for the Jugo-Slav constituent to be held on November twenty-seventh. Does it not seem strange that the Allies which considered Montenegro to be a sovereign state should have permitted the *Serbian* government to prescribe and direct elections in Montenegro? It was quite impossible then to take seriously the *free determination* of the Montenegrin people when it was known that over half of the electors were either in exile, fighting with arms in their hands in the mountains, or languishing in prison for political offenses. How can anyone have ever talked of the "manifestation of the will of the Montenegrin people" when those people found themselves under a sanguinary régime which outdid the cruelties of the Hapsburgs at their worst!

Why did France continue to support an imperialistic Serbia? For economic as well as political reasons. First, because Serbia offered a good field for the employment of French capital and, second, because France was jealous of Italy's ascendancy in the Mediterranean—in Africa, in the Near East, and in the Balkans—and decided to use Serbia as the means of keeping Italy down to the level

of a second class power, if possible. There was in Paris a prominent journalist who for years had been in the employ of the Turkish government, who, for pay, placed himself at the service of another group of despots—those of Belgrade. This journalist launched an infamous campaign of denigration against Montenegro. He claimed that the country was the secret agent of Austria, and a traitor to the Allied cause. At the same time, this journalist was favored secretly by the French government and sustained the necessity for the maintenance of Austria on a federal basis under the Hapsburgs.

Last March, the metropolitan press called attention to the fact that the Montenegrins had revolted against their Serbian oppressors, which report was instantly denied by the Serbian Minister to Washington, Mr. Slavko Grouitch. I wrote a letter which was published in the *New York Tribune*, from which the following lines are quoted:

According to a statement issued by the Minister of the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, there is no foundation for the report that the Montenegrins had declared a holy war against the Serbs or that fighting was going on between the Serbian and Montenegrin troops. Does it not seem that the denial, if warranted, should also come from the Montenegrin Ministry?

\* \* \* \* \*

It may be that there is no truth in the report of a holy war, but it is true that there are committees in Italy, France, and England which have been working to obtain recognition by the Allies of Montenegrin aspirations. A committee that is particularly active is located in Switzerland. Recently the latter has been making a vigorous appeal to the Allies to assure the independence of Montenegro from the Serbian confederation, and to put a stop to alleged Serbian atrocities.

\* \* \* \* \*

In its attitude towards Montenegro, Serbia is evidently using the same methods which Austria used for centuries against Italy as well as Serbia, Montenegro and other subject peoples. If the reports are untrue it is strange that they should emanate spasmodically from various points. The American people should ask for an explanation of the reported ill treatment of the heroic



Montenegrins. Let us not forget that their king has just died of a broken heart.

In reply to my communication, the Hon. William Frederick Dix, until then Consul General of Montenegro in New York and Chargé d'Affaires of the Legation at Washington, wrote to the *Tribune*, in part as follows:

There is no Minister of Montenegro in this country at present. I represented that ill-treated country in the United States as consul general in charge of the legation until the latter part of January, 1921, when my letters patent were revoked by our State Department presumably because the Administration in power at that time decided to no longer recognize Montenegro as an independent power. There can, therefore, be no official statement on the subject.

Writing personally, it is my opinion, based upon considerable information received from Montenegrin authorities, that the splendid people of this heroic country, who have maintained their independence for six hundred years, will never consent to have their autonomy wiped out, or to have Montenegro become a department of greater Serbia. I believe they would be willing to become part of the confederation of Jugo-Slavia, but their abandonment by the Allied and associated powers seems to be in direct violation of specific promises to Montenegro when she so gallantly flung her entire army, at the outbreak of the war, against the Austrians.

In the fact of these fair promises Serbia has been allowed to overrun Montenegro and maintain a reign of terror there for the last two or three years, and our people generally do not seem to realize that the so-called Jugo-Slavia federation seems to be merely a camouflaged term for a greater Serbia, ruled over by the Karageorgevitch dynasty, whose aim is to absorb and obliterate such smaller nations as Montenegro, Albania, and neighboring countries.

While I know nothing about the alleged holy war in Montenegro, I believe that the Montenegrins, who are the aristocrats of the Balkans, will never consent to have their nationality effaced. A Jugo-Slavic federation is one thing, but a great Serbia is something entirely different, and I do not believe that any satisfactory peace can ever be established in the Balkans until Montenegro is accorded the same status as that of its neighboring countries, as specified in Article Two of President Wilson's Fourteen Points.

Here we have the word of an American citizen, lately holding an honorary diplomatic office, who in private life is the Secretary of one of the largest insurance companies in the world, a man connected with the most influential business interests in New York.

In the spring of this year there was launched from Geneva by the Committee which I have the honor to represent here, an appeal to the civilized nations of the world, asking for signatures to the following declaration:

In spite of the formal and solemn promises of the Allied and associated governments, guaranteeing the independence and the sovereignty of Montenegro; in spite of reiterated affirmations that the Allies took up arms to defend the dignity of peoples and independence of the nations, we are today assisting at the most barbarous persecution and systematic extermination of the Montenegrin people, whose country has been ravished from them by an annexation at once hypocritical and brutal.

The International Committee for Montenegrin Independence; the International Office for the Defense of the Rights of Peoples, at Geneva; the Pro-Montenegrin committees in America, in England, in Italy and in France; as well as the undersigned, demand, in the name of Humanity thirsting for peace and justice, in the name of the morality which is its base, in short, in the name of thousands of Montenegrins, of their wives and children who are suffering and dying:

The evacuation of Montenegro by the Serbian troops and authorities.

The consultation of the Montenegrin people by means of a free plebiscite and with every guarantee of impartiality.

The dispatch of an impartial commission of enquiry to establish the conduct of the Serbs in Montenegro, conduct which is, according even to the confession of the Belgrade and Agram press, contrary to the most elementary principles of morality and humanity.

This was followed on September first, 1921, by a memorandum submitted by His Excellency, Dr. Pierre Chotch, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Montenegro, to the League of Nations at Geneva. The memorandum embraces a good part of the arguments and facts cited in this article, which



need not be repeated—but up to this writing no action has been taken.

It is regrettable that there seems to be a tendency on the part of some American newspapers to discredit Montenegro at every turn. Only a few weeks ago there appeared an item to the effect that Queen Milena had dissolved the government and dismissed her ministers. The article was followed by a long dissertation in which the writer endeavored to place Montenegro in an unfavorable light. Had the article been based on facts, no mention of it would have been made here, but as it was obviously inspired from Serbian sources, a citation is not out of place. Had Queen Milena actually abdicated, we would have seen the spectacle of a brave people being sacrificed on account of the indifference of the great powers which agreed many times to uphold their sovereignty.

Americans have a certain responsibility, I am sure, for the fate of Montenegro, even though they may feel it their duty to keep out of European entanglements. In permitting ex-President Wilson to represent them at Versailles, the American people assumed an obligation which they cannot easily discard. While later the American people, through the Congress and Senate, attempted to repudiate Wilson's actions, they made no attempt to discredit him while he was at the conference. No matter what attitude may be taken now by President Harding, Secretary of State Hughes, and Senator Lodge on the question of European relations, certain obligations were incurred by the then President of the United States. While we may differ as to the methods used by President Wilson on some points, we must admit that in principle he meant to do what he thought was best for his country and the world at large.

There is no doubt that Wilson and Clemenceau were largely responsible for the creation of Jugo-Slavia—a Greater Serbia. Wilson had undoubtedly altruistic motives, although it has been said that American interests were

desirous of gaining commercial influence in the Balkans. Clemenceau, however, had one predominant reason to sponsor a Greater Serbia—the humiliation of Italy and the lessening of her influence in the Mediterranean, and the substitution of French influence, both from a political as well as commercial standpoint. On the face of it, the theory set forth by the geographical and historical experts was that the Montenegrins and Serbians were both Serbs, or southern Slavs, and should belong together. They failed to realize that the Croats who are also Slavs, hate the Serbians, and that the Montenegrins want to be autonomous and not a part of a Greater Serbia.

The desire for autonomy on the part of the Montenegrins has caused the Serbians to use force to intimidate these brave people, so that many of them are refugees in Italy and have been for some time maintained there at the expense of the Italian government. That atrocities have been committed by the Serbians in Montenegro is still undenied, crimes having been committed by the Serbians against Montenegrin women and children as well as men. It is impossible in an article of this kind to give the details of the crimes, but it is sufficient to repeat that they were far more revolting than those committed by the Austrians in the days they dominated Serbia or Italy.

What can the United States do? I do not pretend that it should send a fleet or troops to Serbia, but it seems strange that Americans should maintain relations with a despotic nation like Serbia. It is to be regretted that the United States should allow Serbia's representatives to remain in Washington, and to allow its own representatives to remain at Belgrade, while no reparations have been made for the crimes committed against the Montenegrins. Americans who defended the Cubans from Spanish tyranny can afford to look across the seas and warn Serbia to cease oppressing the Montenegrins, or expect the United States to sever relations with her.



## THE FREEDOM OF IRELAND

*By* DANIEL F. COHALAN, LL. D.

**O**N December sixth the world was startled by the word sent from London that peace had been made between the English and Irish; and that England had recognized the independence of Ireland. With a great flourish of trumpets the word was passed around the world that an Irish Free State had come into existence. A ringing chorus of approval of the magnanimity and generosity of England was raised by her spokesmen and agents in all lands, and the cry was repeated from mouth to mouth that at last this age-long conflict had been settled, and after seven hundred and fifty years of struggle a peace of justice and of liberty had prevailed. For five months at the London conference the representatives of the British Cabinet and men sent to speak for the Irish Republic had been engaged in long drawn out negotiations to see if all differences could be adjusted and peace made between what Lloyd George has called the two great parent races of British civilization. Crisis after crisis had occurred during the conference and the final announcement of a settlement was made within a dozen hours after the world had been advised that negotiations finally had been broken off.

What is it that actually has come out of this conference in London—war or peace?—a recognition of the independence of Ireland or the final absorption into the British Empire of a people who for centuries have been struggling for absolute separation and for the chance of resuming their ancient liberty or independence? This is a question of so much importance to the people of the world generally, and particularly to those of America who have done so

much to make Irish liberty possible, that it merits the most careful examination, the most patient study and the most thorough analysis.

The question of Irish liberty has for so long a time appealed to sentiment and to emotion, that it is difficult to have it examined as a matter of the head rather than of the heart. There has been so much passion for centuries past engendered by the relations between the two countries, that until the very recent past it was difficult to have the matter discussed without heat or prejudice, or pre-conceived conclusions. It is an old question and in the last analysis a simple one; but it has been so covered over by generations of misstatement and misrepresentation that it is difficult for the ordinary man to get a fair view of it. The Irish question reduced to its most simple form is whether or not Ireland belongs to the people of Ireland and should be governed by them in and for their own interest without pressure or interference from others.

The people of Ireland insist that Ireland belongs to the Irish. They have been asking through the centuries—latterly with the close attention of much of mankind—for the exercise of that right. They ask for no territory outside of Ireland. They insist that all of the land within the four seas belongs to Ireland and constitutes a distinct, separate and individual country. England and her friends, on the other hand, insist that the fate and control of Ireland are indissolubly bound up with the British Empire; that because of her geographical position of accessibility to England; of location with relation to sea routes and ocean control, that the safety and security of the British Empire are absolutely dependent upon England's control of Ireland. With these two positions in mind and with some understanding of the conditions at present confronting England and of events that have occurred since the outbreak of the world war in 1914 in Ireland and England, it is easy to come to a decision as to what was accomplished at the London conference.



England, her far flung empire covering more territory than any other power that ever existed in the history of the world has covered, is faced with difficulties and dangers which stagger the imagination. It is no exaggeration to say that her difficulties, her dangers and her weakness are in proportion to her size, her commerce and her ambitions. As a result of the world war she is bending under a debt almost of ten billions of pounds. On the evening of November ninth, 1921, Sir Robert Horne, Chancellor of the Exchequer, reported to the House of Commons that her deficit for the fiscal year ending in March next will be almost a billion dollars, and that the outlook for next year was even more gloomy because of the facts that her income would then be less than it has been this year and she would have to provide for interest upon her indebtedness, of about five billions of dollars, to the United States. Her economic situation, as Harold Begbie, one of her leading writers, has recently shown, is one that is almost hopeless. She cannot successfully compete in the markets of the world with the workers of the continental countries, who, driven by the direst necessity, work longer hours and for smaller wages than the English workers will work. Her depreciated currency can no longer buy the raw materials necessary for her workshops at figures that will enable her to manufacture and re-sell at a profit, as compared with more favored countries. Her working classes have largely exhausted the savings from the high wages made during the progress of the war and several millions of them are not alone out of work, but are receiving State aid from the depleted exchequer.

Abroad, England finds herself in increasing difficulties with France: in open antagonism to Russia, with all that means to her Eastern Empire upon which is raised the superstructure of her power. In spite of the advances recently made to her by Germany, her efforts to bring about better relations with that great industrial people are received with sullen bitterness. The smaller countries of

the continent fear her power and distrust her intentions. In the near East the militant Turks under Kemal Pasha have been driven by her diplomacy into the arms of France and her hold upon her possessions in Western Asia is visibly shaken. India, the great treasure house, from which she has drawn sustenance and wealth for generations is seething with discontent and open revolution. Egypt, upon which she has fastened her hold in order to keep open her highways to the East, is slipping from her grasp; and Ireland, after two years of war in which all of England's favorite weapons were used, has compelled England to make a truce and transfer her efforts to maintain her rule from the field of war to the field of diplomacy. In China and in other parts of the Far East, England is faced with new exertions if she is to maintain her position as against that of the growing and aggressive empire of Japan. On the seas from which she can alone receive the revenue which she must have in order to survive, she has been faced with the prospect of American supremacy and of the maintenance of a permanent mercantile fleet that will relegate her to a second rate position.

Under these conditions the astute, adroit and able men who represent the ruling class in England have been quick to recognize that only through diplomacy can the British Empire be saved. Diplomacy has been for centuries the favored weapon of the Englishman. No other group of men in history has been able to wield that weapon as capably or as effectively as they have been. They have taken it up at the present to see if through its use they can regain for themselves the control which is slipping away from them in so many quarters of the globe. They have tried it in London as they are now trying it in the conference at Washington. But it is well to remember that it is the last weapon of the conqueror. When the vigor of strength has passed either with a man or an empire, it is on shrewdness and conniving that reliance is placed to hold that which strength has won. The last days of all the great empires of the past have seen



diplomacy displace military power as the weapon of government. So it was with Rome, so it must be with England. To survive she must use this weapon with even greater dexterity than in her past.

Can she do so? In Lloyd George she has a master diplomat. He is without an equal in the success of his methods. At London he has out-generalled and out-manoeuvred the representatives of Ireland and has won for his country at least a temporary victory that will enable him to turn all the efforts and strength of England into the solution of other problems that are pressing hard against her rule. He has gained what will be regarded by the vast majority of mankind as the substance and given to his opponents only the mere shadow of that to which they have claimed. In the strategy of the situation he won when he induced the representatives of the Irish Republic to take part in the conference at London. They have won on some points in tactics, but in the larger aspects of the case his victory is a sweeping one. He has convinced the world in general, including much of America, that he has made a real settlement between the peoples of England and of Ireland and established permanent peace between them. With the genius for inventing new terms, or new names, wherever they serve English interests, he and his associates have given to the government which they propose to set up the name of the Irish Free State. The slightest examination of its limitations will show how great a misnomer that title is. He has retained for England the control of the great Irish ports and naval stations. He will place upon the people of Ireland a proportion of the vast English public debt, so great as to swamp any prosperity which may come under the new government. He has provided for his friends in Northeast Ireland, with the consent of the rest of Ireland, by establishing a permanent English bridgehead on Irish soil. More than all, he has removed the great moral argument against English control of Ireland by getting her representatives to consent to absorption into the British Empire.

To be sure, as against that, he has been compelled to admit the right of the people of Ireland to choose their own form of government, but that is a right, as he has carefully arranged, that cannot be exercised in the way of independence for some years to come. The people of Ireland may in many material ways be better off by making peace with England on Lloyd George's terms, but they will not thus gain for themselves a victory like unto that which Washington gained in the Revolution. Harassed and harried by war, for the last two years, carried on in the most approved English manner, the majority of the people of Ireland may probably give their assent to the terms laid down by England and may, more or less, comfortably take the place assigned to them within the British Empire. But as no question can be settled until it can be settled right, no proposal of this kind brings to a finality the struggle for independence which has been carried on for centuries. No peace made under duress and coercion is binding either in law or morals.

Parnell, the great Irishman of another generation, said long ago that no man could set bounds to the onward march of a nation on the road to liberty. There will remain now in Ireland a great minority sincerely convinced that there can be no peace until Ireland has gained real independence, and the march of events will show that the weakness or incapacity of those who represented Ireland in those negotiations, will not prevent Ireland from emerging into the full noon day of liberty.

But as Americans we are more vitally interested in the results likely to flow from this proposal in America than in Ireland. Lloyd George has not made these terms with Ireland for the sole purpose of putting an end to the war which has been carried on there. He has been keenly alive to the fact that, as the very salvation of England requires an alliance to be made with America, it must be after the opposition of Americans of Irish blood has been removed. On this question he has fallen into the same error



into which Mr. de Valera fell when he was here last year. He believes as de Valera then appeared to believe, that these millions of American citizens may be influenced in their political actions by questions affecting Ireland, rather than by questions affecting America. He is due for the same rude awakening as came to de Valera. He will find that there has grown up in this country a real American race into which has been absorbed all the great strains of blood that have come to this land from Europe, and that in the main, Americans while sympathetic with other peoples who have been struggling against oppression, are first of all and above all, true to the ideals and interests of America. Lloyd George may have been encouraged by the noisy minority who have been crying out for closer relations with England into the belief that America was still at heart a British colony, but those who know our country best know that any schemes of foreign entanglements presented to us at the so-called Disarmament Conference in Washington are doomed to the same end as that which met the League of Nations.

Harding and Hughes can no more draw America away from Washington's advice against entangling alliances and from the Monroe Doctrine than could Wilson and his associates. The Americans of Irish blood showed by their actions in the League of Nations' fight that they understood foreign affairs better than any other group of American citizens, and that they were determined to protect and preserve their country from all foreign entanglements and dangers. Many of them who were foremost in the last fight, feel that the conference at Washington is only another effort to put us into the League of Nations. An effort made, despite the overwhelming verdict of the people—an effort which looked as inevitable, and which failed of success, as did the one which culminated in November, 1920. Close students of our affairs since the days of the Revolution have realized that in the last analysis, the Senate of the United States was the guardian of the rights and liberties of our

land. The great leaders of that body who did such manful service for liberty in the last fight are aroused now to the present effort to destroy our security and undermine our strength.

It is a curious and significant fact that the final meeting of the minds of the conferees at London came just at the time when it would in the natural order of things seem to be of most help to England in her fight at Washington to secure the continued control of the seas and a practical alliance with America, that would, like Article Ten of the League of Nations, guarantee to the English ruling class the territorial integrity of their Empire. The stage play at London has not deceived the real friends of liberty in America. Just as de Valera during the height of the American fight against the League of Nations in 1920 tried to bring Americans of Irish blood to the side of Wilson and the League, while pretending after Wilson's signal defeat, to have been largely responsible for it, so now Collins, fresh from his negotiations in London, has been indiscreet enough to urge that with the establishment of an Irish Free State, America should join the League of Nations. It is time for these statesmen newly representing the British Empire, as well as for Lloyd George, and those for a long time associated with him, to recognize the fact that twenty millions of Americans of Irish blood have but one country and but one flag and owe no allegiance or fealty to any government or any autocrat outside our shores. The same forces which helped so greatly in arousing America to her dangers in England's last effort to make us a part of her policy of imperialism are ready and alert to the new problems brought forward through the weakness of Mr. Harding or the lack of diplomatic experience on the part of Mr. Hughes. They will not be moved from their convictions by impotent abuse or idle threats. Lloyd George has temporarily gained a great diplomatic victory in Ireland, but the forces of liberty, like John Brown's soul, will go marching on.



# THE CONFISCATION OF WEALTH

*By* PERCY H. JOHNSTON

**T**HE power to tax is the power to destroy," said Chief Justice John Marshall. The exercising today of that power beyond the limits of discretion and good judgment will unquestionably spell disaster. The prosperity of the country depends upon the taxation laws in a larger measure than is generally appreciated, and it is therefore that every man, woman and child in the land is directly concerned in the provisions of the temporary tax law recently passed by Congress. Since the selfish dictates of human nature compel one to look at the proposition from the standpoint of how he himself will be affected, it will be well to analyze the continuation of high surtaxes on incomes and profits from the standpoint of the various parties interested.

Contrary to the generally accepted opinion, the rich man has less fault to find with high rates on large incomes than any other class, since all he has to do is to invest his wealth in securities which are exempt from taxation. It is not the possession of wealth that has come to be regarded in the eyes of the law makers as criminal and therefore to be punished, but it is rather the acquiring of wealth that is judged a menace and for that reason to be abolished. The rich man realizes that being the possessor of property he should contribute more toward deferring the cost of operating the state than his less fortunate brother, but he does object to what seems to him to be confiscation by due process of law. Should his business ventures this year prove unsuccessful, he is obliged to assume the entire loss, while he is still liable for enormous taxes because of last year's profits. He is playing a game by the rules of which, if he

is successful, the Government claims a large part of the profits. Should he be unsuccessful, the total loss is to be borne by him. This means that he is not justified in assuming the risks of trade and he, therefore, diverts his wealth from channels of development and production into the stagnant pools of tax exempt securities. Thus an end is put to those enterprises of a venturesome character through which the great American wilderness has been transformed into the most fertile continent of the world.

The common birthright of every American is the incentive for endeavor and the reward for accomplishment. Incentive is the very soul of endeavor, the basis of all ambition. To impose a penalty upon success is to rob ambition of incentive and cast a blight upon enterprise and endeavor. Under monarchy rule the distinctive classes are definitely fixed. Under communistic form of government all classes are leveled into one. Under a democratic form of government, and under that form alone, is the opportunity afforded to better one's state through endeavor. Let us be not unmindful of the fact that it was the young man of limited means and unlimited ambition expressed in endeavor, who desiring the rewards of success, has become our big man of today. It is obviously unwise to enact legislation the result of which will be to discourage saving on the part of the man of moderate means.

To kill the goose that lays the golden egg proved ill-advised long ago. To increase the burden at the top and expect thereby to lessen the pressure at the bottom is a fallacy. To drive capital out of productive channels, and to flood the country with tax exempt municipal, county, and state bonds is to stop the wheels of industry. To console oneself in the belief that by increasing the amount of municipal work to be done will permanently relieve unemployment is to attempt to raise oneself by one's boot straps. "Taxation according to ability to pay" is an ingredient of the promised panacea of the visionary Lenine and the volatile Trotzky.



It is the sacred duty of those entrusted with the determination of policy to be adopted in taxation to do no more harm to production and distribution than is absolutely necessary for the support of the public credit. Prosperity of trade is just as much a factor in the tax yield as is the rate. Taxes should be adjusted to business rather than business to taxes. Consumption and not profit is the proper basis for taxation. A system of taxation under which next year's profits are mortgaged to pay this year's taxes is unsound and breeds a feeling of uncertainty. To flood the country to the point of saturation with municipal, state, and county bonds is dangerous. The present is fraught with dissatisfaction. The future is clouded by uncertainty. There is no relief in aggravating the cause. It is by results that a government or political party is judged.

It is futile to discuss details when the fault is fundamental. Under universal and equal suffrage the temptation is to produce legislation agreeable to that class which can muster the largest numerical strength. The function of Congress is to inspire rather than to reflect the thought of its constituents. However, if Congress is resolved to become a mirror, it behooves those of us who have spent years in the study of economic problems to disseminate the results of our research that men may come to see things as they are, and that the reflection may attain a truer perspective.

## AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE



OUTH is in revolution we are told, but when was it not? Harold Stearns is a vigorous, forceful writer and a leading rebel. His viewpoint, as shown in a series of essays called "America and the Young Intellectuals", published by Doran and Company, is antagonistic to that of most people. He regards Americans as stubbornly going their way in contentment whereas with a little effort they could all be extremely miserable. *Mathema pathema*—why are not these people doleful? Perhaps through sorrow they may attain knowledge and produce a higher, or (agreeing with Mr. Stearns that there is no such thing as progress) a finer civilization.

To use his own simile, he sees the nation as a dung heap out of which the fine flower of art may spring. If the nation has any self conscious assumption, it is its refusal to be so regarded. It insists on its sterile optimism. It insists that the impetuous and slightly hysterical youth—the *revoltés*—shall do something more than abuse those who fail to recognize its genius.

The American people are a little stolid, without question, for they have a dim recollection that the great art of the past was created without so much beating of the tom-toms—so much purely vocal effort.

Mr. Stearn's explanation of the feeling against Great Britain in this country is logical and well done. But he speaks of having "friends in England". This is disappointing. We supposed that this leader of young intellectuals would realize that there is nothing more destructive to the artistic temperament than friendship. No great artist should have friends, and the real reason that Americans are so banal, common-place disgustingly happy, and foolishly optimistic, is because they make friends. We had hoped that Stearns was above such a common-place thing as friendship. We are greatly disappointed, although friends have their uses—they are occasionally good for a meal—and young intellectuals do eat.

The author's dismay at the "steady denudation of the United States"—of its imaginative and adventurous and artistically creative young men who find conditions here appalling, will leave most Americans undisturbed. The denuding process is rather confined, we imagine, to a small center. It was another imaginative youth who also announced to his mother that "there were five hundred cats in the back yard".



Was it Chamfort or La Rochefoucauld who said: "La jeunesse est une ivresse continuelle: c'est la fièvre de la raison"?

\* \* \* \* \*

The dropping of H. G. Wells as correspondent of the *London Mail* ought to be a warning but probably will not be to the vainglorious band who have been stuffing the papers with their absurd writings on the Disarmament Conference. American journalism has been one of the powerful factors in modern civilization for democratic institutions because it has been, after all, rather simple and honest—an everyday instrument for better conditions. The humblest reporter, as long as he was sincere and as long as he was satisfied with being a reporter, has contributed to the influence of journalism in this country. When, however, men who take little interest in the primary elections in their own Congressional districts suddenly assume to be statesmen and experts, the only progress that journalism makes under their auspices is along the line of the ridiculous.

What the Washington conference has needed more than the editorials that have been sent out, has been good reporting, and that has been sadly lacking. There was more truth, more understanding, and more intelligence in the simple comments and pictures of E. J. Hill of the *New York Herald* than there was in all the fulsome interpretations of most of the other papers in New York. The best report that we have seen of what was going on in Washington was written by a reporter on the Catholic weekly, *America*.

\* \* \* \* \*

The rumor that America's newest and most pretentious author, Mr. Joseph Tumulty, was to return to political activity as the manager of Mr. Herbert Hoover's presidential aspirations, would indicate that it is not alone in finance and art that the world is topsy-turvy. There was no one that Mr. Wilson and his followers were more bitter against in the last year of the Wilson administration than this same Mr. Hoover. That ex-President Wilson has forgiven him what he regarded as his desertion of the cause of the League of Nations is not possible. If there is any truth in the rumor—and we are assured there is, it would seem that the Wilson followers have decided to cut out on their own. It will be interesting to see how far they are able to go without the very able but misguided hand of the man who reposed confidence in them.

Mr. Hoover, of course, must be aware of such a program and must realize that a campaign for the Presidency conducted under these auspices will hardly strengthen him with those who have Republican leanings.

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From the business point of view there can be no greater calamity than

the election of a Democratic Congress. Yet at the present time that would seem to be almost an inevitable thing.

The hopeful part of the situation, however, is that throughout the country business men are beginning to take an interest in politics because they have been driven hard by the activities of the Agricultural Bloc. No sane business man believes in a business bloc—no sane progressive business man will want anything from legislature that is not for the benefit of the entire country, but there comes a time when it becomes necessary not only to educate the country but to educate legislators, and to stiffen them up to be able to withstand the persuadings of those who have a misguided conception of what this country stands for.

The reactionary Bourbon and Tory element in business is today in a woeful minority. The average business man is as liberal, as broad, and as progressive as Theodore Roosevelt, and if business men enter into politics—put themselves forward as candidates for office—take an active interest in their primaries and are guided by the purpose and spirit of Theodore Roosevelt, they will come very near solving many of the difficulties that confront them at the present day. They will do what is more important—prepare the way for the very vital problems that are going to confront this country and the world in the next ten or twenty years.

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Unless the business men of the country educate people as to the difference between sound and unsound taxation, we may well expect that any catch-penny scheme or easy panacea will find many eager followers. The American people are intelligent, but the information, or at least the means for obtaining information, must be placed within their reach. They will just as quickly resent, if facts are dispassionately and fairly presented to them, an angry attack on capital and business as they resented the sixteen to one program of Mr. Bryan in 1896, and as they resented the stubborn disregard of all precedents by Mr. Wilson in 1920. The campaigns of 1922 and 1924 and those of a dozen years thereafter must be fought out on the plan of a sound economic advancement for the prosperity of all our people. The business man should prepare to take his proper and open and frank participation in politics, not only next year, but in the next twenty years. It is not sufficient that one business man in a community make a more or less casual association with those who are professionally interested. It is the duty of every man to contribute some part of his time and some part of his thought to what may seem like drudgery at first but after all is a solemn duty.



## DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

### IDEAS ON KITCHENER, WAR AND SOCIALISM

**F**OUR books have recently been published which, while dealing with vitally different subjects by men in widely separated walks of life, tend towards the same general conclusions; that is to say, war is entirely without beneficial results of any kind in the present day and in the present state of civilization.

One is the story of the struggle of a nation to prepare suddenly for war as exemplified in the case of one great leader; one is the conclusions of a specialist who has observed wars in the field at first hand for thirty years; one is the observations of an authority as to war's upsetting influences upon the mind of the public as exemplified in the up-springing of time honored wild-cat panaceas; and the fourth contains the views of a trained mind as to the results of war among the proletariat. They have no connection one with the other; yet they all bear from different directions toward one common point.

Lord Esher\*, like many other cultivated English writers, has the faculty of making his readers feel themselves members of the company of distinguished people who pass through the pages of his books. It is a great art. It not only pleases the reader, it brings out the facts that all men are human, whether they sit in number ten Downing Street or in Billingsgate.

He shows that Kitchener was after all a human being. The tragedy is not that of K of K's death, but of his appointment to a position at the outbreak of the war which he was too old and too set in his ways to occupy successfully. At least that is the view of the author, who because of his close friendship with Lord Kitchener had facilities for knowing the facts granted to few others. It may also be the view of the members of the cabinet and of the high military officials in England and in France. It may be even the correct view. But nevertheless Lord Kitchener will go down in history as one of the greatest generals of the Empire, and as the man who, at the outset of the war, put that Empire upon a military footing and raised and equipped an army of hitherto unbelievable size with a speed and effectiveness entirely beyond the powers of any other individual of his day.

According to the author, Kitchener's life in the east amongst slow-moving peoples and slowly developing events, surrounded by the waste

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\*"THE TRAGEDY OF KITCHENER," by Reginald Viscount Esher, E. P. Dutton and Company.

spaces of the desert, had furnished him with a method of planning a campaign slowly and deliberately, of preparing for it with thoroughness and care, and finally of carrying it out with the steadiness of a steam-roller and the inevitableness of fate. This man after many years of such a life, which was in tune with his character, was suddenly at the age of sixty-five thrust into a position that required him to do impossible things in a hurry, to give up all preconceived methods of warfare and invent new ones, and to handle with the smoothest of gloves, members of a cabinet and rival generals of different nations who were suddenly made strange bedfellows by an appalling necessity. Perhaps Kitchener did not do it as well as it should have been done. But it is quite certain that the verdict of history will be that it was an immense stroke of good fortune for the Allies and for England that he was available when the great hour came and that he did more than any other man could have done, though perhaps no one human being could possibly have carried the whole load.

However that may be, the volume itself is a finely executed picture of a great figure, sympathetically drawn by a friend who shows him to have been very human after all. Perhaps Lord K. is all the greater because of this very humanness.

Perhaps, too, his untimely end in the mysterious depths of the North Sea did as much in that dark hour as his living could have done to keep the hearts of Britain stout. At all events, Kitchener accomplished great things for his country in his life, and great things for her in his death. What more could anyone desire for an epitaph?

Mr. Frederick Palmer\* is justly known as the leading American war correspondent of his day. Since the early nineties he has been an observer of practically every war that has taken place anywhere in the world. In his earlier days he was allowed to wander up to the front and back, taking in whatever a bright mind could discover, and then to send his dispatches whenever and wherever he could commandeer a wire. Later he, with others of his profession, was more circumscribed. His field was limited, and his dispatches got out with less promptitude. Finally in the World War he was not allowed at the front at all, in common with all correspondents; and then the pendulum swung to the other extreme and correspondents were commanded to go to their work and issue in the form of war dispatches propaganda which should keep up the confidence in the allied cause and the hatred of the enemy in the hearts of those at home. Mr. Palmer has seen more of war than any man in any other age could have seen, because between 1890 and 1918 war changed as it had not changed in centuries before.

When such a man, with the abilities that are his and with such an experience as he has had, sits down to consider the value of armies and of

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\*"THE FOLLY OF NATIONS," by Frederick Palmer. Charles Scribner's Sons.



wars today the result is well worth reading. Discount whatever personal equation he, like the rest of us, undoubtedly has; make allowance for the mental effects which the sights he has seen in Flanders, in the Near and Far East, in Turkey and China, in Greece and Siberia, have had upon him; take away any other bias that might be suspected, and Frederick Palmer's conclusions upon war must still be of great moment and value to the world in general. He speaks from a prodigious knowledge. After thirty years of watching war over pretty much all the earth, whatever conclusions he reaches mean something. Roughly speaking, these conclusions are summed up in the title of his book: war is the supreme folly of nations.

No little paragraph like this can give any idea of the arguments and reasons he gives. The book must be carefully read to gather them all, and one gets the idea from such a reading that the author might have doubled the size of his volume and still not repeat himself. All the heroism, all the mental and physical training, all the education of human beings observed from all the military training of thirty years have not counted for as much as a few years of peace in the opinion of this expert observer. If anyone could have watched the almost perfect specimens of manhood, prepared by a generation of peace, go into the trenches and then later could have watched the haggard, wild-eyed, desperate remnant come out—anyone so watching could not give much credit to the ennobling influences of any sort of military training. And this takes no account of the dead and wounded.

The whole book is an attempt of a man fresh from such experiences, who is trying to be calm and judicial, to give to the world while in that calm and judicial state of mind the conclusions upon his specialty after a lifetime of first hand observation. It is a terrible arraignment of the follies of all kind of military training and all kinds of war set down in the interesting fashion which a trained journalist can command.

M. Le Rossignol, the author of "What is Socialism?"\* is unquestionably competent to speak upon the history of the socialist movements in the past, and the attitude and tenets of the different socialist movements at work today. He gives a clear and straightforward sketch of many, perhaps all, the important political movements that have striven and are now striving towards socialism, and he argues from the historical method that they are all ineffective as practical, operating methods in gregarious existence.

He may be correct in his conclusions. Certainly he is correct in his statement that no practical attempts have ever been successful.

The vital question, however, is two-fold. If the so-called capitalist

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\*"WHAT IS SOCIALISM?" by James Edward Le Rossignol. Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

method is the correct one, why are great masses of human beings dissatisfied with it? And if the so-called socialist method is correct, why does it fail every time it is tried?

The conclusions of the man in the street would be that the present capitalistic system of life is probably not the last word, and that socialism in any of its observed manifestations is not the correct substitute. It seems fairly certain, therefore, that the real basis for ideal existence is something different from either of these. It is as easy for one man as for another to say what this last is. The guess of the imbecile is as good as that of the genius. Under these conditions and the conditions of the world today the value of the work of M. Le Rossignol is in the fact that the author has his feet on the ground, that he tries to keep his head amongst the stars, and that the result is a well-put, convincing argument against the practical efficacy of any known form of socialism. At a time when the list of contemporary publications is filled with books affirming the value of socialism and of the Russian and other contemporary experiments, one book on the other side is interesting and valuable, especially if it is as well done as this one is.

There is nothing approaching a reactionary spirit anywhere in its pages. There is nothing assumed or didactically laid down. It is simply a chronicle of what has actually happened and is happening at the moment. It would be well if many of us could read it and think upon its contents. Many people will do this, though there is a lurking suspicion that those whom it will benefit most will never open its covers. That is unfortunate; but it is only fair to add that the converse would be quite as true.

—LUCAS LEXOW.

## HOW MARK SABRE MET HIS WINTER\*

**I**N reading "If Winter Comes" one spends the few years from 1912 through the World War in a little Kate Greenaway village in England and learns of the zeal of English patriotism, the mental workings of the mind of an idealist, and the faith of a better world to come, as related by A. S. M. Hutchinson.

It is an unusually well written novel of very human people grouped around one Mark Sabre who has all the theories of an idealist, misunderstood, and living in the world unappreciated and persecuted.

To a psychologist, the study of Mark Sabre's "I thought today" (he always thought about all sides of everything and never "considered what his eye and ear saw but what his mind saw") will be particularly interesting, as also his ability of seeing all sides of all questions, and as a consequence unable to make stable his own ideals or hold real convictions.

\*"IF WINTER COMES," by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Little, Brown and Company.



For the lover of Nature, "If Winter Comes" holds many delightful pages written as only Mr. Hutchinson can write—as evinced in his earlier books.

To the lover of Country, Mark Sabre is the soul of patriotism. He lives and breathes in his book "This England Is Yours." The few chapters dealing with the World War and the history that was made by the men of the Kate Greenaway village, including Sabre himself who enlisted, contain more of vital interest than is found elsewhere in many volumes.

To the Religionist, Mark Sabre seems to have found one certain conviction through his groping thoughts "that deep down in the abyss of every man's soul is a hunger for other food than earthy," making his whole life self-sacrificing and upright.

Into the world in which our idealist lives came many others, most of them a part of the "winter" of Mark Sabre's life, but it remains to only one (one of the three women for whom the chapters are named) to be able to share with him the "spring"—thus fulfilling the title Mr. Hutchinson has given to his book when he uses as his preface the words of Shelley:

"——— O Wind,

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

—DE WITT L. PELTON.

### THE ROUNDED AGE OF THIRTY\*



R. STEPHEN McKENNA calls his well written volume "While I Remember", *Memoirs of a Man of Thirty*, explaining that he felt that he must put down his thoughts and memories lest they may be dimmed with age. A reading of the book explain his haste, or even justify it. There is nothing that wouldn't have waited—some of it a long time, for it is nearly all unimportant and most of it quite immature.

One part of it deals with the English mission to this country headed by Balfour in 1917. Mr. McKenna kept a diary, but if he noted anything important, he has suppressed it. He dined frequently with Mr. Balfour—a fact of no importance but to himself—and perhaps to Mr. Balfour.

Of illumination there is none, and his diary seems to deal principally with his impressions of the trains he rode on and the joy he felt for being able to wear his top hat and morning coat at a reception.

Such reticence from one of thirty-three is admirable.

—JOHN STODDARD.

\*"WHILE I REMEMBER—MEMOIRS OF A MAN OF THIRTY," by Stephen McKenna. George H. Doran Company.

## FOR EAGER AND OPTIMISTIC YOUTH\*



R. EDWIN WILDMAN is no pessimist. Far from believing that civilization is in decay, he holds out to the American youth a future as courageous as any rainbow. This is not done with purely imaginative effort but by going over in his second series of "Famous Leaders of Industry" the lives of men whose careers would be considered by most poets purely common-place and ordinary, and showing the joy of accomplishment. Here we have the portraits of thirty of the big business men of the country from General George W. Goethals and Bartlett Arkell to Frank A. Munsey and the chewing gum king—William Wrigley, Jr.; all pointing out what they were able to accomplish by persistency, hard work, and optimism. It is all very well written, all very healthy, and is the kind of a book that ought to be put into the hands of our budding citizens.

—A. E. Low.

## WHEN MAN WILL STUDY MANKIND †



SOME years ago Professor James Harvey Robinson was "investigated" by a magazine writer of the muck-raking school and charged with blasting the Rock of Ages, to which the accused demurred while cheerfully admitting he was doing his utmost to blast the Rock of the Middle Ages. He is still at it.

Were he less celebrated, a casual glance at the cover of "The Mind In The Making" would lead one to believe that he had produced a work on psychology or even faith healing. Instead, it is what he prefers to call an essay which traces the story of the mass of genius and junk which *homo sapiens* has carried in his head from the time he first stuck a boar with a sharp stick until he found himself worried with the labor problem, French pastry, the League of Nations, naval ratios, influenza and Freud. In other words, or to be specific, those of Don Marquis, uttered years before the appearance of the volume under review, it shows how "Darwin's ape came to have Darwin's mind." All of which is preparatory to demonstrating that the world's greatest revolution is about to break upon us, a revolution of intellectual liberation brought about by the application of our mental capabilities to the solution of social questions as they have been applied to those of science. Mankind will enter on fertile meadows by studying itself as it has studied natural phenomena.

This work must be read by all who have fallen into the prevalent pessimism on the drift of human affairs since the war and as a result of it. The torch passed on by Socrates, Plato, Galileo, Descartes, Darwin, Pasteur . . . has crossed Flanders' Fields and will continue to serve us.

\*"FAMOUS LEADERS OF INDUSTRY," Second Series, by Edwin Wildman. The Page Co.

†"THE MIND IN THE MAKING," by James Harvey Robinson. Harper and Brothers.

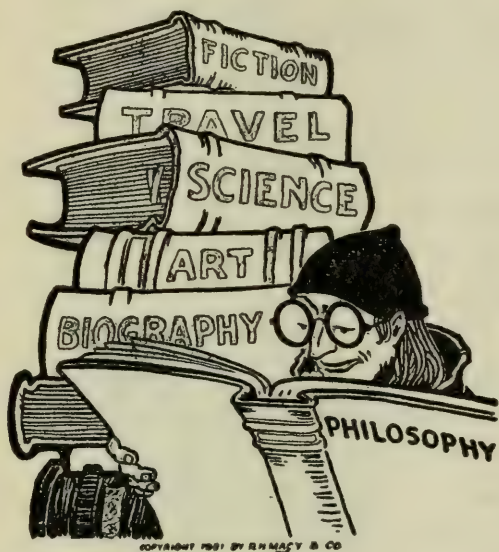


Our heritage of intellectual wealth remains intact, but the use of it is impaired by the mass of stupidity likewise inherited. Once we overcome our fear of throwing overboard what has been passed on to us by the persecutors of the very benefactors just named, then shall we find the theories of the two Nicolis—Lenin and Murray Butler—equally worthless, for the problems they have been set up to meet shall disappear.

Those familiar with earlier writing of Professor Robinson need not be told that his latest volume is neither written down for the mob nor up for the intellectuals, but rather in a lively vernacular equal to that of Wells, Brisbane, or Shaw.

—GABRIEL S. YORKE.

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# The Forum

FEBRUARY 1922

## THE AMERICAN AGE OF EGO

BY N. P. DAWSON

**T**HINKING of Mr. Strachey's "Queen Victoria", which is a pleasant thing to do, and of her Age and her Literature (and her Albert) we have wondered what tag posterity will attach to our own troublous times, and have concluded that ours will be known as the age of Expressionism, the age of the capital *I*, of the Ego, kicking up its heels on a blazing field of red. No mild Victorian or Georgian appellation could fitly describe an age in which every man is out on his own, and is *I* at the top of his voice. As Walt Whitman intoned, with more reason than some of his followers, "I sing the song of Myself."

In nine out of ten first novels to be published, a young man's fancy seriously turns to thoughts of self, or of myself, in love. Modern poetry is largely subjective, and the freer it is, generally the more subjective it is. Self-expression is the need of the hour. We beat our breasts and pound our typewriters until the keys rattle in an effort to express ourselves. We cannot imagine an expressionistic



novel being written on a noiseless typewriter. Noise is its natural accompaniment. It does not make much difference what is expressed. Expression is the thing. Our day will be known as the day of the great Ego Drive, the Revolt of the Egos.

The big *I* has even penetrated into the austere domain of history, and has shaken its massive pillars to their foundations. History, once supposed to be the one literary form in which the personal bias could not enter, if it was to be worth anything at all, has now become as much a matter of personal expression as poetry or writing one's novel (with the aid of Dr. Freud.) It is not what is known of Napoleon that matters, but what you feel about Napoleon. What I think about Napoleon is more important than anything that Napoleon did. History, so to speak, has become a Personal Outline.

Essays are now largely matters of self-expression and informal personalities. The essayist is not concerned with the country road or the city street, but with himself walking along that road or street. And travel has perhaps become particularly expressionistic. Whereas it used to be said a man traveled to write, now he travels to express himself. Take Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, for example, in his "San Cristobal de la Habana." We say "his" Havana, because that is what for the time being it is, and no one else's. In Havana, Mr. Hergesheimer is interested in the "colors, scents, and emotions" of his own experience. We see him lingering luxuriously over dressing for his first dinner in Havana, finishing the last Dimitrino cigarette, and even leaving the "wet prints" of his feet on the polished tiles of the floor, while he deliberates whether to wear a dinner jacket ("slightly varied, perhaps, by white flannels"), or "a more informal jacket of white silk"—also with the flannels. Mr. Hergesheimer is not interested in "San Cristobal de la Habana," but in himself there. No one could imagine Mr. Hergesheimer going to Rome and describing the Sistine Chapel. He would be more likely to describe

the morning coat he wore on that occasion. The modern expressionistic traveler is not interested in Michelangelo but in himself. And not many of the moderns, it should be interpolated, are so interesting as Hergesheimer.

The theatre also, like the poet and novelist and historian and traveler and everyone nowadays, is apparently interested in itself and is out on its own. The theatre, as may be learned in the newest books on the subject, wants to be free, it wants to lead its own life, it wants to express itself. It rebels at being longer slavishly representational. It wants to be presentational. It slams the door on Mr. Belasco's realistic detail of a Childs' restaurant.

It is said that Flaubert, a great name in French and in all literature, read four hundred pages before he was satisfied that he had an accurate description of a particular kind of tree. In the modernist theatre, no one wants a tree at all, or even the illusion of a tree, but the illusion of the atmosphere of myself under the tree.

It is all a part of the new anarchy, or whatever you want to call it, which has attacked painting and poetry and music and the theatre and fiction. It is Bolshevism of a sort—before Bolshevism recanted; when it is not Freudianism. In the theatre, for example, the cry is "To the lantern" with the bourgeois actors; off with their heads, substitute a super-marionette; or at least, hide the heads with masks. Come forward, the smiling mechanic and electrician to take the curtain call—if there is a curtain in the new theatrical expressionism, of which we cannot be sure.

Who can be sure of anything nowadays? If verse without form or rhyme, and sceneryless scenery, and actorless drama, and history as it seems to me, and travel as I dressed the part—without churches or monuments or galleries or anything but me—why not self-expression in all the forms of art? The Ego may be a little thing but it is my own. Only the horrible doubt will arise that expressionism may be the German "Ersatz" for genius.



Years ago before the war, when we used to go to Germany, travelers brought back with them, among their picture post-cards and souvenirs, the "Nuremberg Trichter." This was a miniature funnel, a pleasing device by which Hans Sachs, the sixteenth-century cobbler-poet and meistersinger, alleged that the golden gift of poesy could be poured into the ears of young novitiates.

Now it is the other way around. The poem is already in us, as are also the novel and the play and the book of whatever sort. It is only necessary to get them out. Instead of Hans Sachs and his funnel, we have Dr. Sigmund Freud and his surgery. The idea is to let Freud do it. Freud, as it may be imagined, makes a slight excision in the heads of his patients, inserts a small piece of tubing, and draws forth hitherto hidden and suppressed masterpieces of literature.

Only sometimes what comes forth is not a masterpiece, but is so small and gentle a trickle that it hardly seems to have been worth the operation—or the price. Then again, there is a great explosion and a frightful mess, and the words spatter all over the place. But there is relief for the patient, apparently, as in the old-fashioned blood-letting, even if no one else is much benefitted.

The mere effort is worth the doing. More than one of Sherwood Anderson's admirers have commented with enthusiastic fervor on the first story in his volume receiving the *Dial* award, called "The Dumb Man", and which begins: "There is a story . . . I cannot tell it . . . I have no words." The fact that Mr. Anderson tries to tell stories for which there are no words—or at least for which he himself has no words—is what makes him so different, so exciting; what makes him respond, so to say, to some mysterious need of the American people.

Everybody is doing it, and we hear of a young man who had been mulling over his novel for years, without being able to go forward with it, when, under the Freudian treatment, it suddenly came forth like the goddess, full-clad

and panoplied and ready for print. Also we hear of classes everywhere being formed, in which the students, by this same psycho-analytical method, learn how to write novels as easily as they now talk.

There are no "agonies of style", from which Flaubert suffered, as he wrote to Georges Sand, in this new kind of ouija-board writing. All the novelist has to do is to let himself go, let it out, whatever it is; put everything down just as it comes. Flaubert was six years writing "*Madame Bovary*", a story which is not yet despised by the most modern of the modernists—who would doubtless write another *Bovary* if they could. Flaubert did not like to see the same word repeated on the same page. But repetition is now the thing.

Repeat a word as many times as you like—the more times the merrier, or the more mystifying and impressive. If you cannot think of a word, use asterisks, which are often more eloquent still. Use sentences of one word, of two words, of three words. Put down anything that comes into your head, and if nothing comes into your head, as sometimes happens, fill up with asterisks, exclamation points, interrogation points, Gods—perhaps especially Gods. A single paragraph from the Chicago Ben Hecht's novel, "*Erik Dorn*", will illustrate:

I'm sad again. The flat roof says something. Is it Erik?  
 Dear Erik! Poor Erik! I love you. But I'll begin crying.  
 Pretty tears, amusing tears . . . Mine . . . mine . . . mine  
 . . . I know, I know. I must keep on dying, keep on dying.  
 Look, I can laugh! Amusing that I can laugh . . . Oh, God  
 . . . God . . .

And Flaubert did not want a word to recur on the same page, and he was fastidious about commas. "I always marvel at my garrulity", says Mr. Hecht's hero, and he admits a "complete emptiness of emotion or idea." Mr. Hecht's self-expression recalls Gertrude Stein, whose "*Tender Buttons*" erupted the same year as the war. At the time, it was said that Gertrude Stein's method was to



sit in a dark room and put down the words, pell mell, as they occurred to her; which produced some startling results. For example "Eye Glasses" and "Orange" emerged respectively:

A color in shaving, a saloon is well placed in the center of the alley.

A type oh oh new new not no knealer knealer of old show beefsteak, neither, neither.

Much in Mr. Hecht's style makes you think of "Tender Buttons", that title of masterly irrelevancy, and book of hocus-pocus which has long since been exposed and laughed out of court. It was the kind of irrelevancy that Dickens used for humorous purposes in the character of "Mr. F's Aunt" in "Little Dorrit": a terrifying old lady, who after regarding the company for ten minutes with a malevolent gaze was likely to burst out with something as mystifying and as wide of the trend of the general conversation as: "When we lived at Henley, Barnes's gander was stole by tinkers." Dickens says:

The major characteristics discoverable by the stranger in Mr. F's Aunt were extreme severity and grim taciturnity; a deep warning voice, which, being totally uncalled for by anything said by anybody, and traceable to no association of ideas, confounded and terrified the mind. Mr. F's Aunt may have thrown in these conversations on some system of her own, and it may have been ingenious, or even subtle, but the key to it was wanted.

It is easy to believe that this new kind of expressionistic writing meets some need of the individual, but it is not so clear what need it meets of the American people. Yet almost everyone of a recent group of American novels—"Erik Dorn", Newton Fuessle's "Gold Shod", and Sherwood Anderson's "The Triumph of the Egg"—is advertised as not only marking the "new tendency" in American fiction, but meeting a need of the American people.

*The Dial's* award of two thousand dollars was given to Sherwood Anderson because his work "is a response to a

need of the American people." Mr. Fuessle's "Gold Shod" is also advertised as not only an entirely new interpretation of American life, but as meeting some need in America. While we suppose that Evelyn Scott's "The Narrow House", and Charles G. Norris' "Brass: A Novel of Marriage", are also generous attempts on the parts of the authors to bring relief to suffering America.

What is this dreadful need in America which so much excites the compassion and *insanible scribendi cacoethes* of these novelists? It must be what the author of "A Young Girl's Diary" calls "segsual."

Poor White, poor people of Winesburg, Ohio, poor women of Iowa! In Sherwood Anderson's stories they are all hungry, half-crazed, sex-driven. The women from Iowa in "The Triumph of the Egg" are always gripping the corn stalks, or biting the dust, or running; running away from, or perhaps after, something. The woman from Willow Springs in Iowa rubs her cheek against the bark of the tree until the blood comes, when she sees Hardy's "maid and her wight" on their eternal way. The woman who had been a music teacher back in Iowa, in the Chicago boarding house, says to the man "Take me, take me!" A man, returning from the movies with his wife, stabs her in the dark hall, when he happens to think of the girl from Iowa. In examining these sad cases in his prying, psycho-analytical, squinting, humorless, tiresome fashion, it may be asked how Mr. Anderson is meeting the need of the American people; his own need, it may be; but as for the other, tosh.

Mr. Fuessle's "Gold Shod" contains a warning for parents. Let the boy follow his temperament. Let him be an artist, if this is what he wants to be. Do not force him to be a Detroit millionaire automobile manufacturer. For suppressed desires will out. Mr. Fuessle's hero cannot see a "refined corseted" female on the street, without becoming intoxicated. If he sees a pretty girl coming out of a telephone booth, he rushes up to her and exclaims: "If women



were all as enticing as you, I'd be reeling through life like a madman." Meeting another woman, he gasps: "You enter my eyes like a magic liquor." If magic liquor is like prohibition liquor, his eyes must have smarted indeed. He is disappointed in the woman he finally marries, because she is uninitiated, not sufficiently sophisticated. The end is: "He did not regret his transgressions. He found comfort in the opera singers and actresses he had backed." And it was all, no doubt, the fault of sordid, ugly, materialistic, automobilistic America.

A striking scene in "Erik Dorn" is when the woman is cured of her love for Erik. When the poet, or the painter, or whoever he was, "tore at her clothes, beating her with his fist until her head rattled on her neck"—then, only then, she knew that it was not Erik she loved, but this one who satisfied the innermost needs of her being, and treated her rough. Pity, according to the new formula, is not akin to love, but love is akin to hate.

In her description of hungry human beings, made unlovely and even murderous and insane from suppressed desires and thwarted loves, Evelyn Scott in "The Narrow House" keeps pace with Sherwood Anderson—and, incidentally, is not at a loss for words, but has no difficulty in telling her stories. How ugly it all is. We sympathize with the several attempts of the women in the story to kill themselves, having once become familiar with their environment. "She picked up the scissors, plunging the points twice into her flesh with quick stabs." But can you blame her? From the dripping and leaking gutters and limp curtains on the first page, to the buzzing flies on the last, everything is ugly. Birth is ugly, death is ugly, and likewise love. Stars in the heavens are "putrescent" or plain "rotted." Hair is uncombed, necks are scrawny, dress is dowdy. Muffins are smashed on the dining room carpet, and the flies feast on the cold mutton. Milk is blue in "The Narrow House", sugar is grey, the

tomato soup—we knew how it would be, but almost screamed when we read that the soup was curdled.

This is the kind of writing that is received with yelps of delight by those who allege to see in it a new interpretation of American life, a response to a need of the American people, the acme of art instead of the silly anarchy that it is. Mr. Norris' "*Brass: A Novel of Marriage*", should have been called a novel of marriages. Hope triumphs over experience a number of times. The hero has "one rotten deal after another." One wife will not have her window open at night. Another wife has cold feet—when he doubtless would not object to having the window closed. Another almost-wife says: "Our marriage cannot be solemnized." It was a narrow squeak. You can do something for cold feet, but you cannot do anything for a woman who says: "Our marriage cannot be solemnized." The best of the lot, to whom he is not exactly married, is old and frowsy and grey-haired "Mrs. Grotenstein." But she prepares his tub in the morning, and does not rattle the newspaper.

Mr. Norris' fellow "artists", whose chorus of praise of "*Brass*" has now been repeated in the advertisements to nausea, agree that his story has not distinction of style, is humorless and dreary. But what of this? "*Brass*" doubtless meets some need of the American people.

America's need being so great, it follows that these writers should find the country in a bad way. Everything is very, very sad, and ugly. Mr. Hecht makes his hero say this country will "go Bolshevik"—just as Captain Traprock and his friends in the South Sea Islands voted to "go native"—as soon as it is discovered that Bolshevism is a degree more imbecile than democracy. They are all terrifically ironic on the subject of democracy. They may be psycho-analytic, but no one could accuse them of being in the slightest degree pollyannalytic. They do not all follow the English novelist, D. H. Lawrence, to the extent that man being the great mistake of creation, he should



disappear from the earth like the ichthyosauri, and some morning a lark should rise singing on a humanless world. They apparently think a few of the worthy ones should be left to pick up the pieces.

Why this sudden desire for expression? Why this great need of America that must be heroically met? Why the gloom? Is it the war, or is it possibly Freud? A recently returned traveler, a disciple of Freud, saw him at Bad-Gasteinstein in the Tyrol. He was apparently taking the "cure", and looked as if he needed it. He seemed to be in the last stages of melancholia. He stared into void. He was accompanied by a nurse, elderly and stern. If this picture is correct of the man so many are following in an eager desire for life enhancement and self-fulfilment (and to write their books) is it curious that the writers themselves should take a gloomy view of things, and should spill it all out in their novels? It is said that having released the ugliness in American life, they will next release beauty. But we shiver at the thought of their discovering beauty even more than at their discovery of "truth."

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### EGYPT IN AMERICA

*By MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD*

There is a moment when the sun is fled,  
And, grey on grey, the evening sky-line fades,  
When, from the tired ground, the little blades  
Of grass that tangle all this gravestone's head—  
From all this, like an arrow that is sped,  
Straight upward, rises through the twilight shade  
A single spire, and all the sky invades  
With the still, perfect darkness of the dead.

Here is a calm, a timeless majesty,  
Bred in unfevered ages, slow, austere—  
The heavy power of waiting we have lost,  
(Bartered for slighter things, a bitter cost)  
For one brief moment stands incarnate here—  
Dead Egypt painted on a northern sky!

## HENRY FORD—MARPLOT

*By* PHILIP KING

**A**LMOST the first yarn a New England youngster hears is one to the effect that the early settlers of New England sold wooden nutmegs, wooden hams, and wooden cucumber seeds to the Indians. As a matter of fact, there are New England women alive today who relate that in their girlhood, Yankee peddlers went through the southern states selling wooden nutmegs. It would seem that the selling of wooden nutmegs, hams, and cucumber seeds to the Indians was more or less confined to New England. At the time those Yankees, in song and story, were spoken of as "drefful smart."

Henry Ford, the great Detroit automobile manufacturer and a transcendent genius in advertising, in exploiting the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad which he purchased a little over a year ago, has played the wooden nutmeg, wooden ham, and wooden cucumber seed game on the American people. Mr. Ford and his friends have heralded throughout the land how he purchased a bankrupt railroad, one which had been bankrupt for more years than one cares to remember, and had, overnight, by increasing its freight traffic, made it a paying concern and had thus performed a great railroad feat. At first a number of writers, one or two professors, and others, without having complete information, held Mr. Ford's performances to be a railroad "miracle," while others, deeply versed in the economics of railroads, and utterly practical men, were quite aware that Mr. Ford had practised the wooden nutmeg, wooden ham, and wooden cucumber seed game, and only grinned.



In editorials and public statements Mr. Ford was spoken of by his friends as the "Almighty Genius" of the railroad world; and the great news was sent broadcast throughout the universe.

Practical railroad men have not been as ready as a credulous public to believe that Henry Ford has worked a miracle in the operation of the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad. Whatever may be conceded as to Mr. Ford's success in the automobile business, even in extricating himself from his financial difficulties of last year, railroad experts insist that the stories of his achievement with his new railroad, if taken at their face value, read like the discovery of perpetual motion.

For many years the Ford plants in and about Detroit have been served chiefly by the New York Central, Grand Trunk, Père Marquette, and Wabash, doing only a small business with the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad. The business was distributed among these carriers with service satisfactory to the shipper. The Detroit, Toledo and Ironton was receiving the least of this tonnage, as it reached no important points. This latter road had been receiving liberal divisions on the through rates on business interchanged with its connections, but this failed to yield sufficient revenue to sustain it. The shipping of raw materials to, and the manufacturing and shipping of finished products from the Ford plants, normally yielded perhaps upward of five hundred cars of freight per day.

Mr. Ford bought the D. T. and I. through the purchase of stock and adjustment bonds of that company. The road had outstanding seven million six hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars of adjustment bonds, five million nine hundred and eighty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight dollars preferred, and six million five hundred thousand dollars common stock in addition to two million two hundred and fifty-four thousand dollars of underlying bonds. Mr. Ford paid four million five hundred and seventy-six thousand eight hundred dollars for the adjust-

ment five's, three hundred thousand dollars for the preferred stock, and sixty-five thousand dollars for the common stock, or a total of four million, four hundred and ninety-one thousand eight hundred dollars. Mr. Ford's capital outlay, therefore, was relatively small, and the difference represents the loss of the people whose money built and equipped the railroad.

With the acquisition of the railroad, Mr. Ford concentrated the larger part of his own tonnage movement on his new property. He exacted from connecting carriers percentages of division which the other railroads recognized as an excessive burden in some instances, but which were yielded by certain lines because this tonnage could be completely diverted elsewhere. The tariff on this freight has been estimated at twenty-two million dollars a year.

Mr. Ford essayed to reduce the force of employees on the D. T. and I., and to lower freight rates—and from the liberal divisions he insisted upon receiving from the trunk lines, he could afford to pay a higher union scale of wages. His application to be allowed to reduce rates twenty per cent. on coal along the line of the D. T. and I. has been denied by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The commission based its action on the ground that the reduction would constitute a discrimination against other mining territory, the coal product of which is sold in Toledo, Detroit, and other cities along Mr. Ford's railroad. In September and October, 1920, the number of employees on the D. T. and I., as on all other roads, was at a maximum, but in January, 1921, before Mr. Ford actually took control, the number of men employed was one thousand five hundred and sixty-seven. In March the number was one thousand three hundred and twenty-six, and in June, one thousand six hundred and forty-nine. All other railroads are affected by the rulings of the Interstate Commerce Commission as founded upon the Transportation Act, and by the decrees of the Railroad Labor Board. It remains to be seen if Mr. Ford has not run amuck with the govern-



mental authorities. While there may have been considerable local business between Toledo and Detroit before Mr. Ford gained control of the D. T. and I., it could not have been of the high paying order until his own masterful decrees increased the traffic from his own manufactories in Detroit.

In addition, Mr. Ford has been able to give the little D. T. and I. the longest haul possible; for example, an automobile from Detroit to St. Louis can be delivered to the Baltimore and Ohio at the southerly end of the D. T. and I. instead of to the New York Central at the northerly end. Also coal for his plants can be brought from the lines that will give the D. T. and I. a long haul instead of merely a switching charge.

Rates cannot be reduced by individual roads without disturbing the entire rate structure served by them, but the increased carrier divisions which Mr. Ford has enacted have left the rates nominally undisturbed. However, these increased carrier divisions, which now aggregate over five hundred thousand dollars per month, are paid to a road which under normal traffic conditions would not receive them. The result is that the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad is receiving a large percentage of revenue above what it would obtain under ordinary conditions for the service it performs, and out of all proportion to that received by its connecting carriers for similar service or similar hauling.

Railroad men see in Mr. Ford's apparent success in transportation merely the result of his ability to obtain return tonnage on an exceptionally favorable basis from really great railroads and make his small line show a profit. It is even suggested that sooner or later this question will be investigated with a view to determining whether or not Mr. Ford has discovered an ingenious method for evading the transportation laws prohibiting rebates.

Mr. Ford is a good self-advertiser. In general there is nothing reprehensible in this form of gratification. Some

of his publicity, however, is likely to prove detrimental to the public welfare. Such is pre-eminently the case with the Detroit, Toledo and Iron-ton Railroad. The impression created among the un-thinking public is that he took over a railroad property which was in a state of collapse and by the magic of his genius transformed it into a profitable enterprise. The natural implication is that railroad managers are an incompetent lot and that the public has to pay in increased rates for their incompetence. It is particularly unfortunate that such a false impression should gain currency at a time when the life of the railroads is at stake, and when the prosperity of the country in turn depends upon them. Mr. Ford has not developed new business for the railroad in the territory tributary to it; he simply diverted from other roads their normal share of business, and he has done so by tactics that have for years been frowned upon by the public authorities. It is bad enough that Mr. Ford should have reverted to such methods in pursuit of private gain, but it is still worse that he should be represented to the public as a railway wizard who by his genius is able to raise wages, lower rates, and transform a losing railway enterprise into a profitable one, while experienced railroad executives of the country have failed.

The Detroit, Toledo and Iron-ton Railroad is what may be termed a "north and south railroad in an east and west country." This means that the general flow of traffic is east- and west-bound between Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo, etc., and the Atlantic Seaboard including Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Providence and Boston. It would be an unnatural diversion of business to route this traffic over the D. T. and I., inasmuch as it runs at right angles to the east- and west-bound flow of traffic.

Mr. Ford has been able to cause the D. T. and I. to earn money because of the placement of his entire business over that line. He has been able to compel the lines crossing the D. T. and I. to grant the latter substantial divisions as a consideration for receiving a share of his traffic. It is



stated that it was only necessary for Mr. Ford to break the ice with one road when all the rest fell into line to meet the competition, giving the D. T. and I. substantial divisions with the hope of getting a share of his business. Mr. Ford, it is added, sent his emissaries throughout the country to solicit business other than his own from the various railroads to be moved over the D. T. and I. as a consideration for receiving a share of his own material, namely automobiles and raw material for their manufacture.

The D. T. and I. Railroad, on its merits, was worthless to any of the trunk lines because it runs contrary to the general flow of traffic and no other interest or influence than Mr. Ford would be able to feed the D. T. and I. with business that would enable it to earn properly. The Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad was organized May twenty-fifth, 1901, when the Detroit Southern Railroad was organized as successor to the Ohio Southern and the Detroit and Lima Northern. In 1905 the company was re-organized and the name changed to the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railway Company. In 1914 this corporation dissolved in favor of the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad Company. Speaking of north and south railroads in east and west country, it may be added that the Minneapolis and St. Louis, which dates back to 1853 when it was called the Minnesota Western Railroad, is in the same boat as the D. T. and I. was before its purchase by Mr. Ford. The Minneapolis and St. Louis assumed its present name in 1870 and first operated in 1871. It was re-organized without change of name in 1894 and again in 1916. Then, too, the old Iowa Central was another north and south road in east and west country. It was originally the Eldora Railroad and Coal Company, was organized in 1866 and opened two years later. In 1870, several companies were consolidated under the name of the Central Railroad Company of Iowa, which in 1879 was re-organized under the name of the Central Iowa Railway Company. A further re-organization occurred in 1889, when the name

of the Iowa Central Railway Company was assumed. On January first, 1912, the road was purchased by the Minneapolis and St. Louis.

These railroads were organized in the hope of making money. There was no scientific thought connected with them at that time and to a large extent they were looked upon as local roads. But later on, railroad builders recognized the immutable fact that the general trend of traffic was eastward and westward and not northward and southward, with the exception, of course, of the Louisville and Nashville and the Illinois Central. These two great railroads have a very good movement of traffic from Chicago and the Lake Cities to the Gulf. The trend of traffic in that particular territory between the northern cities, Chicago and others included, and the Gulf ports has been and is particularly prosperous. And the Atlantic Coast Line, between northern cities and Florida, can be included in this category. But the Minneapolis and St. Louis and the old Iowa Central, as well as the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton, had no such traffic. The D. T. and I. is not a through railroad like the Louisville and Nashville and the Illinois Central, or the Atlantic Coast Line. Its total mileage is only four hundred and fifty-five miles, its main lines running between Dellray and Dundee, Mich., Tecumseh and Jackson, Ohio, and Bloom and Ironton, Ohio. The D. T. and I. is benefited by Mr. Ford's business in the shape of raw materials which he has been in a position to force the east and west railroads to take and hand over to the D. T. and I. The Minneapolis and St. Louis and the old Iowa Central did not have great manufacturers like Mr. Ford to load them down with traffic and to compel other railroads to give them traffic for their own factories.

Not a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, ditto the Railroad Board, ditto the railroad labor union bodies, not a single railroad executive, not a single railroad employee of any experience, not a single business man or shipper—not one has been taken off his feet by the claims



of Mr. Ford in connection with the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad. One or two college professors embalmed in theory and without practical knowledge of railroading, have been misled and in their public utterances have misguided the people on this matter. In the same category are a few writers who, without complete knowledge, rushed into print with articles and editorials hailing Mr. Ford as the great miracle worker and solver of the railroad problems of our country.

The following official figures tell the actual story of the D. T. and I. The total tonnage has remained in many instances almost stationary, but there was a large decrease in products of mines and a large increase in manufactures (paying much higher rates) for the period mentioned. Selecting the principal items in these two groups, the comparison is as follows:

|   | Second Quarter |         |           |
|---|----------------|---------|-----------|
|   | 1920           | 1921    | Increase  |
| Products of mines:  |                |         |           |
| Bituminous coal . . . . .   | 554,050        | 416,843 | d 137,207 |
| Coke . . . . .  | 44,227         | 23,958  | d 20,269  |
| Iron ore . . . . .  | 38,650         | 37      | d 20,269  |
| Clay, gravel, sand and stone  | 75,854         | 84,924  | 9,070     |
| Manufactures and miscellaneous:   |                |         |           |
| Iron, pig and bloom . . . . .   | 100,260        | 22,373  | d 77,887  |
| Bar and sheet iron, etc. . . . .  | 20,989         | 104,897 | 83,908    |
| Castings, mchy. and boilers   | 14,281         | 45,079  | 30,798    |
| Cement . . . . .  | 11,530         | 28,412  | 16,882    |
| Agricultural implements and<br>vehicles other than auto-<br>mobiles . . . . . |                |         |           |
|   | 2,118          | 29,011  | 26,893    |
| Automobiles and auto<br>trucks . . . . .                                      |                |         |           |
|   | 4,489          | 208,575 | 204,086   |
| Chemicals and explosives..  | 73,062         | 17,550  | d 55,512  |
| Other manufactures and<br>miscellaneous . . . . .                             |                |         |           |
|   | 82,527         | 81,007  | d 1,520   |
| d—Decrease  |                |         |           |

These figures speak for themselves. The coal, iron ore, pig iron, and chemical traffic declined, while bar and sheet

iron, castings, and vehicles showed great increases. *In particular does the movement of automobiles and auto trucks stand out, being an increase from a nominal four thousand four hundred and eighty-nine tons in the second quarter of 1920 to two hundred and eight thousand five hundred and seventy-five tons in the second quarter of 1921, an increase of 4546 per cent.* The increase in metal parts shows also that raw or partly finished material for the manufacture of automobiles is being shipped over the line to a degree unheard of before Mr. Ford acquired control—all for Mr. Ford's factories at Detroit. Or in other words, the volume of low rate commodities decreased—due in part to the depression in business—but other commodities paying higher rates showed great increase—because Mr. Ford, the shipper, was able to give Mr. Ford, the railroad man, business that formerly went to other railroads.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Ford simply plays his railroad against other railroads because of his power as a manufacturer. In effect he says to one big trunk line: "Give me service and I will give you freight. No service, no freight. I will give it to another line." But even Mr. Ford and his railroad are subject to the age-old rule of supply and demand, and scientific expert knowledge of railroading; and this is clearly shown by the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission. These reports show that for the six months of September, 1920, to February, 1921, after Mr. Ford had bought the road but had not yet installed the new management, the D. T. and I. had a constant succession of deficits. For March the net operating income was seventy-seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-five dollars. By April, the effects of the Ford traffic or the Ford genius were made apparent in a net operating income of two hundred and seventy-six thousand four hundred and fifty-two dollars, which resulted from an increase in revenues of two hundred and fifty-eight thousand four hundred and thirty-nine dollars, while the expenses increased only forty-two thousand eight hundred and forty-



six dollars. The report for April became available about July first, or about the time Mr. Ford announced his increase in wages and proposed reductions in rates, and led to the wide publicity given to statements that Mr. Ford had shown an increase in net while increasing wages and reducing rates. For May there was a further increase in revenues, but the expenses also went up and the net was lower than in April; *and in each month since the net has been lower than it was the month before until in August it was only seventy thousand six hundred and fifty-three dollars*, or less than it was in March, although the revenues were greater than in any preceding month and three hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars greater than in March. The revenues, expenses and net for the six months of Mr. Ford's management are shown in the accompanying table:

| Month               | Operating<br>revenues | Operating<br>expenses | Operating<br>ratio,<br>per cent | Net<br>operating<br>income |
|---------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| March, 1921 . . . . | \$439,052             | \$352,970             | 80.4                            | \$77,985                   |
| April . . . . .     | 697,491               | 395,816               | 56.7                            | 276,452                    |
| May . . . . .       | 744,406               | 422,328               | 56.7                            | 263,293                    |
| June . . . . .      | 713,527               | 376,383               | 52.7                            | 261,259                    |
| July . . . . .      | 744,498               | 444,794               | 59.7                            | 187,395                    |
| August . . . . .    | 763,840               | 548,246               | 71.8                            | 70,643                     |
|                     | <hr/> \$4,102,814     | <hr/> \$2,540,537     | <hr/> 61.9                      | <hr/> \$1,137,027          |

Mr. Ford, in his talks, has desired a comparison between his railroad and the railroads of the country. These inexorable reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission show that between June and August, when Mr. Ford made his famous changes in rates and wages, the total earnings of his road, the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton, increased seven per cent, while those of all the Class I railroads increased nine and one-third per cent. Meantime, the operating expenses of the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton *increased forty-six per cent*, while those of the Class I railroads increased less than one per cent. In consequence the net operating income of the D. T. and I. *declined* over seventy per cent, while that of the Class I railroads *increased* from fifty-one

million six hundred and forty thousand dollars to ninety million, two hundred and forty-one thousand dollars, or almost seventy-five per cent. The increase in net operating income of the Class I roads was mainly due to the reduction of wages of July first.

It has been a wooden ham, wooden nutmeg, wooden cucumber seed "railroad miracle" on the part of Mr. Ford from start to finish; and I regret exceedingly to be compelled to note this fact.

Mr. Ford pronounced history to be "bunk." Perhaps Anatole France, thought by many to be the most scholarly fictionist of his day, puts it rather more delicately when he declares history to be made up, more or less, of fiction. But in the foregoing narrative giving the facts and figures concerning Mr. Ford's railroad, there is neither "bunk" nor "fiction."

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## MISERERE

*By* CALE YOUNG RICE

Wind, rain and thunder last night wildly intoned  
A mighty miserere to the skies.  
Under a surge of sound the forest moaned  
And swayed and crossed itself, penitent-wise.  
Its leafy limbs reached out, or clutched and listened,  
As still things seem to do, for the next crash.  
Terribly then followed the lightning's lash,  
And the wet earth, scourged with pallor, glistened.

Infinite seemed the sound along the earth;  
And yet beyond lay interstellar space,  
To which such spasms are but as the worth  
And buzz of a fly's wing—leaving no trace.  
Is there no final measure then at all  
For greatness? Are our strivings, too, as small?



# WOMEN IN GERMAN TRADE UNIONS

*By* ALICE SALOMON

**T**HE political equality which German women have attained is no more than an equality of opportunity. It rests with woman herself to work out her new opportunities in the practical realities of economic conditions and professional life. The struggle will of necessity be a fierce one, for there has been strong opposition to the entrance of German women into professional life and occupations generally.

Nevertheless, for thirty years the barriers have been slowly falling. Women have entered into almost every sphere of work. They crept in at the lowest rungs of the ladder; they began with the very poorest recompense; the better positions could be attained only by a few, and that after long siege.

As in other countries, the scarcity of hands and brains during the war afforded German women opportunities which had before been denied them, but more than in other countries, since the war, the general and long continual unemployment and the birth convulsions of a new order sharpened sex-competition. Trade-unions and associations, always highly developed among employed women, find themselves involved in a movement which will be of high import for the young republic. These are the only media through which women can stand and fight for their own rights. Woman as an individual is swept away by a flood of unfavorable circumstances, unless she is strongly backed by her union. But the rôle of women in trade-unionism is assuming larger and larger proportions. To a great extent

it will depend on woman's part in the economic struggle of the day whether the present widespread unrest among German workers shall continue, or whether the nation will return to its traditions of devotion to work.

Never has trade-unionism as a whole played a more important part in the life of the individual just as in the life of the community. For the first time in the history of the German nation these unions are now acknowledged representatives of labor—both physical and mental labor; acknowledged both by government and by employers. For the first time, too, their efforts have a real prospect of success. For one thing is certain: though the whole German standard of living, the whole of German civilization may be doomed to downfall—of whatever remains, the working classes will have their full share. What wonder then that women have flocked into unions and associations. Their economic position, their entrance into professional life, their representation in factory and shop council, depend upon the influence which they can acquire through their united efforts.

It is doubtless due to the unscrupulous advantage which men took of their superior position in fighting against women's entrance into professions and higher careers, that with the exception of factory workers all women are organized in associations of their own, distinct from those of the men, and that these associations follow an independent policy. Until recently, in fact, there has been a constant antagonism, sometimes an open fight, between the associations of men and women teachers, men and women shop assistants, etc.

The revolution has forced the women's unions and associations to take a new turn. No longer is their fight theoretical—against traditions and reactionary views. No longer do they work merely for the education and better training of their fellow workers. It is no longer a slow and determined conquest of new positions wrested from the



privileged sex. They are now in the open arena of the struggle for existence.

Associations among educated women are comparatively old and widespread in Germany. Naturally the oldest organizations, which have a large membership, have secured for women a share in the great economic changes of the day. The general association of women teachers, embracing teachers in elementary schools as well as those in high schools and colleges, teachers of technical subjects, of music, etc., is a striking instance of the development of these associations. Formed about thirty years ago, when only the lowest positions in ordinary girls' schools were open to women, when there was no possibility that a woman so employed should be trained in a university, when the salary attached amounted to only a sort of pin-money, and the social position of such teachers was exceedingly uncertain, this association has gradually succeeded in securing for women the privilege of coming up for the same examinations as men. It has enabled them to compete equally for all positions in the field of education. Theoretically, they may now even become the heads of public schools and preside over a mixed staff of men and women. This last stronghold was defended vigorously by the men, and great conferences were held and long speeches made to prove that it is not dignified for a man "to serve under a woman." Strangely enough, men had never seemed to find it undignified to teach in private schools, which were usually in the hands of women. It is easy to believe that this conquest was difficult, for these positions were comparatively very well paid. The struggle for a living wage for women teachers was long and hard; it is only recently that the principle of equal pay for equal work has been more or less adopted by government and municipality. At the present this usually means that women teachers have not quite so many hours of class work as men, and are paid in proportion. On the whole, salaries of school teachers are now

very good, as far as any pay can be called good in a country where money has so little value. At any rate they have much better incomes than most people of similar education in private positions. On the other hand, the teacher who is not a municipal employee is going through a real crisis, and there is little chance for teachers of music and languages to secure a living wage. Associations cannot do more for them than help them to help each other.

One of the strongest women's associations in Germany, one which is at the center of the present struggle for equality of opportunity and for equal pay for equal work, is the association of office clerks, secretaries, salespeople, trade employees, and shop-assistants. While men in these occupations rarely belong to the educated classes, many girls with high school educations enter these forms of employment, probably attracted thereto by two considerations—the short period of preparation which is demanded, and the possibility of quickly earning good salaries. Though there has been little competition between men and women in this profession, since their spheres of work have been, to some extent at least, distinct, some of the men's unions were always passionately opposed to women's taking these positions. Contradictory as it may seem, the revolution has had the effect of promoting agreement between the men's and women's associations, at the same moment when woman's struggle for existence is much intensified, and when men are crowding into positions formerly agreed to be in woman's domain.

What does that mean? In all countries which were involved in the war, the men who came back from the trenches have been accorded the first right to employment. Women, who during the war had often been mere stop-gaps, must obviously step aside. But very soon other men, not war veterans, claimed the same right. With the appalling unemployment which followed the Armistice, a government order was issued, to the effect that all women who had not



been working before the war and who were not dependent on their earnings, should be dismissed. This was a deadly stroke. It meant the introduction of an entirely new principle of employment. Not the able, the competent, but the needy were now to be considered. It may be that this was justified in that hour of sore need. But it seemed to throw women back for decades. Their future seemed blocked unless they should succeed in putting this rule out of force at the earliest possible moment.

But events move very quickly in time of revolution. One of the earliest fruits of the German revolution was the law providing for the introduction of factory and shop-councils. These have an influence over the employing and dismissal of workers. On their attitude toward women employees, therefore, the whole future of the matter depended. New difficulties, of course, arose. The elections for the councils were held on the proportional representation basis, and candidates were, for the most part, nominated by trade-unionists who had some experience in administrative work. Women had very little chance of getting on the general lists, as long as they were organized in separate unions. From this situation sprang the new desire in women, not to amalgamate, but to come to some permanent agreement with men's unions, whose interests would also be served by some sort of fusion. So the economic struggle between the sexes seems to compel a solution, in some occupations, at least. Conditions and the history of development have been very similar in the associations of post and railway officials, who belong to the strongest associations of women in Germany.

Entirely different is the history of development of associations in the professions, which belong exclusively or predominantly to women. It has been often said and generally believed that women cannot be as easily led to strike as men. This may be true for married women. It certainly is not, under all circumstances, for unmarried ones.

They are more emotional than men and usually do not have the responsibility of dependents. In Germany they have been carried away by the wave of strikes which has passed over the land since the revolution. Even hospital nurses have been involved in such movements, and have fought side by side with other hospital attendants. It is of course true that their position was a very sad one, and that they have been much neglected by social reform and legislation. Over-work and pocket-money wages have been the reward of this profession, and with the growth of advantages in other sorts of work, the class of girls from whom the nursing profession must draw its members has gradually changed. The old spirit of high self-sacrifice still lives in the Christian Nursing Orders, and in individual nurses. But more and more nurses in general have tended to organize for the amelioration of their working conditions and for securing a living wage. Since the revolution they have made great strides. In fact a council of mediation has awarded them an eight-hour day, and salaries equal to or more than those of many high officials. Certainly all intelligent people must wish them every alleviation in their difficult and responsible work; but it cannot be doubted that they have overstretched the bow. Their terms have already had the effect that many private hospitals and nursing homes have had to be closed. During a time of general poverty no one can afford to pay the price which must be charged to meet such expenses. But what is much worse for the great mass of the people is that even the municipal hospitals suffer seriously from these new pretensions. In any case, these conditions of work, together with the high cost of building, make it impossible for any municipality to undertake the costs of establishing new hospitals. Considering the bad state of public health, this is a serious calamity, and the nurses' struggle has already borne fruits which are a menace to their patients.

In quite a different way has the association of social work-



ers worked for betterment in this field. This is, though one of the youngest, perhaps the most interesting association of educated working women. Founded during the war, when the demand for professional social workers was great, and schools for social work sprang rapidly into existence, its first and main object was to secure better conditions of work: a living wage, fixed hours, holidays and reliable contracts. But from the very beginning the leaders were convinced of the responsibility of their profession, convinced that the ends they sought must under all circumstances be reached by peaceful means. Meanwhile, social work as a profession has undergone considerable change. The number of professional workers in private institutions and agencies is continually decreasing because of the general economic collapse. On the other hand the public authorities are compelled to "socialize" and increase the number of "social officials." These are, like all officials, decently paid. However, great difficulties have arisen from the relations of these social workers, burdened for the most part, with the responsibility of the task laid upon them. These persons, accustomed to a technical routine, are often unable to understand special and individual needs as social workers must do, and the special requests they must make in the interest of their charges. The association of social workers has come to realize that one of their present concerns must be a reclassification of officials, which will guarantee them a dignified position within the administration. They refuse to strike, though petty officialdom tries to compel their support on these occasions. They refuse, too, to be placed under petty officials, who cannot judge either the aim or method of their work. They are striving to be placed directly under the heads of departments. They fight, likewise, for the principle that social workers should be chosen because of their capabilities and not because of their political views, which is the imminent danger of a new democracy. They are the best evidence we have of

what educated women may mean and may attain in the establishment of a new social and economic order. They can be willing adherents of a movement which tries to secure better conditions of work and living for those who formerly were exploited and oppressed. But they should not forget the end for the means, nor the object and aim of work in the interest of the workers.

It may prove a blessing that the conditions under which women entered professional work in Germany led them to form associations of their own. Perhaps this has made them more independent in their attitude toward present-day conflict. For many of them their work means more than the source of their economic existence. Wherever there is an opportunity of imbuing an economic movement with loyalty and moral principle, there will always be women in the front ranks.

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### A SONG OF LIGHT

By MARGUERITE WILKINSON

Oh, I would be as clear as air  
And I would be like water, clear,  
That lovely light may shine through me  
On shadowed ignorance and fear.

How can I think, how can I hope,  
How can I dream that this may be,  
I, who am dull within the flesh  
And clouded with mortality?

How can I dare to ask this thing  
Who know such glory burns its way  
Through doubt and terror and doom and tears  
Into the everlasting day?

O strong Eternal Light, because  
I love the radiance that I fear  
Let me become as clear as air  
And let me be like water, clear.



## JOHN ERICSSON

By GUNNAR WICKMAN

**A**T Langbanshyttan, outside Filipstad, Vermland, Sweden, in the latter part of the seventeenth century a poor cripple living on the Jugström's estate, while on his deathbed said that he had been visited by a wood-gnome who told him that for the kindness which had been shown to him all his life by the Jugström family there would be born to the family two boys whose names would be known the world over. Sofia Jugström, some time later, married Olof Ericsson and had three children: Karolina born 1800, Nils born 1802 and John born 1803. Nils, later made a baron, became a noted civil engineer who built canals, railroads and public works in Sweden.

John always learned faster than his tutors could teach him. He possessed the impulse of genius and once his mind was set in any direction nothing could divert him from it. Before he was fourteen years old he was foreman on a section of the Göta Kanal with six hundred army engineers under him. He was so small in stature that he had to have a stool to raise him to the eye-piece of his theodolite! In spite of the remonstrances of his friends, especially his mentor baron Baltzar Bogislaus von Platen, the builder of the Göta Kanal, who finally told him to "Go to the Devil," and although Ericsson enjoyed the perfect confidence of his superiors and could look forward to a brilliant career as a canal constructor, he resigned his position and entered as ensign in the Jemtland Rifles Regiment. At that time an officer was not occupied by his duties more than a comparatively short time of the year. Consequently Ericsson found

ample time for further studies. During this period of his life Ericsson began his real career as an inventor. He began to consider the question whether steam could not be replaced by some other and cheaper motive power, a problem which thereafter occupied his mind during his whole life. As a result of his first attempts to solve the problem he invented his so-called Flame-Engine, which created great interest among the leading minds of the day. In order to exploit and develop this invention he went to England in 1826.

There he met the Honorable Francis B. Ogden, United States Consul, who became a great admirer of his, and when Ericsson some years later showed him his design of a propeller and a working model in a tank of water and further trials on a larger scale, Mr. Ogden raised funds, to which he personally contributed, to construct a tug-boat on the Thames River, forty-five feet long, eight feet beam and three feet draft with two propellers, for demonstration purposes.

In 1837 Robert F. Stockton, U. S. N. retired, a resident of Princeton, N. J., visited England to raise money for the Delaware and Raritan Canal in New Jersey, in which his own and his family's fortunes were invested. He called on Consul Ogden, who was also from New Jersey, and Ogden introduced him to Ericsson as a man who might be of value to him in designing machinery and vessels, not only for his canal but for the United States Navy. Ericsson invited Stockton to take a trip up the Thames on the "Francis B. Ogden," and disclosed to him his ideas as to a new type of battleship to be built of iron instead of wood, to be driven by steam instead of the wind, and he then pointed out to him also the value of having a screw propeller instead of paddle wheels, thus enabling the engines and all the machinery to be below the water line safe from cannon shot. Stockton at once appreciated the merits of Ericsson's ideas and accepted the invitation, and became so impressed with what he saw that he gave Ericsson an order for a tug-boat



of iron, seventy feet long, ten feet beam, three feet draft and a fifty horse power engine with propeller direct connected. This was the first vessel so designed.

On March third, 1839, Congress passed a bill authorizing the building of three ships of war. There were no steam vessels in the navy then, and the naval officers opposed them, claiming that vessels could not be maneuvered in battle by steam power. Stockton assured Ericsson however that he would secure the order for one of them, and that he would have Ericsson design it according to the plans they had discussed. On the strength of this assurance Ericsson built a working model of the engine and propeller, also a twelve inch gun of wrought iron with bands shrunk on, and resigning his position with the firm, he sailed for New York on board the "Great Western." Arriving November twenty third, 1839, he settled at the Astor House.

The middle thirties of the last century saw Martin Van Buren President of this great nation, William L. Marcy, Governor of the State of New York, and Aaron Clark, Mayor of New York City. At the time, New York was sparsely settled above Canal street, and the section called Greenwich Village was only a thriving suburb. Stages plied between it and the Battery, carrying those who lived in the former down to business and back again every day. At this time there lived at three hundred and eighty seven Washington Street, one James Cunningham, who had come from Boston—a rich banker whose daughter later married D. O. Mills of San Francisco. Cunningham established with Adam Hall the Phoenix Foundry on West Street. Associated with them were William DeLamater, confidential adviser, and Cornelius DeLamater.

After Ericsson had located himself in New York, Mr. Samuel Risley, one of the Greenwich Village mechanics who had been recommended to him locally, became his draughtsman and proposed that he give his work to the Phoenix Foundry.

In 1842 Stockton secured the order for the iron frigate

which he named the "Princeton," after his birthplace, and he commissioned Ericsson to do the engineering work of designing the engines and hull. The Princeton, so far as every detail of construction by Ericsson was concerned, was an absolute success. One of the saddest occurrences, however, in the history of the United States Navy happened on one of her trial trips, February twenty-eighth, 1844. Ericsson had constructed in England, and brought with him to this country, a twelve inch wrought iron gun of his own design, with the butt reinforced with heavy wrought iron bands shrunk on. It had been subjected to the severest tests. Stockton, however, wanted something of his own on the vessel and conceived the idea of having a wrought iron gun of one piece from the largest forging that could be made at the Hammersley forge near Washington. Ericsson protested that the design was faulty, but Stockton insisted, and it was made and placed on the forward deck. Ericsson called his gun the "Oregon" after the state whose northern boundary at the time was under dispute with England. Stockton called his the "Peacemaker."

As the work proceeded, Stockton posed more and more as the man responsible for the design of the vessel, and Ericsson was relegated out of sight. In January, 1844, Stockton brought the Princeton from Philadelphia to New York to receive the machinery which was made by Ericsson, and then prepared to sail for Washington, where he proposed to exhibit her to the government authorities as the most modern type of war vessel. Stockton took very good care always to have Ericsson in the background. Stockton told Ericsson the Princeton would stop for him at the Battery on her way to Washington. Ericsson was on hand at the place but the Princeton, with Stockton on board, forgot (?) to stop and take Ericsson, the real creator of this modern war vessel, aboard!

The Princeton reached Washington safely, and Stockton invited President Tyler, his Cabinet, and the various departments of the government to visit him, and finally



gave a grand reception to all the authorities, including both Houses of Congress with their families. Over four hundred guests were on board, including the President, and several members of the Cabinet, the Congress, and many distinguished citizens. The vessel was gay with bunting, the weather was fine, and the occasion was made a gala day. She sailed down the Potomac to Mount Vernon. The guns were repeatedly fired. On the return, when about two miles from Washington, all hands were invited below for refreshments. Everybody was in high feather over the successful trip. President Tyler offered a toast to his host: "The three big guns of the Navy—The Oregon, the Peacemaker, and Captain Stockton—the greatest of which is the Captain."

At this, someone proposed that Captain Stockton fire his gun once more, but he refused, saying the demonstration was over. The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Gilmer, was appealed to, and his acquiescence being deemed an order, instructions were issued accordingly. While arrangements were being made, several left the tables to witness the preparations. The entertainment proceeded, however, more toasts were drunk, one to the President—and finally Mrs. Wickliffe, wife of the Postmaster General, proposed "The American Flag, the only thing American that will bear stripes"—and then the firing of the gun was heard. After a silence there followed cries and groans. The gun had exploded with the most disastrous results. The Secretary of the Navy, Thomas W. Gilmer, the Secretary of State, Abel P. Upshur, Commodore Kennon, Chief of Construction of the Navy, Honorable Virgil Maxey, American Minister to Belgium, and Colonel David Gardner were killed instantly. Senator Benton of Missouri and fourteen sailors were more or less seriously injured. Captain Stockton himself, who stood on the breach of the gun, had his hair burned off and was thrown from his place and momentarily stunned. Meanwhile word was conveyed below of the extent of the terrible disaster and consternation fell upon the party, many

of whom were suddenly bereft of their relatives. It seemed that the President had been deterred from going on deck only by the offering of the toast in his honor, and his wife and son were attracted by a song which someone started, and stayed below. The Secretary of War, Mr. Wilkins, was on deck, but just before the gun was fired, remarked that he did not trust it and went to the stern of the vessel and so escaped injury.

Ericsson was greatly affected by the news, which he received in New York—first, of the complete assumption of credit for the design of the vessel by Stockton and the suppression of all reference to himself in that connection, and second, of the tragic result of Stockton's insistence on making the contribution of his gun to the equipment of the vessel. But what was Ericsson's dismay and indignation to learn later that Stockton had placed the blame for the disaster on him! Ericsson's friends were not slow in bringing to the attention of the authorities the evidence of his protests against the acceptance of the Stockton gun, but so strong was Captain Stockton's influence in the Navy Department, that he prevented Ericsson from receiving any payment for his services or for the two years' time spent in developing what was probably the greatest development in naval construction ever made at one time. So strong was the prejudice established by Stockton against Ericsson that the latter received no further orders from the government for nearly twenty years, and was almost prevented from saving the country at a most critical time.

Ericsson had been put to the expense of travel and hotel accommodation in Philadelphia, the making of drawings and experimental machinery, and had given up time during two years which he could have devoted to other work which would have remunerated him. To such extreme financial stress was he subjected that he gave up his quarters at the Astor House and rented a small house at ninety-five Franklin street, where he moved with his wife and where, after deliberating over the situation, the latter de-



cided to return to her native land, England, till her husband could regain his financial footing. Unfortunately they never met again.

Relieved of immediate distress by the generosity of Cornelius DeLamater, Ericsson set about redeeming his impaired reputation and finances.

By this time the relationship between Mr. DeLamater and Captain Ericsson had become very close. Although Ericsson never held any financial interest in the works, Mr. DeLamater depended entirely upon Ericsson's opinion in all engineering matters, and the latter looked to Mr. DeLamater to pass upon all questions of business entering into his various engineering ventures, and neither charged the other for the benefit of his advice. The works were open to Captain Ericsson to carry out his experiments without cost and Captain Ericsson made no charge for developing designs and drawings or for services rendered to meet the demands of the works. The two men were like brothers throughout their lives, one depending upon the other's strength to supplement his own weakness.

In 1848 Ericsson, feeling himself a fixture in this country, became a naturalized citizen. He was five feet, eight inches tall, broad shouldered, and long bodied from his waist up, so that when sitting he gave the impression of being tall. He weighed one hundred and seventy-eight pounds and was extraordinarily strong.

In 1858, Mr. DeLamater changed the name of the works to The DeLamater Iron Works.

In the spring of 1861 when the Civil War began to threaten, DeLamater was forty years old and Ericsson fifty-eight, and both were in prime vigor. They discussed the situation and set out to devote their potential means to serving their country. In 1854, during the Crimean War, Ericsson had sent to Napoleon III a model and plans of a turreted armored war vessel. Napoleon did nothing with them, but he showed his appreciation of them by sending Ericsson a letter of acknowledgment and a large gold

medal. Mr. DeLamater, knowing of this, went to Washington and conferred with Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles regarding the building of armored vessels for the Navy.

Meanwhile, Stephen R. Mallory, then Secretary of the Navy of the Confederacy, who had been a champion of Ericsson while chairman of the Naval Committee in Congress, proposed the building of iron clad vessels for the Confederate Navy. The old United States Frigate *Merri-mac*, three thousand five hundred tons and with forty guns, had been abandoned and sunk at the Norfolk Navy Yard in April, 1861, when Norfolk was captured. The Confederate Navy floated her, and had her covered with wrought iron. Word was spread that this armored vessel would capture every northern port, destroy the commerce and compel the surrender of Washington. Driven to action, Congress passed an act approving the building of several armored vessels and calling for designs and bids. Mr. DeLamater tried to persuade Ericsson to submit a design for a turreted armor clad vessel, like the one he made for Napoleon, but Ericsson realized the prejudice still existing against him in the Navy since the Stockton episode. He knew that the naval authorities were fully aware of his capabilities, and although they had invited all sorts of people who were politically in the limelight to assist them, they had totally ignored him, and he did not want to subject himself to the possibility of a rebuff. Mr. DeLamater argued that a letter addressed direct to the President would insure him a fair hearing, and accordingly a letter was written and dispatched to President Lincoln. This letter offered simply the services of Ericsson to his country in its time of peril, stressed the importance of steel-clad vessels to protect the northern ports, and the writer's ability to cope with all naval engineering problems. In it Ericsson stated he sought no remuneration, and begged of the President:



Please look carefully at the enclosed plans. You will find that the means I propose to employ are very simple—so simple, indeed, that within ten weeks after commencing the structure, I would engage to be ready to take up a position under the rebel guns at Norfolk, and so efficient, too, I trust, that within a few hours the stolen ships would be sunk and the harbor purged of traitors.

One of the first sets of plans recommended for adoption by the Board was presented by C. S. Bushnell, and he was awarded a contract to build the vessel known as the "Galena." He consulted DeLamater, many of the naval men having doubted her ability to carry the stipulated amount of iron protective plate. Mr. DeLamater advised him to confer with Ericsson, whose opinion he was satisfied would settle the matter definitely and correctly. He called on Ericsson, laid the matter before him, and was requested to return the next day for his verdict. It was entirely favorable. Captain Ericsson then produced his duplicates of the model and plans of the iron clad steamer he had sent to Napoleon. He found a most willing champion in Bushnell, and gave him both plans and model to present at Washington.

Bushnell, knowing that Secretary of the Navy Welles was at Hartford, proceeded there by first train. The Secretary urged all possible dispatch to have the plans submitted before the Board, and the next day Bushnell was in Washington. He was joined by John A. Griswold and John F. Winslow, both of Troy, and friends of Secretary Seward. The latter gave them a strong letter to President Lincoln, who went with them to the Navy Department the next morning. Confronted with the novelty of the proposal, some advised trying it, while others ridiculed it, calling the model a "Cheese box on a raft." It was at this conference that President Lincoln remarked: "All I have to say is what the girl said when she stuck her foot in the stocking: 'It strikes me there's something in it.' " The next day, however, the Board condemned the plan. Bushnell labored with them, and won over Admirals Smith and Paulding, who promised to report favorably if Captain Davis would

join them. Captain Davis, however, told Bushnell to "take the little thing home and worship it, as it would not be idolatry, because it was in the image of nothing in the heaven above, or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

Bushnell felt the only way to succeed was to have Captain Ericsson present in Washington. He came to New York, saw Mr. DeLamater, and together they went to Ericsson's home to interview him. The exact facts were not given to Ericsson, but he was told that some explanations were needed that he alone could make. He went to Washington that night. As soon as he appeared before the Board, he was told that his plans had been rejected. His indignation impelled him to withdraw at once, but he stopped long enough to ask why they had come to that conclusion. He was told that the vessel lacked stability. His technical skill being impugned, he explained with elaborate demonstration and so convincingly that Admiral Paulding said frankly and generously: "Sir, I have learned more about the stability of a vessel from what you have said than I ever knew before." Ericsson was told the next day by Secretary Welles that a contract would be awarded, and was asked to proceed at once with the work. Captain Ericsson worked day and night on the plans. The contract was signed October twenty-fifth, 1861, the keel was laid by Thomas F. Rowland at the Continental Iron Works, Greenpoint, Long Island, on the same day. Steam was applied to the engines at the DeLamater Iron Works, December thirtieth. Captain Ericsson's work during those three months was herculean. Not only the necessary labors, but the worries from continued doubts from Washington, required almost super-human power.

The "Monitor" left New York harbor March sixth, 1862, commanded by Lieutenant Commander John L. Worden, arriving at Hampton Roads on the morning of the ninth, and before the sun set that day the world famous battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac was fought.



The success of the Monitor naturally focused the attention of the United States government on Ericsson and the DeLamater Iron Works, and within a week they received a proposition to build six vessels of the same design but of various sizes, some of them much larger than the Monitor.

The works became not only nationally but internationally known, and were a Mecca for inventors and promoters and anyone who had an idea to be developed. Many an impecunious inventor was welcomed there, encouraged, the difficulties under which he was laboring removed, and success brought to his efforts.

Captain Ericsson died on March eighth, 1889, nearly eighty-six years old.

It was not until August twenty-third, 1890, that arrangements were completed between the Swedish and United States governments for the removal of Captain Ericsson's remains to his native land. New York City made the day notable. The *New York Times* of the following day devoted nearly a full page to its accounts of the occasion. Excerpts from its columns read:

When the remains with the accompanying party came on board the cruiser Baltimore, Mr. George H. Robinson, speaking for the United States government, addressed Captain Schley in part as follows:

"Captain Schley, in the nation's tribute to our illustrious dead, the simple duty falls to us to yield to the claims of his mother country, that she may again receive her son. We send him back crowned with honor, proud of the life of fifty years he devoted to this nation, and with gratitude for the gifts he gave us.

"Was he a dreamer? Yes. He dreamed of the practical application of screw propulsion, and the commerce of the world was revolutionized. He dreamed of making naval warfare more terrible and the Monitor was built. Again he dreamed, and the Destroyer with its submarine gun was born. He dreamed of the possibilities of obtaining power from air at high temperature, and behold ten thousand caloric engines. He dreamed of the sun's rays in sandy deserts where water was hard to get, and the solar engine came; and so he dreamed and worked for seventy years."

## THE FUTURE OF BOLSHEVISM

*By J. J. SEDERHOLM*

**O**NLY an oracle whose words could be interpreted in different ways could give the proper answer as to the future of Bolshevism and the future of Russia. Prophecies have been reiteratedly made about the immediate collapse of Bolshevism only to be each time contradicted by facts.

The last time that the stock of Soviet was again very low was at the time of the Cronstadt events. The mutinous mariners were spoken of as if they were champions of the "white" cause in Russia, perhaps even of Czarism, while in fact most of them belonged to the reddest of the "reds," and could rather be designated as ultra-revolutionary than as counter-revolutionists. At their meetings where the talk flowed eloquently in Russian fashion, communism and the tyranny of Lenin were condemned and anarchistic freedom praised, but no objections were made to the Soviet system as such. And when it came to fighting, one of the strongest fortresses of the world was easily taken by the attacking Soviet infantry, after but very little preparative artillery fire.

On the other side the victories of the Bolsheviks ought not to be overrated. They are masters in bluffing, and wish always to keep the world restless by news about their great successes or imminent offensives. In the great war against Poland there were hardly two hundred thousand fighting men on the Russian side, and the immense million armies of the Soviet exist only on paper. At the same time, when the rumor was spread abroad that the Bolsheviks were



gathering five hundred thousand horses for an offensive in the spring, the Soviet was unable to bring together and nourish the tenth part of that number of horses, for the purpose of carting wood to freezing Moscow and Petrograd.

Against its adversaries abroad, the Soviet will use the dagger of treachery rather than the sword of the warrior, and threats rather than strokes. Propaganda work is one of the few industries in Russia which is in a flourishing state.

But at home propaganda alone will fail at the end, if always contradicted by eloquent facts. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and after having promised to the Russian people all kinds of blessings, the Bolsheviks are not able to offer to it any pudding at all, but only blank starvation. The food question has been developing from bad to worse and is now in an almost hopeless condition.

The endeavors to organize on the nationalized larger estates modern farming on a great scale, but according to communistic principles, at once utterly failed. The fields of the great estates as well as many of those belonging to wealthier peasants, were divided between the country proletariat, but as those produced only for their own needs, no surplus of production was available. The Soviet officials tried to invent all kinds of extortions, in order to squeeze out from the peasants the food necessary to keep the town alive. They succeeded in extracting more in 1920 than in any earlier year, in spite of the failure of the crop. But the result was that the distress is still worse, at the present moment, in the country than in the towns. At the present moment the rich "black soil" of the Ukraine is unable to produce enough bread for her inhabitants and the ruthless Tche-Ka, the almighty secret police of the Soviet, is obliged to turn to northern Caucasus and Siberia in order to be able to extort any grain.

For a long time the Soviet did not abate a whit its communistic principles. Every kind of private commerce was strictly prohibited, and the fiction was held up that

everything which the peasants produced belonged to the state. The seventh Soviet congress still tried to increase the slavery of the peasantry and to make them simply tools in the hands of the government. This plan included the responsibility for procuring the grain, and an infinity of Soviet officials tried to collect it from the farmers. The result of the campaign was that only twelve percent of the quantity necessary, thirty million pounds instead of two hundred and twenty, was obtained. The passive resistance of the peasantry became stronger and stronger, and before their obstinate production strike the Soviet government was at last forced to surrender.

Two months after the eighth congress which went to the extreme in a communistic direction, a new Soviet congress, the tenth in order, suddenly entirely dropped the communistic politics against the peasants and resolved to return free trade to a certain extent. The forced delivery of agricultural products was abandoned, and instead of that taxes in kind demanded to a lower amount than the former tribute. Also these taxes gradually were to be substituted by a free exchange against industrial products delivered by the government. As long as these could not be got in sufficient quantity from the Russian factories, they were to be purchased from abroad. The collective responsibility of the village communities was abolished. Every peasant was to have the right to trade freely with his surplus production. Bazaars and markets were opened again.

By all commerce the co-operative business organizations were to be favored, in order to hinder profiteering. On the other hand, however, the formation and development of individual farms, untied from the dependence of the village communities were to be encouraged. These measures contemplate a return to the tradition of the agrarian politics of Stolypin who tried to create in Russia a class of independent farmers. It would really be a strange trick of ironical fate, if the net result of Bolshevism would be



the destruction of the most typical communistic institution existing in Europe, the Russian *mir* or village community!

The Soviet press proclaims the success of the newly inaugurated politics whose first result has been a lowering of the food prices from ten to fifteen percent. In Moscow a cucumber may now be bought for a trifle of two thousand rubles! But these agrarian reforms in an anti-communistic direction arrive too late.

Will the concessions to the peasants save Bolshevism?

By those concessions to the interests of the peasantry which forms eighty-five percent of the population of Russia her present tyrants hope to retain their power. They prefer to sacrifice their principles, at least for a time, and are willing to return to free trade also in their relations with foreign countries, in order to save their own lives, and the future of Bolshevism.

No doubt the small minority of communists who hold their ruthless sway over Russia are heartily hated, and if they should lose the grasp of power many of them would probably be killed like mad dogs. At any time new outbreaks of insurrections against the Bolshevik government are possible, and a successful political murder may possibly now, as it often did during the Czaristic régime, suddenly change many things in Russia. But the Soviet system as such, government by councils, is by no means unpopular. Also the officers of the Cronstadt army who fled to Finland declare that most Russians prefer a Soviet system to a parliamentary government. The idea of a constitutive assembly is preached abroad by cadets, who are generals without an army, and by the more numerous members of the social-revolutionary party. The communistic laborers, now changed into a governing bureaucracy or a kind of revolutionary nobility, and the peasantry, are the two great powers of Russia. The latter is unorganized, and both have a tendency to anarchy which makes them prefer a system where the lowest *tchornyirabotnik* or "black laborer" is equal to the leader of a great

industrial plant. The time of a monarchical restoration in Russia seems to lie in a remote future.

While trying to appease the discontent at home the Bolsheviks will continue to sow dragons' teeth abroad. In the same measure as their own situation becomes more and more desperate, in face of the steady decrease of all kinds of necessities, they will see their only hope in world revolution. They will try to hold the world in continuous unrest, by instigating new strike, insurrections, or revolutions, no matter if those are successful or not, and by a steady menace of war. The Bolsheviks dream about the time when Trotzky, like a new Napoleon, may send his victorious armies out over Europe. However, it may be said that it will be a long, long time before that happens, and at the present, when Russia with her destroyed communication system is like a man whose sclerotic arteries are very near to yielding, a successful war with a modern army, however small, is out of the question. In the north, Finland, with an army of thirty-five thousand men in peace, and with more than one hundred thousand White Guards drilled like soldiers, still stands as a rampart against Bolshevism. Against those forces also the undermining work of Bolshevism, which tries to rekindle the fire of civil war, has no possibility of success, and having already learned to know the hard fists of the Finlanders in Finland and Esthonia, the Bolsheviks have no great desire to renew that acquaintance. In the Baltic countries the conditions are somewhat different. The socialists are here more powerful and are almost communistic at home, when it is a question of dividing the estates of the Baltic barons. But they prefer to do this alone, and would not like to share them with the starving Russians, nor to allow these to invade their countries, like a hungry swarm of grasshoppers. As to the Poles, their eager nationalism has been much increased during the last Russian offensive, when the Polish peasants suffered so much. The Bolsheviks know them-



selves that a new offensive against the west might easily mean the end of their power also in Russia.

At the same time, a new war would make it impossible to continue the trade with western Europe which the Soviet has begun and which is indispensable to Russia, if she shall not perish for want of necessities. The beginning of that trade has been almost in the fashion in which Europeans trade with the South Sea Islanders, each party leaving their merchandise at the shore where it is taken over by the other party. As trade develops further, however, a certain amount of righteousness will become necessary, and thus out of lawless Bolshevism may gradually come a state bounded by law in its relations to other countries.

Either we will witness the evolution of the present communistic and despotically ruled Russia into a state governed according to laws and respecting international agreements, or new revolutions and more anarchy will follow.

No prophecy about Russia is more true than that which was made by H. G. Wells in his "Anticipations," years before the present mutual admiration between him and the Soviet began: that Russia will long continue to be the Ghetto of Europe. She is already in such a state that she is unable to rise without help from abroad to reconstruct her railroads and to give her agriculturists the means to cultivate their farms again.

Bolshevism is in a decaying state—that conclusion seems certain, but it is not yet possible to decide whether it will vanish merely by being untrue to itself and developing into it will meet a violent destruction by the forces which it something very different from its original ideals, or whether has conjured up and cannot itself dominate.

## AMERICA'S FOREIGN TRADE

*By* J. HERBERT ANDERSON

**E**VERY man, woman, and child in the United States is concerned in imports and exports. The question of international prosperity cannot be left to classes or sections. Laborers, producers, manufacturers, distributors, bankers, are just as seriously interested as are those who trade in foreign fields. It is a question of good business versus bad business; of rational living costs; fair prices for the things we must buy; of reasonable rates of taxation.

Just now the scales of the foreign buyer happen to tip one way—ours the other. He is troubled with too great a load on one side—we with too great a load on the other. But we are both striving for the same thing: “Balance.” We can see therefore that the problem is world size. For us it is a nation size problem, and also a nation size job, which must be worked out. The individual must look beyond immediate personal profits and see the benefits which will come from a general prosperity, without which apparent profits may mean nothing more satisfying or important than a few entries upon the books of his business.

The returns will be worth while in dollars and cents, not the dollars and cents which during the past three or four years came and deluded us with a false sense of prosperity and then disappeared in thin air apparently—but dollars and cents which will be safe and real because they will reflect a part of the larger and continuing prosperity of a nation.

Education plays an important part in the development



of foreign trade. Yet there is nothing mysterious about its requirements. Fundamentally, its problems are the same as those of the domestic trade. The main difference is that these problems are approached from a different angle and assume a different relative importance.

The most important factor and the prime essential of foreign trade is a knowledge of the market and of the foreign customer. The acquisition of this knowledge, is extremely difficult at times. The newspapers are almost completely silent with respect to the foreign news that is valuable to those in foreign trade. As foreign customers differ in language, religion, customs, and prejudices from those at home, the need for a sounder knowledge of them and of the world beyond our borders is of vital importance because of the unique position which America now occupies.

The European trader has relatively little difficulty in acquiring an international point of view. He lives, as it were, in an international atmosphere. His country is relatively small. Usually a few hours will carry him across its borders. Geography and foreign languages are real and living to him. He has a wholesome respect for citizens of other countries. Our competitors abroad, therefore, absorb the international point of view early in life and learn to associate world events with their business.

In the United States the international atmosphere is entirely lacking. The estimate of three-quarters of our people as to foreign nations is based upon acquaintance with the immigrant, unskilled workman. We are facing a new world, therefore. The opportunities which now open before America of becoming an international power, commercially and spiritually, find us educationally unprepared. It is therefore necessary to courageously tackle the problem and thus benefit commercially by creating a more favorable atmosphere for foreign trade development, while at the same time contributing our share for better international understanding.

No modern nation, however rich, can live prosperously

without foreign trade. But foreign trade from its very nature cannot be purely national; it must be international. It is necessary, therefore, for the United States and its individual citizens, if they are to act intelligently, to consider some trade questions not solely from the standpoint of international relationship, but from the larger standpoint of relations to the rest of the world. Any other study is out of harmony with the fundamental nature of foreign trade activities, and is not likely to promote much permanent success. To get proper international value, therefore, it is necessary first to get the facts which are significant to foreign trade, and then to take care of subsequent judgments, which are made in the light of these facts. Breadth of vision would naturally follow, and is the vital element which characterizes the international point of view.

Foreign trade should always be viewed from the position of buying as well as selling, and while we naturally aim to dispose of more goods than we purchase in the adjustments of international balances, our foreign trade will languish and become stagnant if we do not tap the sources of supply in each country so as to set up and establish, to the greatest extent possible, a healthy movement of goods and commodities from each of the respective countries with which we aim to do business.

Fifty years ago over eighty percent of the United States exports were raw materials and food stuffs. Less than twenty percent were manufactures. Today seventy percent of our exports are manufactures, including manufactured food stuffs, and less than thirty percent are raw materials or food stuffs in crude condition.

The export situation today is a complete reversal of the export conditions fifty years ago. Then the value of United States exports was less than four hundred million dollars. In 1919 exports were valued at eight billion dollars. The high peak of the country's export trade was nine hundred and twenty-eight million dollars in June 1919. In October 1920 it was seven hundred and fifty-one million dollars.



In March 1921, there was a drop to three hundred and eighty-four million dollars.

Today the United States produces more than it consumes. About one-fifth of our total production must be exported or else not produced. If we fail to produce we face industrial depression or unemployment. Without export, higher prices are inevitable, because we know that full production reduces unit cost. Under present conditions, Americans work at a disadvantage. As a whole, we do not take the trouble to analyze foreign markets, even to the degree that we study home conditions. Too often when it comes to foreign sales we adopt the "take it or leave it" attitude. The manufacturer turns his product over to a foreign selling agent and expects him to make good. He fails to back up this selling agent, supply him with sufficient information and suitable tools to sell. The results are naturally and inevitably disappointing.

Exports we must have, and imports, too—because the logical answer to export is, and will continue to be, import. The one calls for the other. It will be a great mistake to allow them to get away from each other. They belong together, are necessary details in the process of world trade. If we talk about export without reference to import, we are treating only a part of the situation, seeing only a part of the picture. The important thing is balance. Any tendency away from the condition of balance suggests a possibility of danger, of disproportion, of things which must be overcome or removed. The surplus which cannot be disposed of profitably is worse than no surplus at all. It takes up space and time, and clogs the wheel of national progress. Business must go on from one end to the other if it is to remain healthy. We have a surplus of products of various kinds, raw, partly finished, and finished, and we must continue to have such surplus unless we find a market abroad for it. True, we might destroy or limit the operations of a part of our machinery of production; but to do this would be plain absurdity, business suicide, would

mean stagnation with all the attendant evils, including dislocation of enterprise, with unemployment, human suffering, and always the danger of social and political unrest.

For some years we have been producing more than can be consumed in the domestic market, but new needs will be discovered, new tastes acquired. Population will grow larger. Buying power will become greater, standards of living go up, all of which will tend to increase domestic consumption. Nevertheless the increase of production almost certainly will outrun any possible increase in domestic consumption. The meaning then is obvious. In the plain, ordinary, every day operation of existing forces, movement in this country is headed irresistibly towards continuing and increasing surplus of product which must be disposed of abroad.

To curtail export would mean the stopping of wheels which should go around. We cannot afford to trifle with serious things. The evils which come with suspended business activity are all too well known. Prosperity means intelligent activity, and this requires not only production, but also a market for what we produce.

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## INCONSISTENCY

*By* HELENE MULLINS

I cannot understand why God  
Who bestowed upon me  
A lofty mind,  
Strong hands,  
And solid dreams—  
Should give me  
A heart that would break.



# THE ALLIANCE OF CAPITAL AND FARMER

*By* GUSTAVUS MYERS

**D**URING its long struggle to obtain improved conditions, industrial labor had widespread support. To the fair-minded its demands for shorter work hours, better wages, and the abolition of various abuses seemed altogether reasonable. Beginning before the Civil War this movement made a gradual but great headway. Classes that were not directly concerned in the conflict sympathized with labor's aims. The tone of the labor movement was of a humanitarian character. Its leaders stressed the point that the raising of labor's living standards would conduce to the benefit of all society. The emphasis upon this caused it to be accepted as a fixed principle.

On the other hand the policies of capital tended to repel all who aspired to a more democratic and a juster order. The capitalist still retained some of the feudal ideas of master and serf. He arrogated to himself the right of organization. But he declined to recognize the right of labor to organize. In some places laws were enacted construing labor unions to be criminal conspiracies. The factory laborer was kept to his task twelve hours a day or more; the artisan had to work from sunrise to sunset for paltry wages. There was the bitterest opposition to granting a ten hour work day. The methods of capital too often shocked public sentiment. The imposition of spurious and adulterated products was common. Bribery revelations were frequent.

In such conditions the capitalist seemed to be the selfish sordid factor, concerned only in enriching himself at the

expense of the other sections of society. Labor stood out not only as the oppressed but as fighting manfully for worthy ideals. The professional classes sympathized with the labor movement. In many cases they powerfully supported it by voice and pen. The farmer did not accept labor's cause as his own, but at least he regarded it favorably. Busily engaged in fighting railroad, trust, and other abuses the farmer viewed the enemies of labor as his own.

"The interests of rural and civic labor are the same; their enemies are identical", declared the 1892 platform of the Populist Party which was an outgrowth of the Farmers' Alliance. To show the farmer's indorsement of the labor movement at that time we need only quote further from that platform. "The urban workmen are denied the right to organize for self-protection, imported pauperized labor beats down their wages, a hireling standing army, unrecognized by our law is established to shoot them down, and they are rapidly degenerating into European conditions."

The transition from the farmer's attitude of that time to his present hostile view of the labor movement is one of the most striking and significant in our social history. Where then he looked upon industrial labor as oppressed he now considers it as an oppressor. His fear of thirty years ago that it would be vanquished has been transformed into a genuine alarm at its overreaching power. His former approval of labor's purpose and standards has changed to one of caustic strictures and deep antagonism. Looking back a quarter of a century and less we see the farmer passionately denouncing railroads, trusts, financiers and monopolies. But what do we now see? The farmer is either silent about capital or comparatively mild in his criticisms, except regarding such institutions as grain and cotton exchanges. But as to labor unions he is both outspoken and severe. As a class he is now decisively arrayed against them.

What accounts for this great change? In some quarters the explanation is advanced that adroit propaganda has poisoned the farmer's mind; that this attitude is the cul-



mination of a campaign to influence the farmer against the city worker. Such a charge is mere presumption. It assumes that farmers as a body are not intelligent. It further assumes that farmers do not know the difference between assertion and news, between fiction and fact. They do know the difference and know it well. Their life is one of dealing with grim realities.

The most concentrated kind of propaganda could not have had a fraction the effect upon the farmer's mind that the acts of the labor unions themselves have had. Upon them he has formed his judgment. In its first stages the labor movement sought the favor of public opinion. It welcomed the support of other groups or classes. It was energetic without being overbearing. The farmer was deeply impressed by its arguments and promises. Shorter work hours and higher pay would mean a superior working class. With the drudgery of a long day effaced, labor would be able to do better and more conscientious work. It would have more leisure for mental cultivation. It would supplant the low practices of the business world with its own elevated standards. So labor leaders persistently said. The farmer believed them. He saw to what a flagrant extent political and corporation corruption went and thought that when that was once controlled we would have purity. The moral as well as the economic program of the labor movement appealed to the farmer.

Point by point this illusion was dispelled. At the very time before the war when labor unions were boasting of their great strength and threatening on every occasion to use it, they were undermining their own prestige. Their leaders did not know it. Their eyes were fixed entirely upon the magnitude of their numerical following. That, they believed, constituted their power. Economically it did, but morally it was their weakness.

The farmer had good occasion to note that with the power came a multitude of evils. Law after law had been passed to curb or eliminate unscrupulous business and political

practices. But the farmer saw that their place was taken by unprincipled labor practices. There came ugly disclosures of grafting by labor union leaders. Strikes were not infrequently used for blackmail purposes. Instead of courting public opinion unions arrived at the point of ignoring or defying it. They showed, the farmer also believed, both an intense materialism and a crass selfishness. They concerned themselves only with their own interests, seemed indifferent to the well being of other classes, and provided that they attained their ends did not care how much disturbance they brought about.

These were facts long before they were properly noted by writers having an influence over public opinion. It was a principle among most authors to champion the cause of labor as that of the under-dog. Their honest conviction was, that to weaken the power of capitalism, it was expedient to exalt the motives and deeds of labor. Hence they blinded themselves to labor's misconduct. If a strike was misrepresented as one of violence it was right to denounce capital. But if a court trial proved that a venal labor leader profited from calling or hushing strikes, the less said about it the better. From labor union leaders this policy would be natural. As human affairs go it is not to be expected that advocates of any organization or institution will present an adverse side. But with independent writers the case is different. Their duty is to give the facts no matter who it hurts or pleases.

Events during and after the great war had an enormous effect in crystallizing what we may term large sections of public opinion regarding industrial labor. For the professional classes the period was a trying one and still so continues. Prices and rents rose and kept rising while salaries remained stationary or almost so. Millions of teachers, clerks and other professionals saw labor unions ready enough to come to an understanding with profiteers provided they, the unions, received their share of the spoils in the form of higher wages. Where formerly large num-



bers of these professionals had sympathized with the labor movement they now began to feel an aversion. This feeling was intensified in all cities by the critical housing shortage. Not all the considerations of public welfare had any weight against the demand of building trade unions that war wages had to be continued. Exorbitant rents could be mulcted, families could double up in apartments and houses existing in unsanitary conditions yet there must be no relaxation of war wages and arbitrary rules!

The extremes to which organizing and striking policies could go were vividly shown by the strike of the Boston policemen. That they needed higher pay to meet the soaring cost of living was true enough. But this, in the public mind, did not justify them in abandoning their posts and turning a great city over to the criminal elements which did not lose an instant in making their appearance. That strike was condemned as a crime against civilization itself. Its effects, or rather its lessons, made a deep national impression. They focused public thought upon a new point of view. The right to strike was not questioned. But were there not circumstances in which considerations of public welfare were paramount to the interests, real or fancied, of any group? Was any group warranted in peremptorily closing down coal mines or paralyzing transportation or otherwise disorganizing services vital to the well-being of the whole community? This view was incorporated in legislation passed in Kansas and in bills urged in legislatures and in Congress.

The opposition of the farmer to industrial labor methods and policies found keen expression after the war. It was based upon both moral and economic grounds. The fall in the price of agricultural products has entailed a loss to the farmer of billions of dollars. Meanwhile he sees industrial labor continuing to draw war time wages and generally insisting upon their maintenance.

"More than any other one thing, it is the city laboring man who today is standing between the farmer and reason-

able prices for the things which he buys," said a recent editorial in *Wallace's Farmer*, published in Iowa. Its owners and editors are Henry G. Wallace, United States Secretary of Agriculture, and his brother. "If the railroad man", the editorial went on, "was selling his labor as cheaply as the farmer is selling his corn, oats, hogs and cattle, the farmer would be able to get ten per cent more for his farm products and the consumer would be able to buy his product about ten per cent more cheaply. Before the war, eighteen billion dollars every year either went to farmers or city laborers. Of this eighteen billion dollars, the share of the farmers was invariably around twenty-one per cent. During the war years the farmers fared relatively better than the laborers, and their share of the joint product increased to thirty per cent. Since deflation began, however, the share of the farmer in the joint product has been steadily declining until now it is right around ten per cent."

Similar complaints are made by other representative farmers' journals. *The Farmer and Stockman*, published at Jacksonville, Florida, not long ago indignantly pointed out: "Labor continues to draw war time pay with the result that transportation costs on farm products are more than one hundred per cent higher than they were in 1914, commodities needed by the farmer are from fifty to two hundred per cent above the pre-war level, whereas all farm products are selling at prices current in 1914 or lower." Virtually every important farmers' periodical has been making the same representations.

What remedy do farmers' organizations and mouth-pieces themselves suggest? Some favor limitation of crop output, others propose co-operative buying and selling associations. But all, with a rare exception, urge the necessity of a reduction of industrial labor wages. *Wallace's Farmer* recommends that the farmer must steer clear of entangling alliances with labor and with capital. It, however, thus significantly interjects:



As long as we are working under the present structure of society, there is only one logical thing for the farmer to do at the present stage of the game, and that is to back up Capital in reducing wages. Personally, we hope that wages will be cut until they are only seventy per cent above pre-war, and that farm products will be raised until they are seventy per cent above pre-war. If it proves impossible to raise farm products beyond thirty per cent above pre-war, then we are in favor of cutting wages to thirty per cent above pre-war.

Senator Capper of Kansas, one of the most influential members of the farm bloc in the United States Senate, and the owner of farm journals says substantially the same thing but in an inverted way. In a recent letter to *Capper's Weekly* he says the farmer is really the nation's backbone. He then comments: "Wall Street and Big Business should be aiding instead of fighting their best friend; should be aiding instead of opposing the efforts of farm blocs in Congress." There may be grave doubts of the advisability of any kind of bloc in Congress. The existence of one bloc presupposes the formation of other blocs. But there can be no doubt of the drift of meaning of such utterances as are here given. They show that for the present at any rate farmers' organizations are willing to arrive at some sort of understanding with capital in the fight to overcome what they regard as the exactions of industrial labor.

But the farmer's feeling against industrial labor goes deeper than the question of wages. He sees urban labor enjoying an eight-hour work day and measured by the week, often less—while he, the farmer, has to exchange the products of a long work day for those of a short work day. Furthermore, he thinks that industrial labor is concerned only with its own benefits and is callous to the conditions under which farmers have to work. J. R. Howard, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, thus expresses the farmer's sentiments:

On the average, farmers and their families work about ten hours per day, ranging from an average of eight hours thirty-three minutes in winter to ten hours fifty-four minutes in

summer. Not only do the hours of labor in cities average less than in the country, rarely exceeding eight hours per day, but there are laws on the statute books limiting the hours of labor, especially for women and children in many industries. Did you ever hear of a law prohibiting the farmer's wife from working overtime?

The farmer also regards himself disillusioned as to the results of high wages for industrial labor. In place of the high degree of efficiency that labor leaders plausibly promised, he sees only a lowering of standards. "When labor organized", the *Idaho Farmer* declares, "the price of labor went up, and in many cases the efficiency of labor went down." *Hoard's Dairyman* is more emphatic. It says:

That the increase in wages has brought flagrant indifference and inefficiency in the discharge of its duties has been a source of disappointment to us. It is our desire to have labor well paid and when well paid we desire to have labor render good service. We cannot understand the reasoning power of men, when they ask for shorter hours and increased pay, and then expect to do less work per hour. There is no way of building homes, railroads or anything else without labor. Money will not do it, neither will organization. There is only one way to develop the industries of this nation and that is through work.

Further, if the full truth were revealed, it would be known that many members of the labor unions themselves are restless under union policies and methods. In some places labor unions have recently shown a disposition to submit to arbitration and readjustment, but the general bearing of labor is far from satisfactory to the farmer. He is skeptical of promises and values performance only. All the signs indicate that union labor is confronted with a strong alignment of forces such as it never had to face previously. True, this alignment is not a definite one of contact. It exists thus far in sentiment and tendencies. But in a country where public opinion dominates and determines, it may already be classed as an actuality.



## THE IRRESPONSIBILITY OF HEIRS

By ELIZABETH BANKS



FEW weeks ago I passed a picture theatre where I saw advertised a screen production of a book written by one of my very dear friends, now dead. Up to the time of her writing this particular book all her work had, of necessity, been of the "pot-boiling" variety—to buy her bread and the bread of her dependents.

"In this book", she said to me when it was finished, "I have at last dared to write as a free woman. I have put not only my best literary work into it, but I have poured into it my very soul and heart. Whether it sells or not, *I know it is good!*"

So, as I looked at the advertisement of the filmed story by my dead friend, I wondered how it had been pictured, and, feeling glad that so fine a thing was now to be placed before a large public, I went into the theatre to see it.

I sat through it, and I did not hiss nor cry out. That is all I can say for myself. The beautiful story, the great strong scenes had been made into the silliest, sloppiest melodrama, and the ending of the story, which was the only true and artistic ending possible, had been changed completely. I knew that in life my friend would have starved before accepting money to allow such changes.

Then I went away and wept over this cruel mockery, this interference with the rights of the dead.

*"The Diamond Necklace—Clever Screen Adaptation of Guy de Maupassant's Great Masterpiece!"*

Thus runs another advertisement outside numerous picture theatres throughout the world.

"The Diamond Necklace" has been conceded by the majority of worth-while literary critics to be the masterpiece of the world's master short story writer. It has all de Maupassant's gentle, delicate cynicism; its characters are painted in daintily, yet strongly, with that wonderfully graphic brush of his; great in its beauty and simplicity, heart-rending in its final tragedy—who that has read it but sits in quiet, worshipful, spell-bound attitude, pondering upon the genius that produced it!

And this literary gem has been "adapted" for the "pictures"; turned into an English story of London life; changed beyond all recognition; absurd and criminal characters introduced, made into the cheapest and most disgusting sort of screen novelette!

A year or two before the war, a young Englishman, of Lancashire, Stanley Houghton, wrote and had produced in England and America a play under the title of "Hindle Wakes". It was acclaimed by English and American critics—and justly—as the biggest play written by an Englishman in recent years. It showed as heroine a Lancashire mill girl. Then in his early youth, ere he could do his great part toward transforming the British stage and helping to cleanse it from some of its filthy hypocrisy, Stanley Houghton died.

During the war a passably good and true screen version was made of this play for Great Britain and, I believe, also for America, but frequently in order to shorten the performance, huge pieces of the film were cut off. This always happened especially to those parts which showed Stanley Houghton's power as a humorist and a philosopher; those parts which would do more to make young men and young women, see the real common sense of clean living and the absurdity of the unequal sexual moral code than anything I have ever read in a book or seen produced upon the stage.

In re-reading some letters preserved from a correspondence which I was fortunate in having with this gifted



young playwright, I am able to judge somewhat how Stanley Houghton would have regarded the suggestion of anyone taking such liberties with his work, destroying its artistry, annulling its power.

Many years ago, although it seems yesterday, I used to sit in the old farm house kitchen in Wisconsin, a little red-haired, freckle-faced girl, listening breathlessly and reverently to my old uncle telling stories of his work and association with Abraham Lincoln in the times of the Abolition movement. Great-Uncle had worked on what was known as the "underground railroad", assisting runaway slaves in their escape to Canada. The tales he told thrilled through to my childish heart, as he would point to the steel engraving of Lincoln hanging over the kitchen mantel.

So I grew to womanhood, loving, worshipping the Great Emancipator because I had, in my childhood, known and loved people who had known and loved him.

And lately in England I have seen strutting across a London stage a caricature of my country's Well-Beloved; a Lincoln turned into a discursive, ignorant Irishman with a brogue which is supposed to represent the American "twang"; a Lincoln always preaching and never doing. On this London stage his beautiful Springfield home, where he lived as a successful lawyer before his election to the Presidency, is shown as a hovel in which the poorest and most slovenly of American workingmen of the early sixties would not have been found living. The Executive Mansion of Washington has been depicted in similar fashion—a dirty white-washed wall represents a reception room absurdly furnished with two or three cheap sticks. Lincoln's great inaugural and Gettysburg speeches have been twisted and changed into an impromptu lecture spoken from a Washington theatre-box a few minutes before he was shot. General Grant, another of our mighty dead, a graduate of West Point, is shown as a dirty, coarse, whiskey-swilling, loafer-like tramp; General Robert E. Lee is made a ridicu-

lous looking spick-and-span dandy. The most important parts of the history of our great Civil War have been turned and twisted to make a dramatic point.

This is the play of "Abraham Lincoln" as produced in England. This is the play which has been the cause of starting English young men and girls limping through the London streets with a gait which has come to be termed "the Lincoln Walk" and which makes people turn and laugh. This is the play produced by an English company, written by an English poet who boldly tells us that, being himself an Englishman, he decided not to attempt to reproduce American idiom or American local color. What sacrilege! What desecration! Oh, Sainted Dead!

In the year 1890 a man, aged sixty-nine, sat steadily day after day, engaged in writing a translation by which, as he told his friends, he believed his name would be immortal in the world of letters. He was the greatest literary traveler the world has known, one who pryed into the secret places of the earth and the world's many religions—Sir Richard Burton. The translation over which he pored was his rendering of the old Arab Nafzawi's Fifteenth Century Tales.

Then one day, while still he translated and annotated, Richard Burton died.

His wife, not approving of the subject of the Tales, threw her dead husband's manuscript into the fire—so the world has missed something intended for it, the thing that Richard Burton believed to be his own one great bit of literature.

Of the making—and of the breaking—of wills there is no end. The living, while in their right senses, bequeath their houses and lands and stocks and bonds and cash to their descendants, relations, and friends; but only a few of the living take sufficient thought, and make preparations, for contingencies of far greater import than the disposal of such goods. Most particularly is this the case with literary persons who leave behind them manuscripts, out-of-print books, which in years to come may be of the



greatest artistic value to the world; yet, which left behind, unmentioned in wills, may be sold and hawked about, changed almost beyond recognition, ruined—to give some relation, or even a stranger, an income, and make a dozen publishers rich.

I have written of the rights of the dead, but I shall probably be met with the assertion that the dead have no rights because, without the power to enforce rights, they cease to exist. Today we live and have our rights. A thousand laws, written and unwritten, hedge us round about, protecting us from others and others from us. A man steals our property and the law gets it back and punishes the thief. Our reputations are damaged and we take action and obtain redress. Prying persons open our letters and listen at our key-holes, but we have a remedy against them. If we are robbed, libeled, slandered, we can appeal to the law.

Tomorrow we die, and on that morrow those who have willingly, or unwillingly, yielded us our rights in life may do whatsoever they please with us and our reputations. Us? We are no longer "us". We are merely "it". People talk of paying respect to the dead, so they tread softly in the room where "it" lies. They lower the blinds and they speak in hushed tones. That is all. If "it" was a public character, the press wants anecdotes. So, for a week or two the dead live again by means of newspaper paragraphs and club gossip, most particularly the latter, if there are any recollections to provide a rare or racy tale.

At the time I am writing this article in London, there is a sensation in England known as "the Kitchener Slander". An enterprising British film company has made a screen explanation of Lord Kitchener's death, introducing a woman spy and a treacherous British officer. The film has been shown privately and now it is forbidden by the government to be exhibited in public, the reason given being that it is a libel on the dead—and that the dead must be protected. Now, if it had been a film dealing with some other

subject, one might be encouraged to hope that at least one government had awakened to a realization that the dead have rights; but the fate of the Kitchener film can give no such hope. The fact is that there are large numbers of Britons who thoroughly believe that the suppression of the film is merely due to a determination that the fate of Lord Kitchener shall not again become a subject for general discussion and speculation, and that this is a case, not of protecting the dead, but of protecting the negligent living.

Be this as it may, I have not seen, during my long (though intermittent) residence in England, any indication of a particularly sensitive conscience in this country concerning the rights of the dead. Let it never be forgotten that the publication of the Browning Love Letters was a British, not an American, enterprise, and that delving into the private lives of the Sisters Brontë, particularly that of Charlotte, has appeared to have an almost ghoulish fascination for many an English writer. The American attitude toward the Brontës has been one of far more delicacy and reserve.

In an article of this sort and on such a theme, one seems naturally to dwell more particularly upon the rights of literary persons because they, more than any other class of profession, are robbed and exploited after death. A few years ago I got from a library a book issued over the name of a famous literary man, who during his life had been one of my friends and all of whose books I believed I had read—yet here was one with which I seemed unfamiliar. I found it to be a book of little merit and certainly in very bad taste, in no way like the books one was accustomed to expect from him. It turned out to be a collection of very youthful work which had been found in an old chest, put away and forgotten by him, unearthed by his executor and published as a posthumous work in order to increase the already sufficient income of a member



of his family. Until one learned that it was early work, written in the exuberance and pardonable vanity of youth, one supposed it to be the work of a once virile intellect which had arrived at the stage of senile decay.

Just how the living, *while living*, can protect themselves after they are dead is a problem that lends itself to hard study and soul-probing. Certainly it is not sufficient that one should will all one's belongings to the person one best loves, unless in the exceptional cases of thorough oneness and understanding. A man may love his wife though she does not appreciate nor understand his poems, his fiction, his religious philosophy. To make his will in such a way that she shall be entitled to destroy his manuscripts or publish any little scrap of his writing at her own discretion, may seem a very loving way of settling up his earthly affairs, although it is more often than not merely a bit of laziness in taking the line of least resistance. If the law will not protect us when dead, it behooves us, while living, to take the best possible steps for our own protection when we shall no longer be able to voice our wishes.

The rights of the dead! Is it possible there is no way to enforce them? Have we no remedy against the almost certain spoliation toward which, with steady steps, we all approach? Might not we who now live, instead of making merry because tomorrow we die, apply ourselves more seriously to the outlining of certain laws that may, in part at least, protect ourselves and our dearest treasures from profanation? If this is impossible, then there is nothing left for us but utterly to destroy what we love in order to save it. The portrait of the loved one, the letter written from the heart, the jewelled keepsake—let us tear, burn, annihilate—for thus only can we hold inviolate that part of us which is our very own.

Do the dead *know*? Let us hope they do not, for if they know, lingering now about us as shadows that cast no shade, looking on without the power to prevent the desecration of what in life they held most dear, can they be happy?

I know there are wise philosophers who will say that this life is but a tiny incident among millions of other incidents called "incarnations"; that the infinitesimal incidents of this incident of life are not counted or remembered in our future existences.

Perhaps we had best content ourselves with the belief, cold and comfortless as it may sometimes seem, that the dead take the wider, broader view, seeing all things in another perspective from that which they used while living; that they are not what they were; care nought for the things for which they once cared; that they are not near but always afar off.

But then we shall ask ourselves if anything really matters, and if our answer to that question is that nothing matters, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, then within our hearts all hope, all ambition, all sorrow, all joy and, most of all, all love, will die, so that while we yet live we shall be dead, indeed.

Therefore my ego asserts itself, and therefore I plead for the Rights of the Dead.

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### EVEN NOW

*By* BEN RAY REDMAN

Running through all my hours and days  
On slim white sandaled feet,  
Trailing a garment spun of dreams,  
With gesture gently sweet,  
One figure charms my weary sense  
With rapture delicate—  
The image of my old ideals,  
And faith, inviolate.



## THE INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS

By M. DE MOLOSTWOFF

**T**HE will and the intelligence of an animal is in direct proportion to his physical development. The nearer does the physical development of an animal approach that of a man, the nearer and closer is the will and intelligence of the animal to the will and intelligence of the man”.

Thus think and speak many scientists. How entirely incorrect is this current and widespread opinion!

It is a well known fact that the life of an animal resembles closely the life of a man. Like man an animal propagates itself—and has therefore to provide for its own and its offsprings’ maintenance. It is also known that some animals on a comparatively low scale of physical development construct elaborate and complicated buildings, conduct wars, transform some of their own kind into slaves, and utilize other animals in the same way in which man utilizes his cattle.

In the study of higher animals we learn that although quite different in the constitution of their bodies, the higher animals retain similarity in the actual expression of their will and intelligence. But in general, no matter how high its external manifestation, the intelligence and will of an animal differ radically in their very nature from those of a human being. The animal can perform the simple tasks of its life without knowing *why* he does them; the man, on the contrary, can do very little of what he wishes to do but to him is given a cognizance of the *reason* for his

activities and likewise the realization of possibilities for greater attainments through learning.

The animal whose physical structure is akin to the structure of a human body is called an anthropoid. In antiquity men enlightened for their age regarded the anthropoid apes as human beings still in an early stage of development. Thus, in a book written about two thousand years ago, the Carthaginian Hanon described an African simian creature whom he called a savage, adding that the only difference between this specimen and other savages was that the anthropoid was covered with a thick, woolly skin.

In the sixteenth century when these apes were no longer classified as human beings, wonderful stories were told about them pointing to their remarkable resemblance to man. Thus Baxttell spoke of an African ape, in all probability a gorilla, as very much akin to man. He stated that although its intellect was limited, it built for itself cabins in the branches of trees and buried its dead in the ground covering them with heaps of branches. These and similar stories were spread by travelers who based their tales not on eye-evidence but simply on hearsay. Pictures of anthropoid apes, dating back to 1748, represent them with canes in their hands. Similar drawings are found in Buffon's famous book, "Life of Animals". In his description Buffon says that the female of the species is ashamed of her naked body, and that the male steals and abducts women.

In the eighteenth century the famous Buffon in his experiments with captive apes taught them to shake hands, to drink, to eat like human beings—but these manifestations of intelligence are not at all convincing for the same things can be taught to dogs. The anthropoid appearance in the performance of these acts is due to the resemblance to man which is closer in the apes than in other animals. Hence—the delusion.

The same manifestations of will and intelligence are apparent among the lower animals. The lower forms of apes wash their offspring, the cats cleanse their kittens with



their own saliva, the ants do the same and in addition are very fond of being washed. Some scientists maintain that the anthropomorphic apes possess the same vices as man—for instance love of drink, but so do bears, porcupines and other animals on a lower stage of physical development. It is just as ridiculous to ascribe human intelligence to anthropoid apes as it would be to credit with this intelligence the talking birds—the parrot and the magpie. There is no doubt that the birds who learn to talk are just as clever or just as foolish as those who do not talk.

In one menagerie an elephant threw down his keeper, put his tusks to the man's stomach and kept him in this disagreeable position several hours. When he finally let the man go, the keeper confessed that he had unjustly punished the elephant.

There are innumerable instances of the wonderful mental development of domesticated animals. There exists an entirely erroneous conviction that animals acquire greater wisdom under the influence of man. We have no grounds for this proud belief. There is no doubt that animals can be taught various tricks, that domestic animals delight in imitating their masters—but there is an abyss between imitation and real higher mental development. In fact, if we compare results obtained by observations of wild animals we find that they display a cleverness not less, and sometimes greater than that found among their domesticated relatives.

A coal seller in Paris taught his magpie to sort his coal and to pick out the larger pieces, thus making the bird actually help him in his work.

We cannot but wonder at the amazing intelligence of animals. But in the true manifestation of this intelligence there is no great difference between the lower and the higher animals. The explanation of this phenomenon is simple enough. The needs of an animal are necessarily more limited than those of a man, but every animal is sufficiently wise and has sufficient power of will in all that

concerns its needs. That is why some lower animal, whose abilities are comparatively large, although the needs it must satisfy be less than those of a higher animal, may actually appear the more intelligent of the two.

The beaver may serve as a good example. While the belief that the anthropoid apes built for themselves log cabins proved to be false, the beaver not only builds cabins for himself, but even cements their interior, dams brooks and rivers creating artificial lakes. Therefore the beaver, who in his physical make-up is classed with the rodents—squirrels, woodchucks, etc., is in his way a woodcutter, a mason, an earth-digger. A little hole forms the beginning of the beaver's construction. This hole is approximately five feet long and three and one-half feet deep. The beavers cover the hole with a roof of willow twigs. The twigs are cleaned of all bark and knots and have an absolutely smooth surface. Then there is another layer of twigs, thrown on the roof in a disorderly fashion. An open circular path is built about the cabin and is later covered with twigs. This covering is made of longer sticks, sometimes of trees, placed with the thicker end against the roof and the thinner end on the ground. The gallery thus made is connected with the cabin and contains secret paths leading into the woods and under the water. As has been said before, beavers cement their dwellings inside. To observe the actual process is almost impossible, for the beavers are very wary; but upon taking the cabin apart it can be easily conjectured that the rodents heap river mud on the ceiling and then, entering the cabin, spread it with their paws. Some of these cabins are so strong that several men can walk on their roofs without fear of breaking through. The cabins are of various shapes, and often resemble small stacks of hay.

But among animals of a much lower scale of development we find instances of abilities of a more complicated order. The organized social life of termites is of special interest.



Termites approach our roaches in the construction of their bodies. Africa and Australia are the main countries of their habitat. Travelers are amazed at the so-called termites' nests. The number of dwellers in these nests exceeds by count the number of inhabitants of many large countries, while the structures themselves relative to the height of the insect transcend the tallest edifices erected by man. Termites reach on the average ten to twelve millimeters in length. They are approximately one hundred and fifty times smaller than man. The Eiffel Tower is three hundred meters high. It is one hundred and seventy-five times as tall as the workers who reared it. Termite nests reach seven yards in height, and thus exceed five hundred times the length of the insect.

The shape of the nests is often most bizarre. They are placed so thickly and closely that one can mistake them for a native village. The nests are made of clay mixed with saliva and the insects' excreta, and are so strong that any number of men can stand safely on the top of them. Often a big tree falls on a nest without doing it any damage. The nests have, on their exterior, no entrances or exits, and in order to get acquainted with their interior it is necessary to break them open. They have two walls—an inner and an outer one—made of cross beams and rafters. Like the exterior wall these rafters and beams form a sort of sponge whose holes are the cells proper. These cells are, in turn, connected by passages. It is noteworthy that termites' nests have their subterranean structures. The foundation and the basement are built very much like the higher section. The underground hall is as a rule of a depth equal to the height above surface of the other half. Since the nests have neither doors nor openings of any kind, they are completely protected from enemies and are closed to light and dry air—the latter being of greater danger to the termites than any enemy. The nest therefore is always cool and damp. This is necessary for the welfare of the insects,

and it promotes and aids the growth of microscopic organisms which serve as food for the insects' young.

The exits from the nests are all underground, measuring in length one hundred to two hundred feet, are cemented in the same way as the nests. These galleries are blind alleys, and the apertures for an exit are continually bored through and cemented again. This is easily done since the walls are thin and the jaws of the termites are strong and sharp.

Like the roach the termite is divided into three parts: the head, the thorax, and the anothorax. Like all higher animals insects are divided into males and females. It is known, however, that the family of bees is divided into three classes: the queen bee, who is the female, the drones, who are males, and the working bees who are also females, but so underdeveloped that they are unable to lay eggs. The termites have gone a step farther; they have besides the three classes, also soldiers. The soldiers are born males and females, but bear no progeny; their function is socially useful work. There is a sharp difference in the external appearance of the males and the females on one side, and the soldiers and workers on the other. The first have wings but only slightly developed heads. The soldiers and workers are wingless; the heads of the soldiers are of medium size with barely protruding mandibles; the soldiers have very large heads and, as a rule, very large mandibles, bayonet-like in appearance.

As mentioned above the larvae are all alike. After a few months, however, when the larvae have shed their skins several times the distinction between them becomes more and more pronounced. Those which develop into workers undergo the least change. The heads of the soldiers increase in length and width and take on a specific shape. The heads of the male and female do not grow; on the contrary they diminish in size. The wings of the males and females cover their entire body, only the head and the first segment of the breast are left uncovered. The labors of the workers commence very early. They do



everything. They repair the nests, they feed the other members of the family, beginning with the very young, and ending with the queen mother. They fight any enemy who attempts to penetrate into the nest. They also work at night, mow with their mandibles the grass and drag it into the nests, and also gather supplies of other vegetable matter. The soldiers are in fact overseers and watchmen. They watch for the approach of an enemy and immediately let the workers know if there is danger either by tickling them with their antennae or else by means of a peculiar noise. They are the first to break through the walls for a necessary exit; they also cleanse the nests of corpses by devouring them.

It is interesting to note that upon the workers and the soldiers rests the responsibility for keeping the nests clean.

The fates of the males and females are very different. As soon as the males and the females reach their complete development they fly out of the nests in large swarms, often of enormous size, resembling clouds. As soon as such clouds appear birds and even men devour them greedily. Those of the termites who survive very soon break off their wings and begin to lay eggs. In the beginning the males and females resemble each other closely, but when they begin to propagate the female grows in size. Her thorax assumes enormous proportions, making her a giant in appearance as compared with the male. In some species a pair of termites lays the foundations of a new family in which the workers and the soldiers perform their allotted tasks. In other instances the pair are kidnapped by workers from some nest for breeding purposes. In small nests these pairs are allowed complete liberty; in large nests they are locked up in a special cell, the so-called *royal cell*. This is usually situated close to the earth's surface with openings small enough to permit the passage of workers and soldiers, but not themselves. Through these openings the faithful caretakers pass back and forth bringing food to the royal pair and caring for their comfort. The eggs laid by the

females are seized immediately and placed into special cells.

Because of this mode of living the female of a large nest grows enormous in size, often thirty thousand times that of a worker. They lay frequently an egg a second, or about eighty thousand eggs every twenty-four hours. The most interesting phenomenon in the life of termites is their ability to accelerate the breeding of females, which becomes prolific even before their wings develop. The same is true of the males. The superfluous males are killed and devoured.

This detailed survey of the life of termites emphasizes the contention expressed in the opening paragraph of this paper, namely, the difference between the will and intelligence of animals and the will and intelligence of man. The outstanding principles governing the life of these insects can be traced through the lives of other animals, beginning with the lowest and ending with the highest on the scale of development. In other words: as among animals who least resemble us, so also among those who approach us in their physical makeup, the body is nothing else but a machine. This machine has no capacity for reasoning and lives as its body directs it to live. Man, however, is the only animal endowed with a will to live according to his reason, and he alone is amenable for his actions to his Creator.

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## **SURVIVAL**

*By* VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

Swift-fingered Years unravel each illusion,  
But sometimes Age can catch bright threads that fall,  
And so, with these, her trembling hands embroider  
The solemn blackness of Death's tragic pall.



## CHINA'S POST-WAR TASK

By HIS EXCELLENCY, HSU SHIH-CHANG,

*President of the Republic of China*

**C**HINA'S population being dense, the industrial problem has not been one of scarcity of labor but rather one of inequality of opportunity. Hence all through the centuries the economic maxim has been to provide equal opportunities for all, and whatever one may say of modern labor conditions, it is yet noteworthy that there is greater friendly co-operation between employer and employee in China than in the West. For example, in the commercial and industrial lines, the employer of a large firm or factory will personally look after the business. He will go around the work-shop or premises and note mentally the efficiency of each employee, since each employee is entitled to a share of the bonus at the end of the business year. This bonus is generally apportioned with seventy per centum to capital and thirty per centum to labor. At the end of the year the accounts will be open to the inspection of the employees, and whoever has any question to ask may speak out his mind. There is thus almost perfect co-operation between the employer and the employee, and naturally every employee will do his best for the business. The latter is interested in its prosperity and so will be honest with his employer. Thus China has practiced a system of profit sharing and joint management between capital and labor for some time, the doctrines of which are comparatively new in the West.

Or take our agricultural system, which is based on small landholdings. This is a great contrast to the system of the

West under which a few wealthy capitalists monopolize the land. Such monopolies always work hardships on tenants. It is why in recent decades there has been so much bitter feeling between the landlord and the tenant in Europe, feelings which often resulted in much bloodshed, as in the case of the first French Revolution and in the present Russian one. And this is also why far-sighted men in the West before the war sought to avert the catastrophe by advocating the breaking up of large estates into small landholdings.

Or again, take the giving of charities, which has from time immemorial been regarded as one of the rich man's social duties. In the West, the philanthropist who gives freely to the poor is praised for his generosity: but he incurs no public opprobrium if he chooses not to give. In China, however, for a wealthy man to give is only accounted a performance of his duty. He will be condemned if he spurns the poor man from his door. Examples of popular approval or condemnation are too numerous in Chinese literature; hence the giving of alms as well as assisting the destitute is a well established social duty.

This social code is accentuated by the Chinese family system, since those who can are expected to assist their needy relatives. No doubt such generosity may be abused. For example, it may breed social parasites who prefer to live on a relative's charity rather than work honestly to support themselves. It may lessen a man's sense of self-respect and independence. Not infrequently some rich and able men are so much handicapped by their parasitic relatives that they fail to achieve the greatest successes in their lives, which are otherwise within their reach. Thus, it rather hinders social progress. Nevertheless, from the standpoint of human relationships paternalistic solicitude is more human than stoic indifference to poor relations. Also from the standpoint of society in general, the Chinese system is a more effective method to preserve the social equilibrium, since it tends to assuage the sharp contrast



which otherwise would exist between the wealthy and the poor.

To such an extent, the Chinese system is a decided improvement on the Western model. In the West the social equilibrium is in danger of toppling over, despite the state's powerful efforts to maintain it by means of proper legislation. In China, however, the equilibrium is as stable as ever, just because the people themselves, aided by their family system, provide the necessary supports. Will this same equilibrium remain unchanged, it may be asked, when China of the future proves to be as prosperous industrially as the West? The labor conditions are at present more simple than complex, and the relations existing between capital and labor are more paternal than business-like in character. How about later when labor in China will also resemble labor in the West, with its powerful trade unions and mighty influence for good or evil? In our opinion the answer can be summarized as follows: the Chinese as a race possess a great deal of common sense. Circumstances may change and conditions may alter, but age-old traditions and customs certainly will not change so easily. If the beneficent social traditions that exist today should be ingrafted into the industrialized China of tomorrow, as we believe will probably be the case, then it will be China's contribution to the world to form the first exemplary body politic free from bitterly antagonistic economic classes. Therefore, it is not inconsistent with the interest of the other world powers to assist us in our endeavor to improve our economic development, which can only result in our contributing more to enrich their well-being at the same time.

Otherwise, to persist in the ancient policy of economic spoliation on their part, is eventually, to court grave disaster. A capitalistic domination of the West over the laboring East means a reinforcement of their own unmanageable and already immensely overwhelming majority class of the proletariat with an additional one-quarter of

the entire human race. Conceivably, such a new situation would hardly strengthen the position of the capitalists as a class, if not hastening their downfall and bringing about social chaos. Should the latter happen, it would be unfortunate for China and for them alike. Therefore, from social considerations, we also conclude that the powers should co-operate with China.

Generally speaking, there are two different types of culture in the world, the Eastern and the Western. Each has its merits and demerits, and the task is how to combine both into one harmonious whole. If before the war the need of such harmony was not felt, it is now only too evident after the war. The peace of the future depends on it, and to harmonize the two, all men must now bend their energies.

The Western culture is, for the greater part, a material civilization, although it has also its spiritual side. Greater emphasis is laid on things visible and tangible, and the key-note of progress is competition. Thus, trade and commerce, industries and manufactures are said to grow only by competition. The Darwinian doctrine of the survival of the fittest is most representative of this type of mind. Individuals and nations of this type of culture, are prone to consider that to work for material gains is the supreme task of existence. All thoughts of activities spent for industrial efficiency and for economic expansion are all, in short, the products of this school of materialistic philosophy, which in turn breed conflicts that recently developed into a world war in Europe. The truth of this statement cannot be denied if one examines without bias the history of Europe of the last hundred years or so.

The Eastern type of culture, on the other hand, lays more emphasis on the immaterial side of civilization, and the key-note of civil tranquility is self control and mutual submission. The morality of every act receives more consideration than the success or gain. The teachings of Confucius about meekness, kindness, mutual reverence and



mutual submission in conduct is most representative of this type of culture. Since time immemorial, the savants of the country have always given self-discipline and self-control an important place in education. Self-contentment, loyalty and obligation are the principles to guide life. People of this type of culture are easily made socially harmonious and politically cohesive, but they are negligent of the progress of the physical side of civilization.

Since the middle of the nineteenth century, the stronger aspect of the Western civilization has been developed to such a dazzling height that when the Eastern and the Western countries are brought together, the weaker aspect of the Eastern civilization is most conspicuously exposed to daylight. For self-preservation and for the general advancement of mankind, we of the Eastern culture admit the necessity of adopting certain parts of the Western culture. But the question of adoption is certainly not a one-sided one. The West has likewise something to adopt from us to amend their defects. For example, if Europe and America after the war still believe in the same materialistic philosophy and follow the same policy as before the war of making gains at others' expense then it is not conceivable that the world could avoid second and third wars. It is equally inconceivable that such policy could be changed in sincerity without to some extent adopting the Eastern ethics of self-denial and mutual respect. In a word, unless the West adopts the Eastern philosophy of how to live and the East adopts the Western methods of how to make a living, all such things as "permanent peace" and "international equality" will remain absolutely unattainable ideals. Therefore, we said, to harmonize the Eastern and Western types of culture is one of our greatest tasks after the war.

The recent establishment in the Paris University of a School of higher Chinese Studies as well as the American libraries' proposal to exchange ancient literature with Chinese libraries are all unmistakable evidences that the

West is earnestly learning of the East. On the other hand, our people are no less alive to the situation on our side. The state of seclusion is no longer our cherished ideal, and we are also learning of the West in developing our industries with a view to supplying our own needs as well as the needs of other nations. We send abroad students and visiting parties every year to carry home what is best of Europe and America. The war has demonstrated as never before how very closely interdependent are the West and the East. It has profoundly awakened both sides. The opportunity has never been so favorable for bringing the two types of civilization in full harmony. Having agreed that it is an urgent task, it may be asked who is most competent to be the harmonizer? Our answer is, China and China only. *China is the Eastern culture.* The duty of harmonization is necessarily China's. We have to ingraft Western civilization into our own; for a spiritual and ethical civilization cannot last unless there is sufficient economic development for its support. Similarly, we have to disseminate our culture in the West; for the ultimate result of the materialistic philosophy will endanger the entire world including our own nation. Therefore, whether from motives of self-preservation or from altruistic motives, we believe our people will perform their mission most faithfully. With the most competent qualifications and the most faithful performance China will be able, we hope, to accomplish this most beneficial task in the shortest possible time. If so, what the world hopes from China will not be limited to the supply of raw materials, the consumption of its manufactures or the investment of its surplus wealth. She shall be one of the cornerstones on which the edifice of the world's permanent peace shall be built.



## AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

**T**HOSE who know Truman H. Newberry did not need any vindication by vote of the Senate. The writer personally happens to know something of the spirit that actuated the former Secretary of the Navy under Theodore Roosevelt. It was at the time that Mr. Newberry was just about to be nominated that the editor of *The Forum* was asked by Theodore Roosevelt to call on Commander Newberry and assure him that he (Colonel Roosevelt) was most anxious to have him run as he would regard the election of Henry Ford a national calamity.

The writer did call on Newberry and found him at his desk working from nine to five every day in the Navy Department office at the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway, New York City. Despite the fact that he was an Ex-Secretary of the Navy—a man with actual naval experience who had tried to play some part in the interest of the country, it was only with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in getting any recognition from the Navy Department. Never was there a more ill-mannered administration than that of Mr. Wilson. Courtesy and the ordinary rules of the game seemed to be absolutely unknown to him.

The writer gave to Commander Newberry the message sent by Theodore Roosevelt. We recall most distinctly his answer:

"I wish they could find somebody else to make the fight. I don't want to run. I received the highest honor that will ever come to me in my life when I was made a member of the cabinet of Theodore Roosevelt, I don't look for any further honors. I cannot make a fight—I do not intend to make a fight. The matter is absolutely in the hands of those people in Michigan who believe that Ford should be defeated."

If any man has been persecuted in this country in the last half dozen years it has been Truman Newberry. He has been subjected to the same persecution and from the same source that insulted Theodore Roosevelt when he had no other desire than to fight on the battle field for his country.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is much agitation among those who fear a stage censorship and who do not realize that the vast majority of the plays that are produced in New York and then slopped on the rest of the country are so bad, not only in a moral but in an artistic sense that it matters very little whether there is a censorship or not. There are, we presume, serious-minded young dramatists who desire freedom in order that they may write their own transcriptions of life, but why should they worry about getting past a censor when they are unable to get past the ignorant and in many instances the vicious theatrical managers who are looking apparently only for filth? The dramatic critics of course may be expected to storm about the censorship. It is in this particular domain that censorship is most needed, for if the critics were men of ability and scholarship and had any sense of their responsibility there would not be the conditions that provoke the discussion about the censor. On the contrary it was necessary for a woman to write to the *New York Times* and call attention to the fact that while filthy farces were reviewed at length such able productions as Fritz Lieber Shakesperean revivals passed with scant notice.

\* \* \* \* \*

Despite the diminutive spiritual stature of the leading statesmen not only of America but of the world today, the clouds are not without a silver lining. The extraordinary response to the two articles in *The Forum* by Ex-Governor Chase S. Osborn of Michigan indicates that people still are interested in the spiritual side of things, that they will respond to an honest straight-forward attempt to turn their minds to things of other than material consequence.

One wonders why men gifted with real intellect do not see that deep down in their hearts people are aching for simple truths and something that they can take away with them into their own secret chambers and find there—consolation and hope; why men in times like these will turn their intellects into shallow waters rather than into the deeper channels is one of the mysteries of our curious day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Won't somebody please ask Sir Philip Gibbs "to sit down"?



## DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

### *TOO MANY WORDS ABOUT WELLS\**



G. WELLS has been too busy distorting the Disarmament Conference for a newspaper syndicate to pay attention to the letters of Henry Arthur Jones. This one-sided correspondence now appears under the none too alluring label of "My dear Wells." The title is patronizing, and Wells prefers to do his own patronizing—has done a lot of it, including Lenin and a few well soaped Bolsheviks, the literary world in general, and American politics in particular. His friends assert that the Jones apostrophes amount to mere flea bites upon the flank of their literary ox. But once in a while the flea bites must have stung.

Your reviewer happened to be in London last winter when Jones and Wells were engaging in verbal duello. The Jones letters were printed in *The Westminster Gazette* and *The Morning Post*. Wells had just returned from Russia. Certain of his utterances did not square with the brutal logic of the man who wrote "Mrs. Dane's Defense." Whereupon the Jones pen went into the Jones ink bottle; words began to trickle forth. This is the trouble with "My dear Wells"—there are too many words. Mr. Jones is a past master of packing terseness into dramatic dialogue. No one has ever accused him of making stage characters gabble meaninglessly. Pull dusty "Mrs. Dane" from your book shelf; or, better yet, dig up a copy of "Judah" and prove it. Yet in his sniping at Wells we have prolixity plus. These might be letters written in Walpole's day—not by Walpole, however. Very few Americans unacquainted with the dispute out of which they proceeded will be patient enough to read all the way through. As a matter of fact, what H. G. Wells and Henry Arthur Jones think about politics really does not matter. But for anyone interested in teapot tempests, involving outraged gentleman playwrights and successfully slogging marketers of literary wares tinged with political mumbo-jumbo, the book is worth while.

—JOHN STODDARD.

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\*"MY DEAR WELLS," by Henry Arthur Jones—E. P. Dutton and Company.

## THE WISDOM OF MERLIN\*

**P**OETRY-LOVERS, which is to say, Edwin Arlington Robinson poetry-lovers, are blessed in the thick volume of his "Collected Poems" recently brought out. If these comprise everything Mr. Robinson has ever written, they spell an existence of work and study and intense feeling such as youth, clamoring to live life to the full, may well envy. How does the poet know so truly the might—the frailty—of the human heart? From experience or from intuitive genius? That is the poet's secret, and we are not to know—only in this book of Mr. Robinson's we are more startled than ever at his sureness of vision. A sureness that is so comprehensive that it is all-embracing of every experience life can offer. Here is a poet who writes of life—and Merlin—and modern men with the wisdom of Merlin himself.

Destiny—the Master of Man, the unconquerable, the fear and weight of whose dark burden was sung of old by the Greeks, sustained through the centuries to be immortalized by Shakespeare—today in an age when science has explained away most of the mysteries that made a young world tremble, shadows our souls just as awesomely, as fearsomely, as inevitably from Mr. Robinson's modern poetry. It is more present in his verse than in that of any other living poet. "Avon's Harvest" breathes it, as in these lines:—

"Now and again there comes one of his kind—  
By chance, we say. I leave all that to you.  
Whether it was an evil chance alone,  
Or some invidious juggling of the stars,  
Or some accrued arrears of ancestors  
Who throve on debts that I was here to pay,  
Or sins within me that I knew not of,  
Or just a foretaste of what waits in hell"—

Also in spots it is emphasized with a note of fatality and terror somewhat akin to the one that Poe sounded; yet Mr. Robinson is too sure an artist to have it said that his verse is anything but Robinsonian. Atmosphere of dread and suspense he certainly creates when Avon, relating his story behind locked doors in the silence of the night, says:—

"Beware of hate  
That has no other boundary than the grave  
Made for it, or for ourselves. Beware, I say;  
And I'm a sorry one, I fear, to say it,

\*"COLLECTED POEMS", by Edwin Arlington Robinson. The MacMillan Company.



Though for the moment we may let that go  
 And while I'm interrupting my own story  
 I'll ask of you the favor of a look  
 Into the street. I like it when it's empty.  
 There's only one man walking?"

Mr. Robinson feels the heart of man more surely than man feels it himself, and feeling it, he grieves with mankind and for mankind with a tenderness of pity and love made god-like by the strength and truth of its philosophy.

"When are we mortals to be sensible,  
 Paying no more for life than life is worth?  
 Better for us, no doubt, we do not know  
 How much we pay or what it is we buy."

And:

"We pay for going back; and all we get  
 Is one more needless ounce of weary wisdom  
 To bring away with us."

How truly the half-good, half-evil, that goes to make up the human soul is expressed in Gawaine's lament in "Lancelot" where Gawaine regrets too late his sensitiveness, which, grown deaf and calloused from going the way of the world, made him ignore Lancelot's soul trial at the moment when Lancelot needed his understanding and sympathy most.

"Bedivere, could I have given a decent seriousness  
 To Lancelot while he said things to me  
 That pulled his heart half out of him by the roots,  
 And left him, I see now, half sick with pity  
 For my poor uselessness to serve a need  
 That I had never known—

. . . . . "A few right words  
 Of mine, if said well, might have been enough.

. . . . .  
 'Good God, if I had only said—said something!'"

Guinevere's pathetic "If I Were God":

"I should say, 'Let them be as they have been.  
 A few more years will heap no vast account  
 Against eternity, and all their love  
 Was what I gave them. They brought on the end  
 Of Arthur's empire, which I wrought through Merlin  
 For the world's knowing of what kings and queens  
 Are made for; but they knew not what they did—  
 Save as a price, and as a fear that love  
 Might end in fear. It need not end that way,

And they need fear no more for what I gave them;  
 For it was I who gave them to each other'.  
 If I were God, I should say that to you."—

shows that Mr. Robinson reads and pities the woman heart as surely as he does the man.

Is there greater pathos in any verse than in the lines about Arthur, the great king, humbled to the earth, stricken in a night—having ordered his Guinevere to submit to the law he himself had made, and to burn to death as penance for her fault?

. . . . . " 'The King is coming;  
 Now you may hear him in the corridor,  
 Like a sick landlord shuffling to the light  
 For one last look-out on his mortgaged hills.  
 But hills and valleys are not what he sees;  
 He sees with us the fire—the sign—the law.  
 The King that is the father of the law  
 Is weaker than his child, except he slay it.' "

In these poems of Mr. Robinson, every verse so crowded, almost heavy with thought and philosophy, come many lines of sheer beauty and charm to intoxicate the ear, as in Lancelot's soliloquy:

"Who is this Queen,  
 This pale witch-wonder of white fire and gold,  
 This Guinevere that I brought back with me  
 From Cameliard for Arthur!"

This is a poet whose songs rise clear, and high, and far, with a great message—a lilting music—and a deep and true philosophy. They are poetry.

—HELEN WALKER.

### MORE OF THE MEXICAN MIXUP\*

**T**HE Mexican question is like religion; it cannot be discussed with absolute impartiality. While, therefore, Dr. Dillon has tried to give an honest and unbiased account of the situation in Mexico as it is found at the moment, his book will, nevertheless, displease those who relished the articles published last year by Blasco Ibañez.

Mr. Dillon finds much to be hoped for in General Obregón's leadership of the Mexican people, and as he describes the situation, one perceives that there is a race between possibilities of General Obregón's success and that of Mr. Fall. The verge on which Mexico stands, according to Dr. Dillon, is that over which Haiti passed. Whether one believes her passing it would

\*"MEXICO ON THE VERGE", by Dr. E. J. Dillon. George H. Doran Company.



be a desirable thing or not is less important than the fact that Dr. Dillon's account ought to be read particularly by those who have not a clear understanding of what Mexico's problems are. His work is not written in quite as definite a vein as one might wish. A little more quoting of chapter and verse might be desired. It is, nevertheless, comprehensive. It has a great value because Dr. Dillon is an expert on this sort of thing, and because of his nationality he has a perspective which could be put in no book written by an American on this subject.

—GABRIEL S. YORKE.

### *PRESCRIBING FOR ENGLAND'S ILLS\**



R. WILLIAMS in his volume, gives in the form of a diary his daily experiences amongst the laborers of England during the year 1920 as a sequel to a similar experience amongst the workers of America published in a previous volume.

It is unfair and impossible in a couple of paragraphs to give his conclusions. His work is an earnest, careful and honest attempt to convey to the public by word pictures the conditions of British labor at the present moment, and his conclusions are that unless, internationally speaking, more wants are created in the minds of the people of all nations, there will continue to be too many people in Great Britain who cannot find any work to do of any kind. This will lead to upheavals which will extend around the world.

He gives no solution for labor other than this. Probably no one can. But it would seem to a casual observer that the fact noted in the report of the commission sent to Europe a short time ago by the United States Chamber of Commerce that the people of Europe are consuming only thirty per cent of the products of labor compared to normal times might give one explanation of the present labor crisis. If suddenly today Europe could increase its demands for goods, food-stuffs, and commodities generally more than three hundred per cent—thus reaching only normal—the supply of jobs would increase in England and elsewhere at least normally. This sudden jump in a day is impossible. It is not impossible however that the jump, the return to normal, may occur in a few years, and thus the terrific situation in England and elsewhere must for the time remain one of the heritages of war, just as the maimed and ruined human beings remain. The book itself is an unique method of bringing home to the reader a picture of the situation in British civilization that is appalling, that stimulates that reader's mind to altruism and to a blind desire to be of some kind of assistance. That alone is good. Only by knowing each

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\*"FULL UP AND FED UP," by Whiting Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons.

other's views and states of mind can men be tolerant and in the end helpful.

But here again the baneful influence of war stalks before the reader in all its ugliness. If a man has a temperature of one hundred and four degrees for four days, it takes perhaps four weeks for him to get back to normal. The war was a fever lasting four years. Is it going to require twenty-eight years for the world to recover?

The proposals made that government should do something seem a dangerous remedy. Government after all is nothing more than the essence of the people who are governed. It can do little that the public itself cannot do. If the Labor party came into power in England today with Thomas or Henderson in Lloyd George's place, what could be done to better the situation? To confiscate property seems questionable in view of the Russian situation. Payment to non-working individuals out of government funds is nothing more than a step in that direction. Trite as it may seem to say so, therefore, the only cure seems to lie with the people themselves. We are in a terrific period of readjustment. Time will settle the situation, though millions will suffer meanwhile to an extent that cannot be expressed in words.

—LUCAS LEXOW.

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#### LOVE LYRICS OF OLD PALESTINE\*

**T**HE Man with the Scythe was kind in sparing Professor Jastrow until he had completed his trilogy of biblical interpretations. The third volume of the series of which *The Gentle Cynic* and *The Book of Job* are the other two, now appears with even a foreword by the deceased author. Its subject is the Song of Songs of the Old Testament and the handling of it reveals him as a poet no less brilliant than he was as a critic and student of ancient Hebrew literature.

He has rearranged the Song of Songs as twenty-three love lyrics and a few fragments, the translation being his own. As he presents them they are no different than those sung by Nordic minstrels—folk songs, of the earth, earthy, praises of that sort of Love which is mentioned not in the *Christian Science Monitor* but which caused Abelard his pangs.

This very characteristic kept succeeding generations from knowing them as they were meant to be. So that in addition to giving us a new translation and the proper interpretation of them Professor Jastrow found it necessary to devote the greater part of his work to a masterly study showing how, at different times, rabbi, priest and secular author spoiled them, first, by ascribing them to Solomon, second, by considering them in a

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\*"THE SONG OF SONGS," by Morris Jastrow, Jr.—J. B. Lippincott Company.



biographical sense in connection with him, third, by submitting them to the tortures applied by both Jewish and Christian exegetes, fourth, by insisting on a dramatic basis which was supposed to give them literary unity. They are, after the centuries, again disclosed as unassuming songs, warm in spirit and rich in figure.

—G. S. YORKE

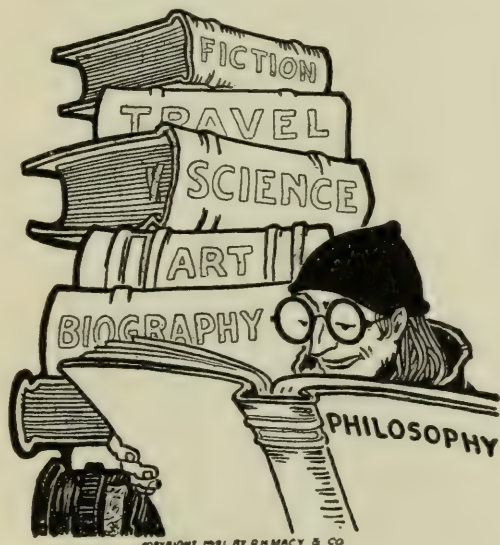
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# The Forum

MARCH 1922

## MR. WELLS ON THE MILLENNIUM

*By* MAURICE HEWLETT

**M**R. WELLS' business in Life and Letters has been to stimulate a rather exhausted old world. He has amused it, delighted it, shocked it, disgusted and angered it by turns; but he has always, so to speak, kept the pot a-boiling. It has not always been clear exactly what he wanted us to be at; we have only been certain that it was not what he wanted of us before, and that he will not want it of us for very long. His method has been that of the gadfly which wings from rump to rump until he has the herd in violent commotion, and every tail of consequence erect. Of late years, both through and since the war, and except for a short time when he was engaged upon the history of the world, his changes of direction have been rapid though his sting has not lost any virus. Far from that, I seem to detect a tendency to indiscriminate scolding in the philosopher. It is therefore more than pertinent, it is essential, to enquire which Millennium in particular is now the goal of his enthusiasm—that which he has foreshadowed in his recent dispatches from Washington as given to the daily press, or the one before that, which we used to see in one of the Sunday papers. For all I know they may be published, as books, simultaneously, and we shall be in the position of the ass in the fable,



between two trusses of hay. Under which king, Benzonian? For what fate are we to brace ourselves? In his penultimate vaticination it was to be a United States which should comprise the habitable world; in his ultimate—if that from Washington be indeed the ultimate—it is nothing of that sort. He now “perceives” his World-Parliament “more and more clearly an improbable dream”. Well—perhaps it was. Instead of it we are to prepare for “a living, growing, organic network of world-government,” whatever that may mean. The stimulus here is a little weakened by vagueness. The virus is as good as ever, but does not hit the mark. However, it improves as it goes on.

Whatever may be the reason for it, the philosopher ends upon a petulant note. It appears that Mr. Wells has been bored at Washington. He had no need to tell us that he dislikes that. We have known it of him for a long time, even for most of the time. I suppose that he has rearranged the “scheme of things” in every book he has written since the beginning of the century. Then it is safe to say that the successor to every one of those books has put out of any sort of doubt that he was bored with the proposals of its predecessor. But the present, or latest, issue is, I think, the only one in the concluding article of which he betrays a weariness of the opening articles. That is quick work: yet—

“Personally”, he says, “I do not think that I would have bothered to come to Washington or to interest myself in this peace business, and to work and blunder, and feel incompetent, and be worried and distressed here, if it meant working for just peace—flat, empty, simple peace.”

When a man calls something a “business”, as Mr. Wells calls the Washington Conference “this peace business”, it is certain that he is put off a hope on which his heart had been fixed. In the beginning of the Conference that susceptible heart of his was inditing—he let you see—of a good matter. At the end it has been a “peace business”. That is bad, but worse for Mr. Wells than for any one else. If he does

not care for the peace of the world unless he can be sure that it will devote itself to his little idea of the moment, it is obviously a sign that he is much more interested in his little idea than in the peace of the world. I fear that that is about the size of it; for that he means what he says he takes the pains to put out of doubt by an unfortunate paragraph immediately following, a paragraph of which I will only say that it would be extremely offensive if it were not very foolish. One is not bound to believe, one cannot and does not believe, that he is really indifferent to the death of some millions of young men—which is what he actually says in so many words: no, but one is not the less annoyed with him for so fatuous a saying, for being petulant in such a matter, in such a manner. The paragraph grows more foolish as it goes on, and therefore less offensive, and ends in a tangle of innuendo which in its way is a perfect masterpiece of *coup manqué*. What does he mean by “a good chance of a sunstroke”? God knows.

What he really means by the absurdities at large has already been indicated. Not being in any way distinguished as a moral philosopher, he cannot interest himself in peace as an end in itself, or as a state of existence comporting with a population of reasoning, responsible creatures. Nor has he time to cognize a state of existence which will afford mankind breathing space in which to make itself happier. The only peace which at the moment of writing, he can envisage with any satisfaction is one which shall be a means to what, at the moment of writing, seems to him alone worth living for. And what may that chance to be? It is our old friend Progress—but Progress in its barest and most literal intention. To Mr. Wells just now Progress is rapid motion. It is a mechanical Millennium to which he invites us, only different from the bureaucratic vision of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb in that Mr. Wells' machines will be manufactured articles driven by human beings, and Mr. Webb's will be human beings driven by other human beings. All alike will be in rapid motion,



and progressing. Progressing whither? Towards Efficiency. Efficiency—to do what? Well, to progress, to yet more rapid, even to perpetual motion: to make more roads, more motor cars, still bigger motor cars, to have more trains, faster and more luxurious and more frequent than ever yet known to man. Education, too, of course, to keep pace with all that. Education in what, of whom? Of the world at large, in applied science, that we may progress, push, fly if possible, to the ends of the earth, or to Mars. God of Heaven, what a world it is to be! And what a good thing it is that before his articles are published in a volume for fireside study Mr. Wells will be bored with motor transport and large railway trains, and all agog for some other form of Efficiency.

One may wish for him a moment in which to reflect upon, or to recur to, the probability that man has something in him besides brain and muscle, something which, for want of a better word, we call a soul—which indeed (if I am right) he called it himself in a comparatively recent book of his, upon the Episcopate. That particular energy is not apt to be satisfied with motor transport or parlor cars, neither delighteth it in any man's telephones. It thrives in contemplation, in retirement, in meditation, recollection, tranquillity. Motor transport puts it out. And not only is there a soul, or words to that effect, in every man born of woman, but there is something very much like it in every nation of such men. That energy has its own idea of Efficiency and Progress, and may possibly desire to progress in a direction which, to Mr. Wells, may seem to be retrograde. I have but lately heard of a village twenty-six kilometres only from Paris, where they have gone back to ploughing with oxen. It is slower, but they say both cheaper and better ploughing. Again, there are ex-socialists and trade-unionists in England at this hour who, having acquired small holdings by purchase, have thereby become tariff reformers, individualists, church-and-state men, and also, for the first time within their ex-

perience, happy and contented persons. Nobody can deny that there has been a progress—to happiness. Yet this is not Progress as Mr. Wells and Mr. Webb understand the thing.

Mr. Wells, like most natural philosophers, is unable to conceive of happiness in any terms but those of matter and motion. A peace which will not afford him those is a “peace-business”. He thinks, as the vulgar saying goes, that we must “get on or get under”. It would be easier for me to concede it him, or otherwise to deal with it, I daresay, if I knew where we were to get to. What is to be the upshot of his mechanical progression? When all the roads are made, all possible motor transport put upon them; when Bradshaw is as large as the British Museum catalogue—what then? I don’t think he has worked it out. He misses too many points in his own case. Here is a fair example. Visualizing the pleasures of his Millennium, “it becomes clear,” he says, “that our first vision of a world wide net of fine roads, great steady trains on renewed and broader tracks, long distance aeroplane flights of the securest sort, splendid and beautiful towns, a park-like countryside studded with delightful homes, was merely the scene and frame for a population of well-grown, well-trained, fully adult human beings.” Ah, if all human beings were molded exactly alike, either in that vital part which I still call the soul, or of course unfurnished with any such concomitant of being, how simple all this would be! If all men were exactly like Mr. Wells, or Mr. Webb, they might rejoice in the prospect. “All the world”, cries Mr. Wells, “will be accessible to them”—to all of them! “Mountains to climb, deserts to be alone in, tropics to explore in wonder, beautiful places for rest.” But if all these places are to be made accessible by road and rail and aeroplane, even supposing that they would so yield the same sort of pleasure and profit which they yield now when attained with difficulty—if great steady trains, nets of fine roads, long distance aeroplanes of the securest sort



are to assist us to deserts, it is obvious that the deserts will not be deserted, and will cease to be deserts, or the railway companies would not be as steady as their trains. If there are to be tropics still to explore in wonder, it will only be such parts of them as are not served by long distance aeroplanes. And if the countryside is to be "studded with delightful homes", in any real sense, it will not be "park-like", nor the homes so delightful to some people as they might be. Mr. Wells cannot have it both ways. A mechanic's paradise cannot be a natural paradise. He has not thought it out.

It is true, I believe, that any reconstruction of the world to be of any account, must be from within outwards. Mr. Wells, a sensational philosopher in every sense of that word, achieves little more than windy rhetoric when he leaves the moral virtues out of reckoning: such remarkable fruits of the spirit as Love, Joy, Peace, Meekness, Temperance, and so forth; such specific qualities as Faith, Hope, and Charity; such tonic prophylactics as Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience; such immutable laws as those of our Being, which can only be disregarded at our peril, and are disregarded by no other creature but man. Life as it has been, is, and always will be, *à fortiori* life as it ought to be and might be, is not a conceivable state unless these things are brought into reckoning. Progress without them, progress which runs away from them, can only be a race along the primrose path. But Mr. Wells needs excitement, and sees it handiest in sensation. Masses of men are with him there, mistaking excitement for happiness, and bustle for advance, and busy-ness for business, and the big for the great, and the loud for the strong. Is Mr. Wells leading this pack, or panting in the midst? I don't know. If he had stayed outside it, it should have struck him that happiness, every man's desire, is attainable by rest as well as by motion, in stasy as well as in ecstasy, and that, in the long run, the benefits obtained by that kind, the quality and quiddity of happiness, are more solid and

abiding than what he will get from motor transport. Is it necessary to point out to him that happiness is a relative state of being, within the grasp of a Central African tribe living chiefly in trees, or of Esquimaux living entirely on oil, or of Fijians living mostly undressed—if they do so live? Mr. George Calderon's posthumous book relates how he stayed with a Tahitian family which consumed two or three hours of every afternoon collecting driftwood, so that they could boil a kettle for tea. They sometimes took longer and sometimes shorter hours at it, but the longer they took the more they enjoyed themselves—Mr. Wells and Mr. Webb won't understand that. Calderon says that the Tahitians thought it great fun. There are people who like life to be a picnic, people who prefer a gig to a motor, people who would rather walk than use any kind of vehicle, people, finally, who have the gravest possible objection to being organized to do anything. There are indeed masses of such people, tribes of them; whole nations of men who know what they want, and find happiness in wanting it. Increasing numbers are finding out that poverty brings more happiness than wealth, that it is much better for us to want things than to have them. Mr. Wells is far from their opinion—but then Mr. Wells depends upon sensation.

The happiest nations have always been the poorest nations. They have been the most generally contented, their peoples relatively the best off. Denmark, with few large trains and no network of fine roads; Holland, with barges creeping along stagnant canals; Switzerland, very unsuited to long distance aeroplanes; Belgium with few delightful homes and no park-like country left untilled: these are the happy nations. Are we beginning yet to find out the worth (in happiness) of Empery? It is time; but Mr. Wells is not helpful here.

Well, well—"The soul", said Addison's Cato, "secure in her existence, smiles at the drawn dagger."

I believe she may smile at Mr. Wells' Millennium.



## HOW PERMANENT PEACE WILL COME

*By* GILBERT MURRAY

**T**HAT is, of course, if it does come. For it has not come yet, and the future is full of riddles. There is war in Asia Minor; there is fighting without war in Belfast and Mesopotamia and India; and there is a state that can hardly be called peace in certain parts of eastern Europe, without mentioning China and Mexico.

How is peace to come? In answering, let us agree to avoid all edifying generalities and be strictly business-like.

Clearly, peace will not come if competitive armaments continue. That is a game of beggar-my-neighbor, and as soon as a nation gets very near to beggary and realizes that it has spent practically its last penny on a beautiful and effective set of firearms which gives it a momentary advantage over all its neighbors, it will be bound to declare war. We must therefore stop competitive armaments. That is a process which is very easy in the matter of big ships, less easy in smaller craft and submarines, difficult in land armies, more difficult in aircraft, and practically impossible in the region of explosives and poisons. But that point can be left till later.

I do not propose to pit the League of Nations against the Washington Conference. I approve of both, and both have achieved great results. The League has stopped two wars, solved several international difficulties, repatriated three hundred and sixty thousand prisoners, organized an effective campaign against typhus, done much to re-establish the broken communications of Europe, and performed one of the most splendid acts of beneficence known to history

by the inauguration of the Mandates System. It tried to limit armaments, but was baffled on sea by the policy of the United States, and on land by that of France and Russia. The Washington Conference has performed the great service of reducing the larger type of naval armaments and of substituting for the Anglo-Japanese Alliance an understanding of all the Pacific Ocean powers. In other conferences of the same type we all hope that still greater results will be achieved. All friends of the League support the Conference, and President Harding has repeatedly expressed his belief that the League is a beneficent institution for Europe. Let us leave it at that.

I think, as things now are, that, if peace comes, it will come by joint action between the American piecemeal conferences of a few great powers to settle particular points, and the League's continuous plan of continuous co-operation for all international purposes among as many nations as possible. The piecemeal plan cannot succeed alone, and the League of course cannot succeed without America.

For example: the Washington Conference, after its triumphant start, eventually came to certain brick walls. For simplicity's sake we will consider one only: the refusal of France to reduce her army. (The submarine foolishness was a different matter.)

When Washington asked France to reduce her army she replied: "I am exposed to great dangers; I cannot afford to reduce a single battalion". All the powers of the Conference assured her that she was mistaken; her supposed dangers were unreal. "If that is so," answered France, "will you protect me with your armies if I am attacked?" On this "all with one consent began to make excuse", and France drew the logical conclusion: "If you all refuse to promise me your protection, I can only conclude that, in spite of your comfortable words, you do think I am in danger. And, having no other protectors, I must proceed to protect myself."

That seems to me perfectly conclusive. It is morally



and practically impossible to require a nation to disarm and at the same time to say that she must look out for herself if she is attacked. General disarmament implies mutual guarantees. (I am not for the moment considering the difference between "disarmament" and "reduction of armament"; disarmament may be either complete or partial.

General disarmament implies mutual guarantees. Suppose, therefore, that we give the mutual guarantees. Consider the proposal as a transaction between France and the United States. "Mutual guarantees," an American statesman may say "would mean that, if we are attacked by Mexico, we have the inestimable right to ship a French army over the Atlantic to help us, whereas if France gets into trouble in any of the numerous parts of the world where she seems to be looking for it, we are to send American armies to fight for her? The bargain does not attract us."

That also seems a perfectly good argument. We come to a deadlock. France will not disarm without a guarantee, and the United States will see her at some very remote destination before they will give a guarantee.

Is that the end of the matter? I think not. It only shows the limitations of the piecemeal method. The most obvious solution, the short and forcible solution, is not the right one.

Let us go back to the beginning and think of the essential facts. Here are a great many nations, practically all the civilized nations, convinced that war is neither profitable nor right. Not unanimously convinced, of course, but each nation convinced on the whole. Suppose they meet together and say: "We have all suffered from war, and all made each other suffer. We now agree to settle our disputes and quarrels by some peaceful means, and only fight if all peaceful means of settlement fail." That is comparatively easy. It has already been done, both in the American Arbitration Treaties and in the Covenant of the League. "But then", it will be asked, "what if some nation breaks

this pledge, and makes war suddenly and treacherously against an unarmed neighbor?" What is the right answer to this supposition? It is, I think, that a nation which thus makes war is not a fit member of the society of civilized nations. It should be turned out of society—to revive an old religious word, excommunicated till its mind changes.

The offender will get no loans, no imports or exports, no news. In most cases its sources of ammunition, industry and food supply will dry up. In all cases the whole nation will be exposed to a strain which, beginning gently and giving full time for a change of policy, becomes at last absolutely intolerable. In the execution of this sentence all nations can share and ought to share. That, nothing more, but nothing less, seems to me to be the duty of every nation which aspires to be a member of civilized society and to work for general peace. In the long run such a general agreement would secure the general peace. But of course any individual nation may well ask for a more rapid protection.

That should be provided—and I think will be provided—by a series of regional agreements, open to the world and registered with the League of Nations or elsewhere. In any group of nations which have disarmed by common consent there ought probably to be specific agreements for mutual defense in case one of them is attacked. The groups would doubtless vary in size, according to natural needs, but no nation would be expected to perform military service outside its own continent or very far from its own frontiers. Such regional alliances would be necessary and sufficient to render a universal economic blockade irresistible. But the latter is the real weapon of a peaceful world, and it is specifically the weapon adopted by the League of Nations.

In the earlier ideas of the League, when the war was still prominent in people's minds, it was commonly taken for granted that the sanction of the League against the war maker would be simply war. As experience has ripened



by reflection the idea of preventing war by war has receded into the background. The Covenant of the League as it now stands, after the official interpretation of Article Ten and the accepted amendments of Article Sixteen first imposes on all its members the general obligation of mutual protection in case any one of them is feloniously attacked, and then it explains in detail what lines this mutual protection is to follow. Each signatory is bound to join in the excommunication of the war maker. When the Council, by a unanimous vote, names a day and "recommends" immediate action, every member of the League is bound to cut off all intercourse whatever between itself and the excommunicated state; and is further bound to consider the military and naval steps which the Council may recommend as most effective. It seems almost certain, to one who watches the development of the League, that when these military steps begin to be worked out they will take the form of a series of regional agreements and that Article Ten, which has been so greatly misunderstood, will be dropped or re-written.

Article Sixteen has never yet been applied. But there has been one case where its application was "considered" and the "mere consideration" worked like magic. In the early part of November, 1921, a Serbian army suddenly invaded Albania. They burned over sixty villages, announced their intention of occupying the capital and proceeded to march towards the sea. The party in Serbia which was responsible for this policy doubtless imagined that the League would either fear to act or else would act too slowly to be effective. But as a matter of fact, Great Britain called an immediate meeting of the Council at Paris on November sixteenth "to consider the application of Article Sixteen against Serbia." The effect was electric. The Serbian exchange came down with a run, a Serbian loan which was being floated in London suddenly stuck dead; the Serbian delegates came post haste to the Council announcing that their troops were already withdrawing, and that they would

henceforth respect the frontiers approved by the League. (Commissioners were sent by the League to see that this was so, and their report states that there is by now not a Serbian soldier on the wrong side of the frontier.) Of course we are not at the end of the Serbo-Albanian difficulty; it would be foolish to expect that. But a Balkan war of a dangerous kind has been directly and instantaneously stopped by the mere threat of Article Sixteen.

This was a great proof of the League's effectiveness. It has not been much advertised, because it can hardly be advertised without needlessly and unwisely exasperating the feelings of the Serbs, whose representatives at the crisis behaved exceedingly well. It was a triumph both because it did stop a war, and because the machinery employed could not possibly have been employed so effectively or so quickly without a fully constituted League acting on definite covenants. It was a triumph. But I confess it gave me, as a friend of the League, a day or so of great anxiety. Let me frankly explain why.

Suppose Serbia had defied the League. Suppose the blockade had then been put in force . . . and suppose the United States government, in its wisdom, had decided that the peace of Europe was no concern of the United States, while a blockade of Serbia was an unauthorized interference with American commerce, and had therefore determined to break the blockade? I can hardly imagine a more dangerous situation. It may be said that the United States government would never have done such a thing. I am not sure. Of course, it could not possibly have done so if it had known the true state of affairs. But it did not know. It has always refused to know anything about the League and its doings. And it has done again and again great unintentional injuries to Europe and Asia through refusing to know. (I could tell that story if it were wanted.) There is here a danger to international good will which is quite unnecessary and ought to be removed. If I may say frankly what I myself would like to see done, I



should like the United States government, without undertaking any engagement whatever, to send an ambassador to the League at Geneva, to see what the League was doing and to watch over the interests of the United States. The ambassador would be able to tell the League anything which the United States wished it to know to keep his government informed of all that the League proposed, and where necessary to make his criticisms or protests. So that when we in Europe, in our imperfect and bungling way, try to disarm, or to soothe the French, or help the starving Austrians, or to improve the government of Africa, or to control the sale of opium, or to check the white slave traffic, America should not proceed, as a matter of regular routine, to thwart our efforts before knowing whether they are the sort of things she wants to thwart. And I know whom I should like to have for ambassador, though I fear the administration would not oblige me. He ought to be a man who really believes in peace and fair dealing, and is quick to denounce every diplomatic fraud; he ought to be capable of understanding new facts; and above all he ought to be free from any suspicion of being unduly a friend of the League. The man I should like is Senator Borah.

Suppose that either in this way or in some other there can be established between America and the League the same channels of communication and common civility that normally exist between peaceful states and groups of states, the way to general peace will become much clearer. First of all, Germany, Hungary, and before many years have passed, probably Russia, will be members of the League. The League will be more nearly universal and therefore far stronger and less exposed to the suspicion of one sidedness. Also it will be untimid, being freed from the sense that all its activities, however harmless or however beneficent, may be wrecked by America or by powers which seek to win the favor of America. It will know, above all, that if it is really faced with the danger of war and the need of taking vigorous measures to prevent war, it can

keep America informed of the whole progress of negotiations and have the benefit of frank conference with American representatives. Then the coming of peace would be fairly assured.

Then, if we asked France to disarm, we could offer her two forms of protection; first, the excommunication by the whole League of any power which feloniously attacked her, and secondly, a "regional agreement" of, say, Belgium, England, Germany, Italy and Spain. The agreement would provide that any nation which, after disarming according to the agreed plan, was wrongfully attacked by another power, would have the military support of all the rest. Such defensive alliances have in the past been subject to one great disadvantage, that in practice it was often difficult to be sure, at the outbreak of war, which side was the "wrongful attacker". In every European war for the last hundred years and more, both sides have spent great time and trouble in manœuvring for moral position. Their most mendacious agents have always been employed to explain how the other fellow began, and it was difficult for outsiders to be sure of the truth. But now there is a clear test. The aggressor is the party which makes war without referring the dispute to mediation or arbitration. And it is practically certain that, in the long course of friction that always precedes a war, the League will have had ample opportunity to know how things stand. I do not like to set any limits to human mendacity, but I think it will be exceedingly difficult in the future for any wolf nation to attack a lamb and throw the blame on the lamb.

And the actual agreements for the reduction of armament? Well, they will go ahead. They are valuable in two ways. They save expense, which is always an important matter, and in proportion as they proceed successfully they are evidence of mutual confidence between the nations. That is a very important matter indeed. But disarmament agreements in themselves cannot solve our problem. A nation that wants to fight, or that suffers under in-



tolerable oppression, can arm itself in more ways than of old. If there is, for example, any one left in America who believes that, because Germany is forcibly disarmed, the Allies can permanently hold Germany down in a state of poverty and semi-slavery, I recommend him to the comforting study of recent inventions in the way of explosives and poison gases. A nation with no army, navy, nor big guns to speak of, can invent ways of injuring its neighbors which would be very hard to control by treaty or to discover by inspection.

You cannot compel peace. Peace is not a negative thing, a mere absence of war. Peace is a state of mind, in which persons or nations are free from fear or anxiety or resentment and can go about their business undisturbed. And such peace only comes from actual confidence.

Now the way we in Europe are taking to secure mutual confidence is one that seems to surprise people in America. We do it by regular and frequent meetings and by doing a great deal of non-controversial business in common. The leading men in our different nations are getting to know one another quite well. And, strange to say, they think less badly of each other than they did before. The League of Nations is largely based on the belief that the way to avoid war is to accustom the nations to meet and co-operate. They work together to improve railway and river communications, to settle disputes, to combat epidemics, to relieve distress and persecution, to check the consumption of opium, to put a stop to the white slave traffic, to do a score of other things great and small, and so, we hope, they will get into the habit of mind which takes co-operation as the natural thing, and when causes of dispute arise, will meet them reasonably, with tolerance and good will.

There are international conferences going on at Geneva all the year round. Indeed there are more going on than Geneva can accommodate. We find that we have an immense lot of business to do together, and we rather like meeting one another. We are only sorry that America is never there.

## WHAT WILL SAVE THE FARMER?

*By* JOHN M. STAHL

**D**OLEFUL reports are made on the agriculture of the United States, especially on the richest agricultural part thereof—the middle west. As industry is now organized, the misfortune of any considerable class cannot be confined to that class. That statement is trite but it is none the less vital.

The farmers of the states that produce the most wheat, corn, oats, and farm animals are undoubtedly in bad financial condition and worse mental condition. As a result they can buy only sparingly and are not disposed to buy even as much as they can; for while their purses are empty, their hearts are filled with bitterness because what they have to sell brings them, almost or quite, the lowest price of ten years past while what they have to buy costs them nearly as much as the highest prices of the past ten years. When the farmers do not buy, many cannot sell; and that means unemployment for many of those who make and handle what the farmers use.

The farmers of the United States received truly enormous amounts for their products in 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919 and 1920. They received for their products enough money to put them and keep them in an exceedingly good financial condition, if their receipts alone were to be considered.

Now, what about the farmer's outgo—what about the cost of producing these things for which the farmer received so much money? If the farmer owned the same farm that he did in 1911 or 1915 he had no greater investment. From one point of view he should not charge his 1917 or his 1919 crop, for example, with more on account of investment.



But, it will be said, he could have sold his farm in 1919 or 1920 for twice as much as he could have sold it for in 1911 or even in 1914. Should he not charge his crops with twice as much or nearly twice as much on that account? Or, he may have bought the farm at the high prices that prevailed during the war. Or, if he were a renter—and unfortunately there are already very many renters in the best agricultural states—he paid twice as much per acre for the use of the land in 1919 as in 1911 if he paid cash rent. If he paid share rent the per cent of the crop he gave in 1919 was probably no greater than it was in 1911. Right here the cost of farm labor becomes pertinent.

During the period from 1911 to 1920 the cost of labor increased more than one hundred per cent. What the farmer had to buy to put into his products—farm machinery, fertilizer, etc.—also increased more than one hundred per cent.

But there is nearly every year a profit in farm production. The products of the farm do not cost as much to produce as the farmer receives for them. And this margin of profit was increased several times over by the war.

The net income of the farmers of the United States during 1917, 1918, 1919, and even 1920 was very great, notwithstanding the increased cost of production. How, then, can the farmer be in such dire financial distress at this time?

When one considers that he pays no house rent, that he has no need of paying out any money for at least eighty per cent of the food for himself and family, and that his clothing costs him less than clothing costs his city cousin, it becomes difficult to answer satisfactorily this question.

One other very important fact is to be considered—the farmer is not out of a job. He has the same number of acres to farm. He has the same employment as before. The thousands of city men out of a job can appreciate that.

While it is true that the farmer asks the price and does

not name the price of what he sells and what he buys, as some compensation, if not ample compensation, he can always sell his product at once and for cash. The manufacturer may have his warehouse filled to the roof with products of merit, yet not be able to sell, and if he does sell, he probably must give long credit in time of industrial depression.

Nearly all my life I have been a farmer and during the past sixty years there have been periods of severe hard times, but I have never taken a bushel of grain or a fat farm animal to market that I could not sell at once and for spot cash. Now this fact makes it all the more difficult to understand how the farmers of the United States can be, as alleged, on the very brink of bankruptcy and with no ready money to buy the necessities of life.

The official figures, finally revised, for the 1921 farm production are not yet available, but it is certain that the average price per bushel or pound that the farmer received on the farm for his 1921 production was less than one-half of what he received for his 1919 production. And he is often compelled to pay prices little less than war prices for what he buys. It now takes more than three times as many bushels of grain or pounds of fat animal to buy certain articles much used by farmers, as it did before the war.

Before the war, very many farmers were unskilled in the handling of money. This was especially true in such states as Iowa, the Dakotas, Nebraska, etc. They had been in debt nearly all their adult lives. They had never had funds for investment. Inevitably they were unwise in the handling of the large incomes that resulted from war prices. They were the prey of able, conscienceless professional sellers of "blue sky" stocks. One of the best and most conservative of the financial journals stated recently that the farmers of the middle west put more than two billion dollars of cash into "stock in oil wells that never produced oil, packing house projects that never operated, phonograph concerns that never made phonographs, and other fly-by-



night affairs". The figure named is ultra-conservative. The expenditures of these stock salesmen, of funds obtained from the moral, hard-working farmers, in the underworld resorts of Chicago and other cities, were almost beyond belief. It would be hard to find in any hotels elsewhere, in the United States or abroad, a more lavish display of costly jewelry than the exhibits in the hotels of Des Moines, St. Paul, and Chicago of the women, very rarely their wives, that lived with these stock salesmen as their wives and diligently aided in putting the money of the farmers into circulation.

However, not all of the big agricultural income was thus dissipated. The farmer spent liberally for things that he and his family were entitled to have because of years of hard work and more than economical living, but which he had not felt able to buy, and, in a majority of cases, really was not in financial condition to buy. He often put electric lights and a modern heating plant and a bath room in his house. Nebraska is a purely agricultural state. There are nearly as many automobiles as families in Nebraska. Nebraska is one of the most important wheat growing states. The upkeep of its automobiles during 1920 amounted to more than the farm selling price of its wheat crop. The farmer had, until the war, rarely been able to reach that plane of living to which his hard and fundamentally important work should have lifted him. If the city working man and shop keeper is entitled to electric lights, modern heating, and a bath room, even more is the farmer entitled to these things; and on account of his isolated situation and his business needs, of all men he should have an automobile. But regardless of their merits, these investments in bath rooms and automobiles absorbed a great deal of the farmer's net income during the war period, and the money put into these things ceased to be capital productive in industry. In fact, much of this money was so invested as to call constantly for further non-productive investment.

The very high prices inevitably resulted in the increased prices of farms, land speculation, option buying, pyramiding, and all the features of that real estate speculative insanity that seizes both city and country when certain conditions come into existence. Farms that before the war were considered worth one hundred dollars an acre were, near the close of the war, sold for two hundred dollars and even three hundred dollars, per acre. The buyer paid one-fourth to one-half down. Very often he was a renter, who paid on his purchase all that he had accumulated to that time. The belief was all but universal and firm, that "we will never see again in this country low prices for farm products"; "land may go down for a year or so after the war, but it will soon recover—it has gone up to stay." To-day many farms could not be sold at pre-war prices. Thousands of farmers have lost or soon will have lost all that they have paid down on farms purchased. They consider themselves fortunate in a good many cases if this is all they lose, for the purchaser may have already owned and yet owns another farm and he cannot escape his purchase by abandoning it. The sellers do not wish to take back the land although the buyers forfeit what they have paid. In very, very many cases what was paid to the seller was promptly invested in "blue sky" stocks, and lost.

The extravagance bred of high prices was carried into public affairs. All manner of public improvements were projected. Villages erected, or obligated themselves to erect, very costly school buildings. Country churches were remodeled at several times the original cost. Laws were put through for the building of thousands of miles of good roads. The salaries of school teachers and public officials were doubled—the high cost of living justified this. Now modern school houses and churches and good roads are indeed commendable and it is a pity that hundreds of millions that went for "blue sky" stocks, did not go into these things; but regardless of their merit, these things cost money, and the funds put into them ceased to be funds pro-



ductive in industry except as the good roads were more efficient in marketing farm products. Unfortunately this has been more than offset by the time and money spent in driving automobiles for idle pleasure on good roads.

The extensive road improvements, already made or being made; the large, pretentious and expensive school buildings built or being built; and the high salaries paid and which have not yet been reduced—and will be difficult to reduce—have increased taxes, and by an increase most grievous now, when prices for most important farm products are at figures lower than pre-war prices.

Disrelish of taxes is a relic of the days when people were governed, without subterfuge, that persists to these days when the people are supposed to govern themselves; and farmers are affected much more by the really heavy tax burden than they would be by the reduction of their funds by an equal amount for other purposes. It is well known, also, that farmers pay more than their share of the local and state taxes, for the reason that a comparatively small fraction of their taxable property is of such nature that it can be hid from the assessor.

The gap between the price received by the farmer on the farm and the price paid by the ultimate consumer of the farm product, has been doubled or trebled and in some cases even multiplied by five or more. Freight rates are very much higher. On account of increased wages that are yet paid to nearly every one except the farmer, everyone concerned in any way in getting the farm product to the ultimate consumer gets a much larger bit of the price, and these bits are in effect not added to the price the consumer pays, but are clipped from the price the farmer receives. At any rate, there is no longer anything near the relation of price received by the farmer and price paid by the consumer, that existed during or before the war.

One remedy is certain—lack of profit will lead to decreased production. That is a Medes-and-Persian law of industry, though at times slow in operation—and decreased

production will lead to higher prices. This result of decreased production will be hastened and increased by concerted movement of large bodies of farmers that have already decreed reduced acreage and cultivation and have adopted the slogan: "Take Jenny out of the cornfield." The movement may reach an extreme that will seriously hurt other classes, and even the farmers themselves. For the farmer is the one man that cannot foretell production. The manufacturer of machines or cloth can tell beforehand how much will be made from a certain amount of material by a certain amount of labor. But the farmer cannot know even one week ahead what his crop may be. He is the one highest per cent gambler of all human beings. His crops are great or small, abundant or none at all, because of weather, insects and other factors which are partly or altogether beyond human control. If drought or flood, frost or excessive heat, insects and fungi, work with the farmer to reduce the production of the farm, the result may be serious to the city. But it is very certain that 1922 production will be less than 1921 or 1920 or 1919 production. It will probably be much less. That will aid mightily to remedy one thing—low prices—for the farmers.

Other remedies suggest themselves—remedies that other classes must aid in securing, and the normal purchasing capacity and disposition of the farmer are so important to the prosperity and comfort of other classes that if they are wise they will exert all their influence and accept for themselves reasonable present sacrifices to secure the application of these remedies. Among them are lower freight rates; economical public administration, resulting in lower taxes; prices of what the farmer should buy put on a parity with what he has to sell, brought about by lower freight rates, a lowering of wages in manufacture, transportation and merchandising to meet the rising wages in farming. Also the reduction in numbers and probably of profits of those employed in merchandising, especially retail mer-



chandising; more extensive and liberal credit facilities for farmers; a foreign trade policy that will aid in restoring the ability of foreign peoples to buy our products; and the husbanding of resources and economical management and living on the part of farmers.

Thousands of the farmers of the middle west will confess that this year the wife and hens have put in the family exchequer more real money than has come from the acres in grain. We import many millions of eggs from China. Turkeys sold on the farm the past November at forty to fifty cents a pound. The publishers of farm papers testify that wherever there is much dairying their subscribers renew promptly. Milking is hard work and must be done and on the average farm it must be done by hand. The farmer of the middle west is not altogether happy when he is not running a machine. But if the farmer digs out he must sell, not buy, eggs and butter; he must grow at home an abundant supply of potatoes, vegetables and fruits.

The uses of adversity may not be sweet, but they instruct, and the farmer is intelligent. And, further, when one has made a careful and unprejudiced study of the figures and facts in the case, he is forced to the conclusion—a correct conclusion—that the American farmers are as near bankruptcy as false friends and others have published to the world. The farmers have had a long and hard fall from the peak of 1919; but as compared with the pre-war period, they have more acres in cultivation; better fences, roads, barns, schools, churches, and homes; more automobiles, bath rooms and pianos. True, they have a total indebtedness of somewhat above five billion dollars; but that is only one-third of what they received for their products of the calamitous (?) year of 1921. True, there are very sad individual cases. But, as a body, the American farmers are not in as bad a condition as some—generally not “dirt farmers”—have proclaimed, nor in as bad a condition as very many farmers have honestly believed.

In the history of farming in the United States there have

been other periods of depression and hardship, but undoubtedly the period which presents the nearest parallel to the present was that immediately following the American Revolution. There were the same silly remedies proposed then as now, often of the nature of lifting one's self over the fence by one's boot straps, although it must be said that the farmers were not so foolish then as to pay handsomely to be herded into organizations that accomplish nothing but pay princely salaries to speechifying, demagogic, cunning, selfish "leaders". In that post-revolutionary period the women led the way back to prosperity by forming clubs to spin and to weave, and by pledging themselves to wear less expensive garments and to do more useful work; and the voice that sounded sanest and, rising above all others, went farthest, was the voice of the then venerable Franklin, who proclaimed that too many artisans and farmers had turned shop keeper; that poverty most often came from paying too much and buying too much; that farming and fisheries were true sources of wealth; and that as he who drew a fish out of the waters drew up a piece of silver, so every man who put a seed into the ground was recompensed many fold.

Agriculture is an industry of such character that the nation cannot afford to have it remain divorced from prosperity.

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## FROM THE BEGINNING

By WALTER BURR

You thought you had accomplished something new  
And wonderful when you removed the wires  
And by telephony talked 'round the world?  
Belated, clumsy, gross material thing!  
True lovers laughed at distance, ages gone;  
Souls worlds apart, long since abolished space—  
God talks to man from far infinitude!



# LAWS FAITHLESS TO OUR FOREFATHERS

By MATTHEW WOLL

**W**E are constantly reminded that the United States is a government of which we may be truly proud. Why do we say we have progressed further in the march of civilization, that we have advanced to a higher form of liberty than has any other nation or people? The question quite logically arises: which peculiarities or principles make our form of government different from all other governments?

Historians indicate that the process of assimilation which Rome initiated by war found its perfect development in this country. It was here that the first fugitives from persecution of all nations found an asylum. It was here that individuality was strengthened by the struggles with nature in her wildness, by the remoteness of abodes from ancient institutions, and by the war against the traditions of absolute power and superstitions. As a consequence, America has come to be marked by the readiest versatility, by the spirit of enterprise, and by the faculty of invention.

It was here that differences of opinions, of legalized religion, or of the power of property were subordinated to individuality and equality. The statesmen who drew the law of citizenship in 1776 made no distinction of nationalities or tribes, ranks or occupations, faith or wealth; they knew only inhabitants bearing allegiance to the governments of the several states in unison. Likewise, the representatives who drew the Declaration of Independence called themselves the spokesmen for "the good people of these colonies".

Born under such an environment, no nationality of char-

acter could take form, except on the principle of individuality, so that the mind might be free and every faculty have unlimited opportunity for development and culture. Because of this birth and these struggles, our theory of government is based on the right of struggle and the right to progress. And so the history of our land demonstrates that the workers of America have struggled and progressed.

Constitutional government is a limited government—not an absolute government. Here in America our government is limited in power by a written constitution, clarified by a declaration of fundamental rights, and made effective by the direct vote of the people in the case of state constitutions and by the indirect assent of the people through the action of state legislatures in the case of the federal constitution.

Two broad divisions mark our constitutional provisions; the one setting forth the rights and liberties retained by and guaranteed to the people; the other declaring the powers granted and authority delegated to the nation and left to the state. Of these two divisions the workers have regarded the former with greater concern and as the more important because their struggles have more directly related to the full attainment of their rights as free men co-equal with all other classes of citizens. Having attained this status, at least from a constitutional viewpoint, the future concern of the workers is being attracted now more and more upon the prerogatives assumed progressively and usurped by several of the departments of government and without specific authority from the people. Great concern is being manifested also regarding a number of proposals intended to broaden the governing influence and control of the state over activities and relations considered heretofore private in character and personal by nature.

Underlying and interpretative of both federal and state constitutions is the Declaration of Independence. The workers view the Declaration of Independence as a statement of fundamental intentions and as the guiding prin-



ciples upon which our national and state constitutions must be founded. They consider that laws, decisions, or decrees which violate those fundamental principles are at variance with the real intents and purposes for which this nation was founded.

The most important of these human principles expressly set forth in the Declaration of Independence are as follows:

All men are created equal; they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Our whole national structure is founded upon those principles. These declarations express the theory and philosophy, the alpha and omega, of our nation. Whenever these principles have been denied or repudiated turmoil and friction have taken place. Because these principles were not constitutionally applied originally to all classes of persons, friction and turmoil marked the beginning and development of our national existence. This is essentially true also of the workers' struggle for freedom and for equal opportunities.

What is popularly termed "the labor question" has ever confronted organized society. The progressive development, through the many centuries, of the workers from a condition of status to that of contractual relationship presents an interesting and instructive history. And we are not without our dramatic and tragic events in this constant struggle for freedom and equality of opportunities.

Prior to the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of our Federal Constitution, involuntary servitude, or compulsory labor, was recognized in the early colonies. Slave trade was first introduced into the American colonies in 1619. It was prompted by the King of England and a part of the English aristocracy who had large holdings in America.

When the historic Philadelphia Constitutional Convention was held in 1787 to formulate a national constitution it failed to observe fully the fundamental principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence in that it permitted slavery, compulsory labor, to exist.

Because of its failure to give full constitutional expression to fundamental principles and to provide adequate safeguards against infringements or encroachments upon the liberties of the people, considerable dissatisfaction was aroused. The people declined vigorously, beginning with the first Congress itself, to give their approval to the constitution as drafted. It was only after a most intensive campaign and the guarantee that the Bill of Rights would be included by way of amendments very soon thereafter that the several states finally ratified the national constitution. It was a little more than a year after the last state had ratified the constitution that the first ten amendments were adopted.

In connection with the attitude expressed toward slavery, compulsory labor, this remarkable incident is of peculiar importance and strongly evidences the great dissatisfaction which prevailed because the principles in the Declaration of Independence had not been equally applied to all classes of persons. While the Constitutional Convention was adopting Article four; section two, paragraph three, of the first constitution, and which provided that no person held to service or labor in one state under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered upon claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due, Congress was in session at New York and on the eleventh day of July reported an ordinance for the government of the territory of the United States northwest of Ohio, which contained specific provisions regarding personal liberty among which was the one that "there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in said territory, otherwise than in punishment of crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

This ordinance declared against compulsory or involuntary labor as well as against enslaving the black man. That the nation could have long continued half slave and half free was not within the realm of human possibilities.



We are still impressed with the great civil struggle that followed the enforcement of the universal recognition of the principles of freedom as enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, and the application of these principles to all classes of persons in our land. The Civil War and the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment were due primarily and principally to the failure originally to extend to every person within our government, the principles of liberty contained in the Declaration of Independence.

Unfortunately our courts, imbued with old doctrines and hide-bound precedents, were unable to grasp immediately the new conditions of affairs. It was in the case of *Robertson against Baldwin* that the United States Supreme Court attempted to limit and restrict the principles declared for in the Thirteenth Amendment in holding that a contract freely entered into and for a short period of time would compel the wage earner on penalty of imprisonment to give service under such a contract. Thus the courts attempted to continue and to legalize the practice of involuntary servitude, despite the constitutional prohibition.

This judicial interference with the constitutional rights of the workers was followed in 1900 by the United States Congress expressing its judgment on the question of involuntary servitude when our government annexed the Hawaiian Islands, where peonage had prevailed, by enacting a law which declared:

That no suit or proceedings shall be maintained for the specific performance of any contract heretofore or hereafter entered into for personal labor or service, nor shall any remedy exist or be enforced for breach of any such contract, except in a civil suit or proceedings instituted solely to recover damages for such breach.

Because of the feeling of resentment the judicial branch of the government had incurred by its interference with the constitutional rights of the workers, the United States Supreme Court reversed itself in the later case of *Bailey against Alabama* by the following interpretation of the Thirteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution:

The Thirteenth Amendment prohibits involuntary servitude except for punishment for crime, but the exception, allowing full latitude for the enforcement of penal laws, does not destroy the prohibition. It does not permit slavery or involuntary servitude to be established or maintained through the operation of the criminal law by making it a crime to refuse to submit to the one or to render the service which would constitute the other.

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What the state may not do directly it may not do indirectly.

There is no more important concern than to safeguard the freedom of labor, upon which alone can enduring prosperity be based.

When in 1915 Congress enacted the Seamen's Act and applied the Thirteenth Constitutional Amendment to men on sea as well as on land, the last vestige of slavery, of involuntary servitude, of compulsory labor, had been destroyed, at least in so far as our Federal Constitution was concerned. Labor's struggle finally ended triumphantly, at least in having our constitutional provisions made to conform to the principles of freedom and equality contained in the Declaration of Independence.

The Constitutional Convention, in determining the powers that should rightfully belong to the judicial branch of the government, never intended to grant to our courts the power to enact or to veto legislation. Any attempt to include such a power by constitutional enactment would have disclosed altogether too clearly the undemocratic, reactionary character of the proposed government and thus would have prevented the adoption of the constitution. It must be clear that a system of government which places such far-reaching power in the hands of a body not amenable to popular control is a constant menace to liberty and equality of opportunity. Such a power may accomplish the overthrow of inalienable and natural rights which the constitution expressly guarantees.

With the ascendancy of corporate wealth and influence, government by injunction has become an imposing feature in our system of government. The use made of the in-



junction in recent years in the conflicts between labor and capital has placed a large and important class of crimes beyond the pale of this constitutional safeguard. Moreover, this particular class of crimes is the one where denial of the right of trial by jury is bound to result in tyranny and oppression. Under the injunction process, courts have virtually assumed the power to enact criminal legislation and to punish as crimes acts which neither law nor public opinion condemns. Contempt proceedings inherently associated with the injunction process insure conviction in an overwhelming number of cases when the constitutional right of trial by jury would mean acquittal.

Then, too, these processes place a power and a weapon in the hands of the courts which the constitution never authorized and which organized wealth finds ever ready and convenient to use and is not slow in using whenever there is conflict with the wage earners.

It was to limit our Federal courts to the powers specifically delegated to them by the constitution and to prevent their further encroachment upon other departments of government that the workers pressed their demand on Congress for the enactment of legislation which would safeguard the constitutional rights of wage earners. In the enactment of the labor sections of the Clayton Law, Congress did intend to make it impossible to treat the wage earners as mere inanimate objects of trade and commerce, disconnected from the fortunes and happiness of living human beings, to be dealt with as objects of barter and sale. Congress also intended to deny our Federal courts the opportunity of further exercising the unwarrantable authority to issue injunctions in labor disputes, and Congress reaffirmed the guarantee of trial by jury in all contempt cases. But our Supreme Court, by an extremely narrow and strained construction, limited this legislative declaration of the workers' rights in their struggles for progress against capital to a degree amounting nearly to a complete annulment of the labor sections of the Clayton Law.

Again, our government is practically the only one in which the judiciary exercises, and has exercised, the veto power over the legislative department of government. This power was never conferred upon our courts by the Constitution. It is merely an assumption of authority by the ruling of the court in its own favor in the case of *Marbury against Madison* in 1803. This assertion of the judicial veto was promptly denied by President Jefferson, the leader of one great political party, and later by Abraham Lincoln, the leader of another great political party.

In no other country but ours is there a veto upon legislation by the courts. This usurped power, which the reactionary interests cling to as their last bulwark to stave off progress and the extension of equal rights of all to share in the benefits of the increasing wealth and of the comforts and opportunities of civilization, will prove as futile a barrier as bulrushes damming the Nile, would.

The workers of America have declared that it is essential that the people, acting directly, through Congress, or state legislatures, shall have final authority in determining which laws shall be enacted. It is proposed that steps must be taken to arouse the people of our country to demand that Congress or the people of the United States shall take immediate and required action to prevent our government from becoming a judicial autocracy instead of remaining a democracy.

It is probable, too, that in the future the anomaly of Federal judges being appointed, instead of being elected by the people, and holding office for life, will be abolished. This practice is both undemocratic and unrepblican. It is a practice that is autocratic and not in keeping with the spirit of our time. The wage earners of America propose that the judges of our Federal courts shall be elected by the people and that they shall be held responsible and accountable to them.

The latest and perhaps the most far-reaching struggle of American workers for the safeguarding of their con-



stitutional rights and liberties held to be inalienable by the Declaration of Independence opposes the efforts being made to enact compulsory arbitration laws and to establish industrial courts, such as we now find in the state of Kansas. These attempts to enslave again the workers and to enforce involuntary service, compulsory labor, are akin to the practice in vogue during the Middle Ages. To quote from Hallam's "Middle Ages", it was during this dark period in history that:

The right of purchasing men's goods for the use of the king was extended by a sort of analogy to their labor. Thus Edward the Third announces to all sheriffs that William of Walsingham had a commission to collect as many painters as might suffice for "our works in St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, to be at our wages as long as shall be necessary," and to arrest and keep in prison all who would refuse or be refractory, and enjoins them to lend their assistance. Windsor Castle owes its massive magnificence to laborers impressed from every part of the kingdom. There is even a commission from Edward the Fourth to take as many workmen in gold as were wanting, and employ them at the king's cost upon the trappings of himself and his household.

Precisely the same end is sought under compulsory arbitration and industrial court laws. Such legislative measures would substitute the dictum of law for the free and voluntary acts of individuals. Under this form of legislation we would force the workers from a relation of contract back again to a condition of involuntary servitude, and where the dominion of the state would govern, rather than the will of the man expressed individually or collectively.

To place power in the hands of the government, whether in the judicial or legislative branch, to fix labor relations, to determine the status of workers, and to prescribe the conditions of work and rewards for service, is in conflict with the fundamental principles upon which our government is predicated.

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## FORD'S CRUSADE FOR BUNK MONEY

*By* GUSTAVUS MYERS

**W**HEN, during an examination in court several years ago in a libel suit brought by him against a Chicago newspaper, Henry Ford scornfully declared that "history is bunk", he more than characterized the processes of his own mentality. He also—although unconsciously—reflected those of a certain proportion of our people. Every age has its peculiar style of egotism. But no age has approached ours in accrediting to itself unrivaled superiority. The marvels of scientific achievement have impressed popular imagination as establishing a civilization compared to which all that preceded us was puny. Judging solely by material splendor many persons feel sure that our generation is brilliantly distinct from its predecessor; that being more cultivated and wiser we need not consult precedent.

To the reflective the great war proved anew that in essentials our civilization is no different from the humanity of the past; externals vary, but the same passions and feelings persist, forming a continuous link with primitive eras. But upon the unthinking this philosophic lesson was lost. Mistaking mechanical excellence for the integrals of civilization—the things proceeding from mind and heart—they cannot see this truth. They know only that our grandfathers and those before them had none of the wondrous inventions of our day, and inasmuch as that was so they were of an inferior order. Of what concern are their experiences to us? Are there any lessons to be learned from generations that knew neither sky scrapers nor automobiles, electrical locomotion, airships, wireless? From this atti-



tude—it may well be called a prevalent conceit—has arisen a disdain of the value of the teachings of history. Indeed, the fashion is now uncommon of boasting of ignorance of historical information as if its study and contemplation were a disgraceful proof of a backward mind.

It is not surprising that at such a time proposals that in former eras were repeatedly tried and discarded should be brought forward with assurance as profound, newly-discovered, original principles, and that they should impose both upon some shallow self-styled molders of public opinion, as well as upon an uninformed crowd. Nor is it incongruous that Mr. Ford should obtrude himself as the originator, expositor, and promoter of the latest of these schemes. An enterprising, capable manufacturer of cheap automobiles, Mr. Ford has not, however, been noted for the efficacy of his ventures outside the realm of business. Popular memory may be fleeting but there will be no general difficulty in recalling his fantastic attempt in 1915 to stop the war by sending to Europe a missionary "peace ship", loaded with a motley assortment of pacifists who, if reports were to be believed, were in a jangle of discord on the way over. Unmindful of the obloquy attending that expedition, Mr. Ford later embarked upon a campaign of assailing what he termed "the international Jew." This, also, proved a fiasco as might have been foreseen by any perspicacious mind. Without allowing even a discreet interval between one campaign and another, Mr. Ford has now publicly announced his abandonment of his denunciations of Jews to urge what he is pleased to regard as his plan for a readjustment of the money question.

In the case of his previous undertakings serious criticism was superfluous, for they were of a nature that could safely be left to effect their own speedy undoing. At different times organized attempts have been made in America to arouse religious animosities and incite one creed against another. After spasmodic careers each dismally failed. The instilling of religious hatred is the kind of performance

that long ago was outlawed by the American people as opposed to the spirit of its institutions. But the money question is on a different footing; in advocating fiat issues the agitator—although he may not know it—is touching upon something that has intermittently long been an underlying weakness of some sections of American sentiment. Again and again during a period of more than a hundred and eighty years there have been fiat movements. Hard experience dissipated one after another, and it was thought on every occasion, finally. But after a period of deceptive quiescence, the agitation would reappear, needing only a leader to arouse it.

The advocacy of any issue by a single person may not at first glance seem important enough to notice. It happens, however, that in this matter the individual is one to whose utterance widespread newspaper publicity is freely given and to whom an unusual amount of public deference is accorded. The average American tendency to admire self-made exemplars of material success is in full evidence in Mr. Ford's case. His failures in sundry agitations are overlooked or forgotten while the fact that in seventeen years he has made a prodigious success in business stands out conspicuously in the popular mind as the sure proof of his capacity. In the common understanding there is no recognition that an ability may be specialized to one thing and one only; it is accepted as denoting ability in all things and as investing its possessor with the attributes of an oracle. Moreover, the sight of a man, having as he himself says, a bank balance of from one hundred and forty-five to one hundred and seventy-five million dollars. denouncing the "money power", gives him an air of a disinterested apostle of public good and assures a ready reception for his views, particularly in quarters ever willing to seize upon the old alluring idea of cheap fiat money.

Briefly stated, Mr. Ford's argument, put forth in the form of newspaper interviews, is this: Seeking to buy the Muscle Shoals plant in Alabama from the government,



he pointed out what seemed to him a feasible way of the government's completing the dam without issuing interest-bearing notes. The forty million dollars necessary could be issued in greenbacks based upon the potential earnings of the plant. Then Mr. Ford launched upon a disquisition on the evils of gold, and insisted that currency could and should be based upon natural resources.

The cause of all wars, he declared, was gold, and the profit derived from war. History tells an entirely different story—of ferocious wars waged by savage tribes that did not know gold at all; of protracted wars of barbarism against civilization; of bitter racial and flaming religious wars; of wars of conflicting cultures and dynasties; of revolutionary and counter-revolutionary wars; and of other wars impelled by a variety of causes. But what are historic facts to Mr. Ford? Concentrating his attention upon gold he sees in it the great curse which has enslaved humanity. He generously says that he would not destroy gold; he would retain it for use in the arts and "for other useful purposes", but he would displace it as a substitute for currency and put in its place "the world's imperishable natural resources". The best security behind money, he holds, "is energy in a productive form". He is positive that contractors would unhesitatingly adopt this kind of money "because there is behind it the good faith and credit of the American people".

All of this and more to the same effect has been proclaimed with a solemnity and certainty as though some momentous new principle had been suddenly revealed. But all of it is old and stale; the experiment that Mr. Ford would have the American people try has been attempted on a number of occasions only to result disastrously.

Fiat money was a favorite popular delusion in colonial times. "Why is not paper money as good as coin?" was the argument then current. "Have we not vast resources to support it and give it full value?" Long before the American Revolution, South Carolina issued fiat paper

money, but it progressively depreciated until by common consent it was abandoned.

Regardless of that experience fiat paper money was tried on a far more elaborate scale during the Revolution. In 1775 the plea was plausibly put forth that a country having such manifold rich natural resources did not need to resort to metal as a foundation for currency. The agitation for this kind of paper money made such headway that even many delegates to the Continental Congress favored it. When Mr. Ford declaims against interest-bearing bonds—which are based upon taxation—he is merely repeating what these delegates then asserted. “Do you think, gentlemen”, said one of them during a debate, “that I will consent to load my constituents with taxes, when we can send to our printer, and get a wagon load of money, one quire of which will pay for the whole?” Benjamin Franklin and some other practical thinkers opposed the scheme, but they were aspersed as instruments of the “moneyed men”. Fiat money advocates were numerous and loud and had their way; issue after issue of irredeemable paper money was manufactured and distributed.

The first effect was to give an appearance of prosperity with money circulating so plentifully. But this condition was artificial and brief. By 1777 prices had greatly risen; commodities could in general be bought only with specie; the Mennonites and Quakers in Pennsylvania refused to sell anything except for hard cash; and John Adams, writing from Massachusetts to a member of the Board of Treasury, described the general aversion to accepting paper money. The situation was worse the next year. In 1779 paper money had become almost valueless, and would hardly buy anything. Washington wrote that “a wagon load of money will hardly purchase a wagon load of provisions”. Gold and silver were privately hoarded and disappeared from circulation. Barter became the prevailing mode of commerce. Convinced of the folly of its irredeemable paper issues, the Continental Congress in 1780



put an end to Continental money, the act of that year declaring forty paper dollars equivalent to one in specie. But the actual difference in rate of exchange was far more: in the south one hundred and twenty paper dollars were demanded for one coin dollar.

New issues of paper money by Congress were based upon credit of the states. By 1781 the value of these paper dollars had so shrunk that it took two hundred and fifty to three hundred of them to procure one hard dollar. It was found impossible to transact business in paper money and its use ceased. Gold and silver were thereby forced from hiding, and specie became the money medium.

The value of the revolutionary paper money was predicated upon the Revolution succeeding and upon the abundance of natural wealth. Doubt of success may have had some share in the depreciation of paper money. But after the revolutionary cause was won, the results of fiat paper money were the same. In 1786 when military and other creditors importuned the states for payment, agitators pointed out that an easy way to discharge debts to them was to issue paper money. Under the influence of this new frenzy, nearly all of the states poured forth fiat money. The consequences were like those during the Revolution. This time, however, the people learned the salutary lesson. So wide were the ruination and misery caused by this issue of paper money and so intense the feeling, that when the Federal Constitution was under consideration care was taken to prevent a repetition. The original draft gave a qualified permission to the states to issue money. The final draft took away from them all power to coin money, emit bills of credit, or make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts.

Skipping over the interval between then and 1861, it is only necessary to outline as a further illustration events during and following the Civil War. During that conflict the United States government issued four hundred and fifty million dollars of greenbacks or legal tender. Orig-

inally they were convertible at the option of the holder into bonds bearing coin interest, but this provision was repealed in 1863. They then became irredeemable paper. The effects were instantaneous. To protect themselves against loss by fluctuations in the value of the currency, contractors and dealers advanced prices and kept advancing them. But the wages of labor were not advanced proportionately. The successive advances in prices were so many virtual curtailments of pay of workers and soldiers; it was upon the classes least able to afford the expense that the financial burdens of the war fell with the greatest weight. Greenbacks in the year 1864 were worth only thirty-five cents per gold dollar. In California business men declined to receive them except at their value in gold, and an act was passed by the California legislature—which was upheld by the highest courts—allowing contracts to be enforceable in any kind of money stipulated by the parties.

The Confederate financial system—or lack of system—was based upon the very fallacies that Mr. Ford now revives. The Confederacy avoided any real method of paying the cost of the war by taxation; it issued large quantities of irredeemable paper, and paid interest on loans in this paper. The south was deluged with paper money issued not only by the Confederate government but by the states, cities, banks, and even factories, turnpike, and insurance companies. It all became nearly worthless before the close of the war; and it has long been the opinion of competent students that had military force not succeeded in overthrowing it, the Confederacy would have collapsed financially.

Despite these experiences a greenback delirium came in the decade after the Civil War. That war left a huge debt which had to be paid in taxation. The very evils for which the irredeemable greenback issues were responsible were now singularly enough made the basis of a demand for more greenbacks. Originating at the time of the panic of 1873, the Greenback Party asked why bondholders should be paid interest in gold, while soldiers and sailors had been



paid in depreciated greenbacks. It declared that all bonds which did not distinctly call for payment in coin should be redeemed in greenbacks. But the real aim of its agitation was "cheap money" to provide creditors with a facile means of discharging their debts. This movement persisted for nearly ten years. In its secondary stage, as the Greenback-Labor Party, it polled more than a million votes and then rapidly dwindled into nothingness. Succeeding it came the free silver movement which for a time made a great noise and then, also, passed away.

This is no place for a complete exposition of the subject. Only a few cogent facts have been related here, but they are enough to show that Mr. Ford had many progenitors in theory, each of whom was as confident that the system and solution he advocated were unerringly right. There are critics who accuse Mr. Ford of having an obsession in seeing conspiracies of "international Jew" and "international banker", but in justice to Mr. Ford it should be explained that he is unwittingly following in the footsteps of a line of predecessors. Orthodox socialist spokesmen have been addicted to the dictum that wars were hatched by "capitalistic conspiracies". Going farther back we note Greenback Party leaders ascribing social and industrial ills to "conspiracies of associated monopolies". Traveling still farther back to the time of the American Revolution we find evidence of this passion for detecting conspiracies. "The poorer sort look cunning, and give hints that the rich are aiming at a depreciation", wrote John Adams. It is a persisting delusion, that of conspiracies, and with but the thinnest change of guise, it is now again being offered for public consumption.

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## FIRST AID TO AMERICANIZATION

*By* RALPH H. BEVAN

**T**HE world war and Bolshevism have sufficiently stressed the very great importance of Americanization calculated to transform unassimilated or ignorant elements into cordially co-operating and intelligent classes of a united nation. Americanization is in miniature the delicate problem which the European nations must solve to live together in sympathetic co-operation. It calls for a wisdom and tact exceeding any hitherto displayed anywhere in the world. It cannot be solved without application of those enlightened principles needed to bring team work and health to the distracted world.

Too often Americanization has been identified with the dispersion of foreign colonies. Yet the settling of foreigners in congenial groups is useful as well as natural except where such groups are impervious to American influences. And even where foreign colonies are of a size or kind to involve dangerous isolation, efforts at distribution must be based on the most thorough consideration of probable consequences from many standpoints. Otherwise existing perils are likely to be followed by worse ones.

The confusion of Americanization with the teaching of English, according to Professor Miller of Oberlin College, has brought lasting evils more serious than ignorance of English. Very many, if not most, of our immigrants have sought refuge here from attempts to suppress national individuality—especially language. They have an almost religious devotion to their native tongues. For their languages their peoples have often struggled even unto death. Immigrants are unreasonably suspicious and antagonistic



as to Americanization identified with the learning of English. It reminds them of European tyrannies. Americanization, moreover, which implies the inferiority of foreign literatures and cultures, besides strengthening suspicions that should be disarmed, encourages disrespect of foreign parents. It undermines their authority—their ability to bring up their children as law-abiding citizens. While rendering the parents less loyal, it weakens the character of their children. Yet are not character and loyalty incomparably the most important requisites of good citizens?

Entertaining reading in foreign languages, provided it is uplifting or instructive, may not only keep men out of mischief, but arm them against irresponsible agitators. Has not Americanization by the most enlightened library methods weighty claims as compared with lessons in English likely to antagonize? Cordial sympathy and appreciation cannot be more surely won than by the force of irresistible example. Can an America great-hearted and broad-minded enough to appreciate the best in all literatures, religions, and cultures fail to enjoy the grateful co-operation of the peoples welcomed into her cosmopolitan embrace? And a country far-sighted enough to respect the cultures of the parents must profit in its national character from thus reinforcing parental authority and control over the children.

The value of English for useful citizenship is not questioned. Yet its main importance is as a personal advantage in innumerable ways to the immigrant himself. If Americanization gives us upright, informed, and faithful citizens, the obvious worth of English to immigrants themselves can be depended on to insure their learning it in almost all cases. This is proved by the fact that even before the importance of making our foreigners love America as home was realized, over two-thirds acquired our tongue of their own initiative. According to the census of 1910, seven out of ten million non-English-speaking immigrants

had learned English outside of schools. And if sympathetic concern for our foreigners' improvement and happiness does not sufficiently stimulate spontaneous interest in our language, cannot such interest most safely and effectually be stimulated by some incidental and tactful devices for adults analogous to the library diploma offered children for voluntary vacation reading?

If librarians and others grappling with the very important problem of Americanization find its knotty complexities and dilemmas disheartening, they may, perhaps, brace themselves with the thought that nothing worth while is easily achieved. And the travail of intelligent struggle measures the greatness of its probable fruits. Americanization workers are tackling, as localized in the United States, most of the problems of the human race. There may be legitimate inspiration in the realization that one is evolving workable principles of tolerance and sympathy in the application of which the demoralized world may find salvation from its dilemmas.

The value of censure to eliminate shortcomings is not questioned. Yet citizens should be even more zealous in appreciation. That, encouraging the good, tends not only to cut out the bad, but to do so by displacing it with something better.

Unless citizens do not owe it to the nation and themselves to encourage effort beneficial to both, warm commendation is certainly due our public libraries. So accustomed are we to their high standards of equipment and personnel—of courtesy and efficiency—that we accept them as a matter of course. As, however, the average person will on a moment's thought gratefully admit the incalculable addition the libraries are to public welfare, a general appreciation, even if possible within the limits of a short paper, would be superfluous. A recent widening and intensifying of their activities for community uplift and Americanization, nevertheless, may perhaps be usefully noticed. That, while illustrating their value and progres-



siveness, is a less familiar phase of our libraries' service whose deserved recognition may prove very salutary for the nation.

The imperative needs for moral uplift and Americanization require not to be stressed. The first has always been painfully obvious. On the perils of unassimilated or ignorant populations, the world conflagration and Bolshevism have just thrown their lurid light. Our many alien elements must be taught co-operation in a common love for our institutions. They must be educated into intelligent, loyal citizens. Of the importance of this we have had awful warning. Let us take to heart, and profit from, our lessons. Otherwise perchance shall we deserve the disasters which threaten.

The overshadowing need for uplift and Americanization cannot be met in the home. Where such a need exists, it is because of the unfitness of the home itself, to which indeed the need belongs. Textbooks and schools can be improved as means to liberal Americanism. But school hours are more than filled with subjects already in the curriculum and reasonably claiming a place there. It is the libraries that have the child's free, spontaneous time at their disposal. Theirs is a grand opportunity to put the nation incalculably in their debt. They have the chance properly to fashion its character at its most plastic stage!

Then there is the improvement of adult immigrants. Here our dependence on far-sighted libraries would seem even more complete. Are we to be saved from bar rooms which teach contempt for law—which are even more demoralizing than those which merely ruined men? Are we to be secure from an anarchistic explosion for us at least many times more calamitous than the great war? And if so, to whom shall we owe these immeasurable benefits more than to enlightened libraries? The veriest tyro can see it. Theirs is indeed a golden opportunity!

The effective means employed by advanced library methods to induce habits of profitable reading and turn out valuable citizens may now be illustrated. There are the

reading and science clubs, the story hour, and the reading diploma. Suburban excursions of science clubs contribute to physical and moral as well as mental health. The library reading diploma is given for satisfactory evidence that specified vacation reading has been advantageously done. Being earned voluntarily under competent direction, it would appear admirably adapted to develop a spontaneous interest in worth while reading.

A tangible goal is a spur, even for adults. Visible proof of accomplishment is a powerful motive, especially for children. And the child is particularly desirous of what his companions are getting. Forced attendance at church, again, has often caused lasting dislike. Persuading the young to instructive reading of their own free choice, the library diploma for vacation reading seems nicely adjusted to cultivate uplifting reading habits.

A noteworthy feature of community education by alert libraries, as typified by a branch library observed, is the skilful use of artistic hand-made bulletins in prominent places, and of drawings, diagrams, magazine illustrations, photographs, pictures, models, etc. Under this head comes the kaleidoscopic library museum. Probably the librarians themselves would be the first to object to a title so dignified. A few square feet of informing specimens or representations have to constitute the "museum" in a small branch library. Very modest this fascinating magnet for children may indeed be. It is, nevertheless, a constant succession of varied scenes—a perpetual panorama in miniature. It is an ever active radiator of wholesome knowledge, vividly illustrating in turn the sciences of human, animal, plant, and inanimate existence.

By the various means suggested, practical information, general, scientific, and cultural—on current topics, history, biography, zoology, botany, elementary ethics, and numberless other important subjects—is imparted. The vast good thus accomplished is so quietly done that it is in danger of being underestimated. It is not achieved, however,



let the public thankfully remember, without the expenditure of much time and thought, and by librarians carefully trained in community uplift and Americanization.

One of the most notable features of library activities which has recently attracted attention was an undertaking so enterprising as to receive commendatory notice in *Public Libraries*. This was a personal house to house canvass of their district by the librarians of a branch of the Providence public library. The canvass was to inform the library of its opportunities to enlarge its service, and the neighborhood of its library advantages. It was not without disagreeable experiences, requiring pluck to carry through. But it revealed unexpectedly numerous and varied foreign elements. And it acquainted such with facilities for reading in their own languages which they had not even realized.

In the case of the branch library used as an example, the consequences of up-to-date devices such as those indicated, were most gratifying. Reading on approved subjects was increased over nine hundred per cent. Two hundred and fifty children have been known to enjoy a single educational story hour. And attendance, according to a count in the busy season, was multiplied to at least seven times what the branch could accommodate according to accepted standards. To cap the climax, moreover, the State Federation of Women's Clubs, together with a neighborhood organization, has been moved to consider, jointly with this branch library, a co-operative movement to carry forward the very important work of Americanization with the greatest success. If these results are typical, our libraries' opportunity to extend their uplift and Americanization service would seem limited only by the resources available for expansion. Hard indeed would it be to exaggerate the illimitable national benefits of stimulating, the country over, an innovation of such far-reaching, cumulative possibilities!

The world has invested billions in battleships. These may presently be rendered worthless by improved bombing planes and submarines. Under existing circumstances it

is cheering to remind ourselves that there have been philanthropists wise enough to endow libraries. These are for the building of a national character and far-sighted Americanism that will make for world peace and co-operation. May all leaders and helpers in such work as is here outlined never lack substantial appreciation and support! May they ever have encouragement and means energetically to carry out their beneficent policy. May they be enabled to develop and expand to the utmost the library service as an institution for uplift, Americanization, and progress!

### LITTLE HOUSE

*By* MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

The little house! It is so small  
I have not found it yet at all,  
And as year follows patient year,  
Strange towns of countries far and near,  
Return the answer: "Nay, not here!"  
And yet I know the lamplight falls  
Caressingly upon its walls,  
And I would touch them if I could,  
To know if they are stone or wood.

There is a chair for you, and there  
The light falls golden on your hair,  
But—with your graying lips unkissed,  
The spiral shadows coil and twist  
About you as you turn to mist.  
Our little house! Its window panes,  
Stung by a thousand passionate rains,  
Are blind with ivy, and the moss  
Creeps on the sill that we must cross.

It would not be so hard to wait,  
If I were sure about the gate.  
A broken latch were trivial now  
To dazzled eyes, that marveled how  
The sunrise rested on your brow—  
But dawn is terrible, unless  
Love soothes its awful loveliness.  
Ah, love what fierce dawns storm and dare  
The little house that waits somewhere!



## A NEGLECTED AND MYSTERIOUS GENIUS

*By* ARTHUR SYMONS

**E**XACTLY one hundred years ago, on the nineteenth of March, 1821, Sir Richard Burton was born; he died at Trieste on the nineteenth of October, 1890, at the age of seventy. He was superstitious; the fact that he was born and that he died on the nineteenth has its significance. On the night when he expired, as his wife was saying prayers to him, a dog began that dreadful howl which the superstitious say denotes a death. It was an evil omen; I have heard long after midnight dogs howl in the streets of Constantinople; their howling is only broken by the tapping of the bekje's iron staff; it sounds like loud wind or water far off, waning and waxing, and at times, as it comes across the water from Stamboul, it is like a sound of strings, plucked and scraped savagely by an orchestra of stringed instruments.

In every age there have been I know many neglected men of genius, undiscovered, misunderstood, mocked in the fashion Jesus Christ was mocked by the Jews, scorned as Dante was scorned when he was exiled from Florence, called a madman as Blake used to be called, censured as Swinburne was in 1866, for being "an unclean fiery imp of the pit" and "the libidinous laureate of a pack of satyrs;" so the greatest as the least—the greatest whose names are always remembered and the least whose names are invariably forgotten—have endured the same prejudices; have been lapidated by the same stones; such stones as Burton refers to when he writes in Mecca:

“On the great festival day we stoned the Devil, each man with seven stones washed in seven waters, and we said, while throwing the stones, ‘In the name of Allah—and Allah is Almighty—I do this in hatred of the Devil, and to his shame’.”

Burton was a great man, a great traveler and adventurer, who practically led to the discovery of the sources of the Nile; a wonderful linguist, he was acquainted with twenty-nine languages: he was a man of genius; only, the fact is, he was not a great writer. Continually thwarted by the English government, he was barred from some of the most famous expeditions by the folly of his inferiors who ignorantly supposed they were his superiors; and as Sir H. H. Johnston says in some of his notes, not only was Burton treated unjustly, but his famous pilgrimage to Mecca won him no explicit recognition from the Indian government; his great discoveries in Africa, Brazil, Syria, and Trieste were never appreciated; and, worst of all, he was refused the post of British Minister in Morocco; it was persistently denied him. He adds: “Had he gone there we might long since have known—what we do not know—the realities of Morocco.”

Still, when Burton went to India I do not imagine he was likely to suffer from any hostility on the part of the natives nor of the rulers. Lord Clive, who, in Browning’s words “gave England India,” which was the result of his incredible victory in 1751 over the Nabob’s army of sixty thousand men, was never literally “loved” by the races of India; no more than Sir Warren Hastings. Still, Clive had genius, which he showed in the face of a bully he caught cheating at cards and in his mere shout at him: “You did cheat, go to Hell!” Impeached for the splendid service he had done in India he was acquitted in 1773; next year, having taken to opium, his own hand dealt himself his own doom. So he revenged himself on his country’s ingratitude.



So did Burton revenge himself—not in deeds but in words, words, if I may say so, that are stupendous:

"I struggled for forty-seven years, I distinguished myself honorably in every way I possibly could. I never had a compliment nor a 'thank you', nor a single farthing. I translated a doubtful book in my old age, and I immediately made sixteen thousand guineas. Now that I know the tastes of England we need never be without money."

Burton first met Swinburne in 1861 at Lord Houghton's house, who, having given him "The Queen Mother", said:

"I bring you this book, because the author is coming here this evening, so that you may not quote him as an absurdity to himself."

In the summer of 1865 Swinburne saw a great deal of Burton. These two men, externally so dissimilar, had taken (as Swinburne said to me) a curious fancy, an absolute fascination, for one another. Virile and a mysterious adventurer, Burton was Swinburne's senior by sixteen years; one of those things that linked them together was certainly their passionate love of literature. Burton had also—which Swinburne might perhaps have envied—an almost unsurpassable gift for translation, which he shows in his wonderful version of "The Arabian Nights." He used to say:

"I have not only preserved the spirit of the original, but the *mécanique*. I don't care a button about being prosecuted, and if the matter comes to a fight, I will walk into the court with my Bible and my Shakespeare and my Rabelais under my arm, and prove to them that before they condemn me, they must cut half of *them* out, and not allow them to be circulated to the public."

In his foreword to the first volume of his translation dated Wanderers' Club, August fifteenth, 1885, he says:

"This work, laborious as it may appear, has been to me a labor of love, an unfailing source of solace and satisfaction. During my long years of official banishment to the luxurious and deadly deserts of western Africa, it proved truly a charm, a talisman against ennui and despondency.

The Jinn bore me at once to the land of my predilection, Arabia. In what is obscure in the original there are traces of Petronius Arbiter and of Rabelais; only, subtle corruption and covert licentiousness are wholly absent."

Therefore, in order to show the wonderful quality of his translation I have chosen certain of his sentences, which literally bring back to me all that I have felt of the heat, the odor and the fascination of the East.

So I donned my mantilla, and, taking with me the old woman and the slave girl, I went to the Khan of the merchants. There I knocked at the door and out came two white slave girls, both young, high-bosomed virgins, as they were moons. They were melting a perfume whose like I had never before smelt; and so sharp and subtle was the odor that it made my senses drunken as with strong wine. I saw there also two great censers each big as a mazzar bowl, flaming with aloes, nard, perfumes, ambergris and honied scents; and the place was full of their fragrance.

The next quotation is from "The Tale of the Fisherman and the Jinn:"

He loosened the lid from the jar, he shook the vase to pour out whatever might be inside. He found nothing in it; whereat he marveled with an exceeding marvel. But presently there came forth from the jar a smoke which spread heavenwards into ether (whereat again he marveled with mighty marvel) and which trailed along the earth's surface till presently, having reached its full height, the thick vapors condensed, and became an Ifrit, huge of bulk, whose crest touched the clouds when his feet were on the ground.

I have before me Smithers' privately printed edition (1894) of "The Carmina of Caius Valerius Catullus, now first completely Englished into Verse and Prose, the Metrical Part by Captain Sir Richard Burton, and the Prose Portion by Leonard C. Smithers." Burton is right in saying that "the translator of original mind who notes the innumerable shades of tone, manner and complexion will not neglect the frequent opportunities of enriching his mother-tongue with novel and alien ornaments which shall justify the accounted barbarisms until formally naturalized and adopted. He must produce an honest and faithful copy,



adding naught to the sense or abating aught of its *cachet*." He ends his foreword:

"As discovery is mostly my mania, I have hit upon a bastard urging to indulge it, by a presenting to the public of certain classics in the nude Roman poetry, like the Arab, and of the same date."

Certainly Burton leaves out nothing of the nakedness that startles one in the verse of Catullus: a nakedness that is as honest as daylight and as shameless as night. When the text is obscene his translation retains its obscenity; which on the whole, is rare: for the genius of Catullus is elemental, primitive, nervous, passionate, decadent in the modern sense, and in the modern sense, perverse. In his rhymed version of the "Attis", Burton has made a prodigious attempt to achieve the impossible. Not being a poet, he was naturally unable to follow the rhythm—the galliambic metre, in which Catullus obtains variety of rhythm; for, as Robinson Ellis says:

"It remains unique as a wonderful expression of abnormal feeling in a quasi-abnormal metre. Quasi-abnormal however only: for no poem of Catullus follows stricter laws, or succeeds in conveying the idea of a wild freedom under a more carefully masked regularity."

As one must inevitably compare two translations of the same original, I have to point out that Burton's rendering is, both metrically and technically, inaccurate; whereas, in another rendering the translator has at least preserved the exact metre, the exact scansion, and the double endings at the end of every line; not of course, in this case, employing the double rhymes Swinburne used in his translation from Aristophanes. These are Burton's first lines:

O'er high deep seas in speedy ship his voyage Atys sped  
Until he trod the Phrygian grove with hurried eager tread  
And as the gloomy tree-shorn stead, the she-god's home, he sought  
There sorely stung with fiery ire and madman's raging thought,  
Share he with sharpened flint the freight wherewith his frame  
was fraught.

These are the first lines of the other version :

Over ocean Attis sailing in a swift ship charioted  
When he reached the Phrygian forests, and with rash foot  
violently

Trod the dark and shadowy regions of the goddess, wood-  
garlanded

And with ravening madness ravished, and his reason abandoning  
him,

Seized a pointed flint and sundered from his flesh his virility.

Burton himself admitted that he was a devil; for said he: "the Devil entered into me at Oxford." Evidently, also, besides his mixture of races, he was a mixture of the normal and the abnormal; he was perverse and passionate; he was imaginative and cruel; he was easily stirred to rage. Nearly six feet in height, he had, together with his broad shoulders, the small hands and feet of the Orientals; he was Arab in his prominent cheek bones; he was gypsy in his terrible, magnetic eyes—the sullen eyes of a stinging serpent. He had a deeply bronzed complexion, a determined mouth, half hidden by a black moustache, which hung down in a peculiar fashion on both sides of his chin. This peculiarity I have often seen in men of the wandering tribe in Spain and in Hungary. Wherever he went he was welcomed by the gypsies; he shared with them their horror of a corpse, of death scenes, and of grave yards.

"He had the same restlessness", wrote his wife, "which could stay nowhere long nor own any spot on earth. Hagar Burton, a gypsy woman, cast my horoscope, in which she said: 'You will bear the name of our tribe, and be right proud of it. You will be as we are, but far greater than we.' I met Richard two months later, in 1856, and was engaged to him."

It is a curious fact that John Varley who cast Blake's horoscope in 1820, also cast Burton's; who, as he says, had finished his "Zodiacal Physiognomy" so as to prove that every man resembled after a fashion the sign under which he was born. His figures are either human or bestial; some remind me of those where men are represented in the form



of animals in Giovanni della Porta's "Fisonomia dell' Uomo" (Venice, 1668) which is before me as I write. Swinburne himself once showed to me his copy of the same book. Nor have I ever forgotten his saying to me, in regard to Burton's nervous fears:

"The look of unspeakable horror in those eyes of his gave him, at times, an almost unearthly appearance." He added: "This reminds me of what Kiomi says in Meredith's novel: 'I'll dance if you talk of dead people,' and so begins to dance and to whoop at the pitch of her voice. I suppose both had the same reason for this force of fear: to make the dead people hear." Then he flashed at me this unforgettable phrase: "Burton had the jaw of a devil and the brow of a god."

In one of his letters he says, I suppose by way of *persiflage* in regard to himself and Burton: "En moi vous voyez Les Malheurs de la Vertu, en lui Les Prospérités du Vice." In any case, it is to entertain Burton, when he writes: "I have in hand a scheme of mixed verse and prose—a sort of *étude à la Balzac plus* the poetry—which I flatter myself will be more offensive and objectionable to Britannia than anything I have done: 'Lesbia Brandon.' You see I have now a character to keep up, and by the grace of Coytto I will."

Swinburne began "Lesbia Brandon" in 1859; he never finished it; what remains of it consists of seventy-five galleys, number twenty-five to ninety-seven, besides four unprinted chapters. The first, "A Character", was written in 1864; "An Episode", in 1866, "Turrus Eburnea", in 1886; "La Bohême Dédorée", must have been written a year or two later. Mr. Gosse gives a vivid description of Swinburne, who was living in number thirteen Great James Street, and who was never weary of his unfinished novel, reading to him parts of two chapters in June 1877.

"He read two long passages, the one a ride over a moorland by night, the other the death of his heroine, Lesbia Brandon. After reading aloud all these things with amazing violence, he seemed quite exhausted."

It is possible to decipher a few sentences from two pages of his manuscript; first, in "Turris Eburnea:"

"Above the sheet, below the boudoir," said the sage. Her ideal was marriage, to which she clung, which revealed to astonished and admiring friends the vitality of a dubious intellect within her. She had not even the harlot's talent of discernment.

This is Leonora Harley. In "La Bohême Dédorée" we read:

Two nights later Herbert received a note from Mr. Linley inviting him to a private supper. Feverish from the contact of Mariani and hungry for a chance of service, he felt not unwilling to win a little respite from the vexation of patience. The sage had never found him more amenable to the counsel he called reason. Miss Brandon had not lately crossed his way. Over their evening Leonora Harley guided with the due graces of her professional art. It was not her fault if she could not help asking her younger friend when he had last met a darker beauty: she had seen him once with Lesbia.

In 1848 Burton determined to pass in India for an Oriental; the disguise he assumed was that of a half-Arab, half-Iranian, thousands of whom can be met along the northern shore of the Persian Gulf. He set out on his first pilgrimage as Mirza Abdulla the Bushiri, as a *buzzaz*, vendor of fine linen, muslins and *bijouterie*; he was admitted to the harems, he collected the information he required from the villagers; he won many women's hearts, he spent his evenings in the mosques; and, after innumerable adventures, he wended his way to Mecca. His account of this adventure is thrilling. The first cry was: "Open the way for the Haji who would enter the House!" Then:

Two stout Meccans, who stood below the door, raised me in their arms, whilst a third drew me from above into the building. At the entrance I was accosted by a youth of the Benu Shazban family, the true blood of the El Hejaz. He held in his hand the huge silver-gilt padlock of the Ka'abeh, and presently taking his seat upon a kind of wooden press in the left corner of the hall, he officially inquired my mother-nation, and other particulars. The replies were satisfactory, and the boy Mohammed was authoritatively ordered to conduct me round the building,



and to recite the prayers. I will not deny that, looking at the windowless walls, the officials at the door, and a crowd of excited fanatics below—"and the place death, considering who I was," my feelings were those of the trapped rat description, acknowledged by the immortal nephew of his uncle Perez. A blunder, a hasty action, a misjudged word, a prayer or bow, not strictly the right shibboleth, and my bones would have whitened the desert sand. This did not, however, prevent my carefully observing the scene during our long prayer, and making a rough plan with a pencil upon my white *ihram*.

After having seen the howling dervishes in Scutari in Asia, I can imagine Burton's excitement when in Cairo he suddenly left his stolid English friends, joined in the shouting gesticulating circle, and behaved as if to the manner born: he held his diploma as a master dervish. In Scutari I felt the contagion of these dancers, where the brain reels, and the body is almost swept into the orgy. I had all the difficulty in the world keeping back the woman who sat beside me from leaping over the barrier and joining the dervishes. In these I felt the ultimate, because the most animal, the most irrational, the most insane, form of Eastern ecstasy. It gave one an impression of witchcraft; one might have been in Central Africa, or in some saturnalia of barbarians.

There can be no doubt that Burton always gives a vivid and virile impression of his adventures; yet, as I have said before, something is lacking in his prose; not the vital heat, but the vision of what is equivalent to vital heat. I have before me a letter sent from Hyderabad by Sarojini Naidu who says:

All is hot and fierce and passionate, ardent and unashamed in its exulting and importunate desire for life and love. And, do you know, the scarlet lilies are woven petal by petal from my heart's blood, those quivering little birds are my soul made incarnate music, these heavy perfumes are my emotions dissolved into aerial essence, this flaming blue and gold sky is the "Very You," that part of me that incessantly and insolently, yes, and a little deliberately, triumphs over that other part—a thing of nerves and tissues that suffers and cries out, and that must die tomorrow perhaps, or twenty years hence.

In these sentences the whole passionate, exotic, and perfumed East flashes before me—a vision of delight and of distresses—and, as it were, all that slumbers in their fiery blood.

“Not the fruit of experience,” wrote Walter Pater, “but experience itself, is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated dramatic life. To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life.”

Alas, how few lives out of the cloud-covered multitude of existences have burned always with this flame! I have said somewhere that we can always, in this world, get what we want, if we will it intensely enough. So few people succeed greatly because so few people can conceive a great end, and work towards that without tiring and without deviating. The Adventurer of whom I am writing failed, over and over again, in spite of the fact that he conceived and could have executed great ends: never by his own fault, always by the fault of others.

Richard Burton dedicated his literal version of the epic of Camoens to “The Prince of the Lyric Poets of his Day, Algernon Charles Swinburne.” He begins: “My dear Swinburne, accept the unequal exchange—my brass for your gold. Your ‘Poems and Ballads’ began to teach the Philistine what might there is in the music of language, and what marvel of lyric inspiration, far subtler and more ethereal than poetry, means to the mind of man.”

In return for this, Swinburne dedicated to him “Poems and Ballads,” Second Series: “Inscribed to Richard F. Burton in redemption of an old pledge and in recognition of a friendship which I must always count among the highest honors of my life.”

It was nine years before then that they were together in the south of France when Swinburne was seized by a severe illness; and as he assured me, it was Burton who, with more than a woman’s care and devotion, restored him to health. The pledge—it was not the covenant sealed be-



tween the two greatest, the two most passionate lovers in the world, Iseult and Tristan, on the deck of that ship which was the ship of Life, the ship of Death, in the mere drinking of wine out of a flagon, which, being of the nature of a most sweet poison, consumed their limbs and gave intoxication to their souls and to their bodies—but a pledge in the wine Swinburne and Burton drank in the hot sunshine.

For life's helm rocks to windward and lee,  
And time is as wind, and as waves are we,  
And song is as foam that the sea-waves fret,

Though the thought at its heart should be deep as the sea.

It was in July 1869 that Swinburne joined the Burtons and Mrs. Sartoris at Vichy. As I have never forgotten Swinburne's wonderful stories about Burton—besides those on Rossetti and Mazzini—I find in a letter of his to his mother words he might really have altered:

If you had seen *him*, when the heat and the climb and the bothers of traveling were too much for me—in the very hot weather—helping, waiting on me—going out to get me books to read in bed—and always kind, thoughtful, ready, and so bright and fresh that nothing but a lizard (I suppose that is the most insensible thing going) could have resisted his influence—I feel sure you would like him (you remember you said you didn't) and then—love him, as I do. I never expect to see his like again—but *him* I do hope to see again, and when the time comes to see him at Damascus as H. B. M. Consul.

They traveled in carriages, went to Clermont-Ferrand, where Pascal was born; then to Le Puy-en-Velay. In 1898 I stayed with the Countess de la Tour in the Chateau de Chameâne, Puy de Dame, and after leaving her I went to Le Puy-en Velay. I hated it, the Burtons did not. Stuck like a limpet on a rock, the main part of the town seems to be clinging to the side of the hill on which the monstrous statue desecrates the sky. At night I saw its gilt crown merge into a star, but by day it is intolerably conspicuous, and at last comes to have an irrational fascination, leading one to the very corners where it can be seen best. And always, do what you will, you cannot get away from this statue. It spoils the sky. The little cloister,

with its ninth century columns, is the most delightful spot in Le Puy; only the intolerable statue from which one cannot escape, showed me nature and humanity playing pranks together, at their old game of parodying the ideal. This is Swinburne's comment:

Set far between the ridged and foamless waves  
Of earth more fierce and fluctuant than the sea,  
The fearless town of towers that hails and braves  
The heights that gild, the sun that brands Le Puy.

Recently there has been a great Pardon at Le Puy. I have seen several pilgrimages, in Moscow, for instance, at Serjevo, which is an annual pilgrimage to the Troitsa Monastery, and in these people there was no fervor, no excitement, but a dogged desire of doing something which they had set out to do. They were mostly women, and they flung themselves down on the ground; they lay there with their hands on their bundles, themselves like big bundles of rags. How different a crowd from this must have assembled at Le Puy; made so famous so many centuries ago by the visitations of Charlemagne and Saint Louis, who left, in 1254, in the Cathedral, a little image of Horus and Isis. Then, there was Jeanne d'Arc who in 1429 sent her mother there instead of herself, being much too busy: she was on the way to Orleans.

As it is, Our Lady gets all the honors; only, there is a much older Chapel of Saint Michael, which is perched on the sheer edge of a rock; it is perhaps more original than any in France, with the exception of the chapel of Saint Bonizel in Avignon. When I stood there and looked down from that great height, I remembered—but with what a difference!—Montserrat in Spain; where the monastery seemed a part of the mountain; and from this narrow ledge between earth and heaven, a mere foothold on a great rock, I looked up only at sheer peaks, and down only into veiled chasms, or over mountainous walls to a great plain, ridged as if the naked ribs of the earth were laid bare.

I have been assured, by many who knew him, that Richard



Burton had a vocabulary which was one of his inventions; a shameless one—as shameless as the vocabularies invented by Paul Verlaine and by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, which are as vivid to me as when I heard their utterances. These shared with Villiers de Isle Adam that sardonic humor which is not so much satire, as the revenge of beauty on ugliness, the persecution of the ugly; the only laughter of our generation which is as fundamental as that of Rabelais and of Swift. Burton, who had much the same contempt for women that Baudelaire imagined he had, only with that fixed stare of his that disconcerted them, did all that with deliberate malice. There was almost nothing in this world that he had not done, exulted in, glorified in. Like Villiers, he could not pardon stupidity; to both it was incomprehensible: both saw that stupidity is more criminal than even vice, if only because stupidity is incurable, if only because vice is curable. Burton, who found the Arabs, in their delicate depravity, ironical—irony being their breath of life—might have said with Villiers: “*L’Esprit du Siècle, ne l’oublions pas, est aux machines.*”

Every individual face has as many different expressions as the soul behind it has moods; therefore, the artist’s business is to create on paper, or on his canvas, the image which was none of these, but which those helped to make in his own soul. I see, as it were, surge before me, an image of Swinburne in his youth, when, with his passionate and pale face, with its masses of fiery hair, he has almost the aspect of Ucello’s Gallazzo Malatesta. Burton’s face has no actual beauty in it, it reveals a tremendous animalism, an air of repressed ferocity, a devilish fascination. There is almost a tortured magnificence in this huge head; tragic and painful, with its mouth that aches with desire; with those dilated nostrils that drink in I know not what strange perfumes.

## ENGLAND AND THE GENOA CONFERENCE

*By* FREDERICK W. WILSON

**W**HETHER or no the Genoa Conference is held, postponed or given up, the political theories advanced by Mr. Lloyd George as his reasons for calling it represent the high water mark in a gradual evolution of a policy for reconstructing Europe, in accord with the ordinary British desires for sound trade, and with the British Premier's own political hopes. The Genoa Conference is a long call from the election of 1918 when on two stupid, though popular cries, "Hang the Kaiser" and "Make Germany Pay", Mr. Lloyd George took his Coalition government into power with an enormous unwieldy and heterogeneous majority. The attempt was made at Versailles to embody these election cries in treaty form, and though shrewd observers of European conditions realized, early in 1919, that such principles were absurd and child-like, to the eternal discredit of allied statesmen, they were accepted and over two years have been spent since then realizing how fatuous amateur statesmen can be. It must, however, be written down to Mr. Lloyd George's credit that he has been the first to realize that something more than attractive election phrases are necessary to the salvation of Europe. There is no statesman in the world today who keeps his ear so close to the ground. There are few politicians who profit so quickly by their mistakes and this combination of adroit statesmanship with the sharp practices of the party politician have helped Lloyd George's normal evolution to develop on its present lines.

I honestly think that down at bottom Mr. Lloyd George



is still the Liberal idealist. The exigencies of his peculiar position have forced him to pay more attention than he ought to what we call in England "The Hard Faced Brigade". The British Premier has no political party or party organization of his own. In 1918 he was in the hands of Mr. Bonar Law and that smart Scottish brewer, Sir George Younger. He was dependent on the conservative bloc who in the main derived their political principles from prejudice rather than reason. To them the military alliance with France was a glorious thing full of decorations and the vain pomp of armies. They were as ignorant of the economic conditions of Germany as they were of its language. They advocated the abolition of all rebels whether they were found in Ireland, Egypt, or India, and to them Russia and the Soviet regime were like the anti-Christ to the mediaeval Catholic. They approximated towards the most intense French feeling against Germany and were completely out of touch with economic reality. Politically they were, until the recent splits over Ireland and economy, the strongest party in the House of Commons. They carried with them a number of amiable deadheads in the British Cabinet, who were just strong enough stubbornly to oppose any advance by Mr. Lloyd George towards liberal feeling.

The disturbing domestic winds of economy, Ireland and unemployment forced this bloc completely to hand over the helm to Mr. Lloyd George. Their fatuous lack of constructive policy drove them in a panic before the attacks of anti-waste into the arms of the man they distrusted most, and Mr. Lloyd George has only been able during the last year to move toward the left and to carry out his liberal policy in Europe by the unspoken threat of resignation. But for a long time, against his better judgment, the Welsh wizard was forced to go slowly and even at times to support policies which, in his heart of hearts, he knew to be wrong. For a long time Mr. Winston Churchill was able to wage spasmodic and inefficient war against the

Bolshevist régime. He lisped about the "Mothcow month-ters", while his chief listened with a sardonic smile and dreamt of the balmy breezes which might have played around the magic isle of Prinkipoo. For long the almost criminal Ulster obstinacy forced Mr. Lloyd George to wage war in Ireland and thus to alienate world opinion against Great Britain. For months British business men lived in a false atmosphere of security believing that their business troubles would be righted by German gold marks and that the boom year of 1920 was going to be the first of many years of prosperity. But all the time Lloyd George was impatient and with his growing sense of the need for an all-embracing scheme of reconstruction rebelled at his forced restraint, and almost welcomed the domestic troubles which strengthened his power at home, and enabled him to bid for the political domination of Europe.

Here I must explain that there is no real political stability about Mr. Lloyd George. I doubt if he has a political creed, but he has something much more valuable. He has an instinct for politics and a rare intuition for doing the right thing. He learns from men—not from books. When he was at the Treasury the staid, well trained, civil servants used to complain that the Chancellor of the Exchequer could neither read nor write. It is often said of him that while his solution of a problem is invariably instinctively right, his reasons are always wrong. He diagnoses with an unerring accuracy. He prescribes with vision and insight. His defense is puerile. At the same time this little Welsh non-conformist, impassioned defender of an oppressed minority, is today the most whole-hearted imperialist and upholder of the British throne. There is no smile so genuine as the smile of Mr. Lloyd George as he basks in the mellow splendor of the Court. Mr. Lloyd George with the Order of Merit around his neck is a very different person from the Lloyd George who was mobbed at Birmingham during the Boer War for making pacifist speeches. And yet the connecting link is the man's per-



sonality and instinct for the right thing. The rather sordid game of politics has developed that adroitness in him which is, at the same time, so admired and deplored. His rather parochial training has made him believe rather in men than in movements, with the result that with the growth of his experience he has not so much broadened his mind as enlarged his sympathy.

All this domestic introduction is very necessary in understanding the reasons for calling the Genoa Conference; for at the same time as domestic affairs were molding Mr. Lloyd George's destiny, certain important foreign questions were having an equal effect on his orientation. Gradually the white heat and fervor with which Mr. Lloyd George defended France during the war has given way to an impatience and distrust, approaching at times to dislike for that country's methods and policies. In the days of the peace treaty when Mr. Lloyd George was skilfully flattering President Wilson and M. Clemenceau, his most difficult task was converting the *sine qua nons* of the British experts into diplomatic possibilities. Since then before the hard realities of fact Mr. Lloyd George has been guiding both his experts and his political colleagues into wiser paths.

It is often alleged, and I must admit with some degree of truth, that British policy, while phrased in idealistic tones, is always the policy of the shrewd shop keeper, and it is suggested that Mr. Lloyd George is pursuing his policy of reconstruction in Europe for very selfish British trade reasons. I do not think this is true for a moment, although it is not to be doubted that some of the more learned of his colleagues have made strenuous efforts to direct the mind of their chief along such channels. The main motive actuating Mr. Lloyd George and as finally expressed in his desire for the Genoa Conference is the birth, breeding and perpetuation of a more liberal spirit in the affairs of Europe. I am not for one moment blind to the economic advantages and the domestic advantages of such a policy. They may

even, as I have above suggested, have been conscious determining factors in Mr. Lloyd George's advancements, but I urge that Mr. Lloyd George himself would quite honestly put his hand over the place where he pins his *Légion d'Honneur* and claim that he was actuated by the highest and most honorable of motives.

In one of his lectures Bishop Stubbs used to explain Henry the Eighth's complex domestic life by that monarch's capacity for convincing himself that whatever he did was right. He also permitted himself of a rare episcopal joke by pointing out that if there was any further reason wanted for these regal entanglements, a few moment's study of the portraits of his succeeding queens would give ample justification for a change of faith. Mr. Lloyd George in his political likes and dislikes is very like Henry the Eighth. He is quite convinced that what he is doing is right and if he wants further reason he asks the world to look at his forsaken love and lament with him over her faded beauty. That is what he is doing with France. In effect he says:

"I knew very little of the lady when first I met her. She was then looking her very best—such spirit, such *élan*! She spoke to me in dulcet tones which I could understand and which raised sympathetic echoes in my breast! So charming was she, so captivating that I assisted her, and all my family with me, in defeating and humbling her traditional enemy.—But what a temper the lady has! Instead of settling down nice and quietly after the rumpus she is always egging me on to further hostile acts. After all, I and my family never felt so bitterly over the matter as she did. We were very tired of the affair and after five expensive years of trouble we want a little peace—and besides, in those five years the lady's beauty has not stood the strain very well."

More seriously, French and British policy are today at the cross-roads. England is a producing, manufacturing, industrial country. Her prosperity depends upon her exporting more than she imports. She must have foreign



customers. She lives on foreign trade. To her the most serious result of the war has been the withdrawal of three hundred and fifty million of people from the markets of Europe. From a psychological point of view, England is a nation with a very short memory for hatreds and a very long one for good business. It is of vital interest to Great Britain, not so much that Germany should pay reparations and indemnity, but that Germany and the Central Powers should be capable of buying British-made goods. France on the other hand is financially one of the most decrepit countries in Europe. Her budgets would alarm any other nation, without her similar sense of peculiar humor. Her taxation is the principal jest of all Parisian theatres. She wants money and gold. She is not a producing nation in the sense that either the United States, Great Britain, or Germany are.

Besides which, she has inherited from the war and has distilled from her history an intense, passionate hatred of all things Teutonic, and she is determined that when, now at last, she is top dog, her enemy of the ages will never be allowed to recover. She has supported Poland in order to surround Germany with strong anti-Germanic states. No Pole desired the whole of Silesia till France told him that it was necessary for the peace and prosperity of Europe, that the rich economic sources of that German-developed country should be handed over for their mismanagement. France has desired and fought energetically for the left bank of the Rhine. She has fanned the separatistic movement by every means in her power. She has even measured the skulls of harmless Bavarian officials in the Bavarian Palatinate to prove to them that they are really Franks and not Germans. Such idiotic measures coupled with the brutal indifference with which she has plastered the Rhineland, German's "Garden of God", with her hideous colored troops, has done more in two years to create a pan-Germanic feeling there than all the tortuous unification policies of a dozen Bismarcks.

France wants to annex the Ruhr, and the busy smoke stacks of the new peaceful Essen infuriate every Frenchman. She is intriguing with Catholic and monarchical Bavaria in order to form a separate Catholic state in the south of Germany. She wishes the disintegration and the ruin of her traditional enemy, and at the same time she wishes to extract every gold mark possible. Every Frenchman who travels from Paris to Cologne passes through the devastated area, and arrives in the Dom Platz in a state of concentrated fury. In a way, French policy and the French attitude can be understood, but most people will agree with Mr. Lloyd George that such a policy leads nowhere and cannot help the present slough of despondency in which Europe now finds itself.

Besides these feelings against Germany, France now is very bitter against Great Britain. A Frenchman traveling recently in England was asked on his return how he had been treated. "Oh", he said, "I talked German everywhere and had a royal reception." This is an exaggerated and witty reflection of a deplorable state of affairs. One of the great sources of trouble between France and England, since the Armistice, has been the coal question. For labor reasons, Great Britain has only been able to supply France with coal at a vastly increased cost, though very much cheaper than the price of the same coal in England. For very sound economic reasons, Great Britain cut down at Spa, the supplies Germany had to send to France, and the bitterness on this subject was further increased when it was discovered in England that France was reselling German coal, supplied under the Versailles Treaty, to Germans at a higher price than was scheduled under that Treaty. Our supplies were cut down and the last conversation our Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Horne had with M. Loucheur, France's Minister for the Devastated Regions, was full of recrimination and bitterness. This frame of mind on both sides was not helped by the Wiesbaden agreement, on which Sir John Bradbury smiled with faint



praise, echoing in his criticisms many arguments which sounded a little too German for French ears. In addition the French have felt "sore" at Great Britain's seizure of colonies and ships from Germany, at our conflicting interests in the Near East, at our dallies with Russia and our growing *rapprochement* with Germany.

To the British Premier's liberal schemes of reconstruction France opposes her militarism. It is this fundamental divergence that has dictated to Mr. Lloyd George's mind the method of Genoa. As long as France is pulling one way and Great Britain the other, there will be no real peace in Europe. Unless the Allies can agree to a rational modification of the Versailles Treaty, that pact will continue to deserve condemnation as a "breeder of wars." We complain, and we think justly, that France refuses to face realities and is basing her policy on prejudice not principle. We are tired of all her talk about her army as the only defense of the liberties of Europe. We are getting tired of her repeated cries of "wolf." We remember that the most effective of all modern weapons is the blockade, and that in the British Navy is the *ultima ratio* of the mind of Europe. We cannot see why such futile stories as that about Krupp building "Big Berthas" should be circulated and believed. The vaporings of a fiery half-pay general on a Saturday afternoon at Potsdam do not seem to us to justify the advance of armies, and we plead for a little more contemptuous tolerance for the dying murmurs of the old Prussian régime. Such stories as those about Briand's anger at his place at the Washington Conference table strike us as silly, and we see in Poincaré's openly expressed repudiation of the conference method an evasion of the dourness of truth and a confession of weakness.

Our first amusement at France's struggle against a mellow influence in international policy has now given place to impatient anger and we view the Genoa Conference as a last despairing attempt to persuade our ally to see things as they are. If France, however, repeats her submarine

mistake, she may indeed find herself at the bottom of the sea studying flora and fauna—hardly the occupation for a great nation. If she attempts to “queer” the Genoa Conference, I am afraid she will find herself isolated. Another false step and the results of the propaganda of years will be destroyed. If France truly desires an alliance of defense, she must assume a more sweetly reasonable attitude towards Germany. Englishmen frankly state that French policy towards her foes is provocative, and they do not see themselves again taking part in a quarrel which is not primarily theirs.

Side by side with these pin pricks the course of the evolution of Mr. Lloyd George's Russian policy has provided the French with much cause for suspicion and has helped to widen the breach between the Allies. This evolution has not had the easiest of paths in Great Britain. The lengthy negotiations which led up to the signing of the Trade Agreement with Soviet Russia were strenuously opposed in the press and in Parliament. It was even freely whispered that the Cabinet itself was far from unanimous on the question. Lord Curzon, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Winston Churchill shivered in their aristocratic homes as they thought of M. Krassin. The common sense of Sir Robert Horne and the intuition of his chief triumphed, and the agreement deprived labor of a strong argument while not proving particularly beneficial from the trade point of view. But as a policy it annoyed the French tremendously. Russia was the happy hunting ground of the French financiers: her debt to France is immense: it was difficult for her to restrain herself when she saw her chances of recovery receding rapidly, and perfidious Albion appropriating the new spoil. But France did not see what Mr. Lloyd George and the ablest of his colleagues, Sir Robert Horne, saw. Ignore Russia, trample on Germany, and in effect, you pull your nose to spite your face. Germany and Russia will develop the understanding they already have: Russia becomes Germany's back door to escape



from the Treaty and with the cheapest raw material in the world in the hands of the cheapest labor, the markets of Europe would be flooded with German goods. France would stop this by force; Great Britain by agreement.

Such, very briefly, is the case for Genoa. Whether or no Mr. Lloyd George's plan for the economic settlement of Europe is possible, it is impossible to tell, but the argument for it appears sound to the vast majority of Englishmen. If the Prime Minister were to go to the business men of the country for a mandate on this issue, he would be overwhelmingly supported. England is sick of wars and troubles and conferences and situations. "Business as usual" is the cry of the multitude, and if trade can be re-established, even by making some sort of *rapprochement* to our late foes, well—let us get on with it. I admit the absence of idealism in this attitude. I can see ample justification for the jibe and the sneer—but that it is the attitude of most of my countrymen, I am convinced. We are very war weary in Great Britain today and in our desires for good trade and peaceful prosperity we are but echoing the new moral vigor in international affairs which has reached its greatest glory in the American spirit shown in the Washington Conference. The world wants to be led. We must get together and find a leader. The Genoa Conference ought to find this much-to-be-desired nation or statesman. We feel in Europe that we cannot provide such a man or nation. We still look to the brimming moral vigor of the United States to show us the way. When America entered the war, I was talking about the effect upon the Allies of this immense accretion of strength to an old war veteran. "Yes", he said, "they will determine the course of the war: the war will be won, but will they determine the course of the peace?" Genoa is the last chance.

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## POPE BENEDICT THE FIFTEENTH

By MOST REV. PATRICK J. HAYES, D.D.,

*Archbishop of New York*

**T**HE FORUM in opening its pages to an appreciation of the late Pope Benedict the Fifteenth is doing something worth while, in my opinion, from an historic, social and spiritual viewpoint. The historian will never tell fully the story of the World War unless his pen truthfully records the part played by the late Pontiff during those tragic years. The sociologist must recognize the height, the breadth and the depth of the service Benedict the Fifteenth was in a position to render, and which he did render, everywhere possible and for everybody he could help, irrespective of race, color, creed, or station. The spiritual value of the Pope's insistence on principles of justice and right in public allocution and official document, and of his practical application of those same principles was his noblest and best service to the world in general, in addition to his enduring achievements for the Church of which he was the illustrious head.

It was my rare privilege to be in Rome in 1914, and witness the entrance of Benedict the Fifteenth into the Senate of the Church. I was present in May at the public consistory in which Monsignor della Chiesa, the Archbishop of Bologna, received the Cardinal's Hat from the hands of Pope Pius the Tenth. Up to that moment he was in comparative obscurity as a member of the Italian episcopate. I shall never forget how the assembled ecclesiastics seemed to have eyes for everyone but the future Pope. Although I knew him not personally, I felt myself drawn to



him while compelled to inquire about him. No one there present could foresee the outbreak of the war and the death of Pius the Tenth a few months later. I was present again in Rome at the final obsequies for Pius the Tenth. Once more I saw the procession of the Cardinals and heard the comments of the crowd as to the probable successor in the Chair of Peter. Cardinal della Chiesa moved quietly and humbly by, again as in May, without causing any remark prophetic or otherwise. Once more I tried to search the face and study the small, slim figure, with a strange spiritual emotion stirring within me. A week from that day it was this rather hidden bishop from Bologna, and this seemingly unobserved Cardinal amongst his older and more venerable brethren in the Sacred Purple, who was crowned Pope Benedict the Fifteenth.

Surely Divine Providence had chosen him as a vessel of election for a mighty task and a crushing burden. The mystery and power which his person radiated into my soul in May and August of 1914, grew with each year and every deed of his remarkable pontificate. His unexpected coming at the opening of the war mystified many; his sudden passing at its close has startled mostly all. He was and will ever be the peace-pleading Pope of the World War.

An incident at the ceremony of Benedict's coronation may be of interest in itself and its spiritual significance. During the procession into the historic Sistine Chapel while Benedict was blessing the people from the *sedia gestatoria*—a chair on an elevated platform borne on the shoulders of Vatican attendants—one of the prelates assisting in the function, at three different stages, suddenly and rather unexpectedly, appeared and raised almost to the very face of the Pontiff a cone of burning flax, emitting a pungent, bluish and volatile flame, while he chanted—*"Beatissime Pater, sic transit gloria mundi"*—"Most Holy Father, thus passeth the glory of the world." Thus the Church in the very moment of elevating a mortal man to the sublime dignity of its visible headship warns him that

pride, ambition, riches, worldly honor, are of the earth earthy, and that humility, charity, detachment and sacrifices should adorn the exalted office of Christ's vicar and representative among men.

The election of Benedict the Fifteenth to the Papacy in 1914 caused very little stir outside Catholic circles. The world knew him not, because the poverty of Christ seemed to be his in full measure. He was no more than the Christ of old was, coming out of Nazareth in lowly Palestine. Other ages might believe in him, but not the twentieth century during a twentieth century war. Though the world thus spoke and thought, it was not long before the homeless, the fatherless, the captive, the suffering, and the afflicted in general felt otherwise by seeking help and solace from the supreme shepherd of Christendom. War is necessarily farthest removed from the ways of love and mercy, while it violently and ruthlessly disrupts the lines of human communication of heart and home.

It is safe to say, without fear of contradiction, that no other office and no other individual in the whole world was in a position of such pre-eminence as that of the Pope in the comprehensive and catholic outlook he had of the war, its horrors, its injustices, and its cruelties. While military necessity was able to close all roads leading to Rome, no power on earth could prevent the wailing, the lamenting, and piteous groans and appeals of bleeding humanity reaching the heart of the supreme Pontiff. Benedict the Fifteenth's ministry of mercy and service stands unparalleled, covering as it did exchange of military prisoners; release of non-combatants and fathers of large families; improvement of camp conditions; hospital care, repatriation of the tubercular; postal communication; bureaus of information of missing soldiers; Christian burial on battlefields; limitation of bombardment by aeroplanes to battle areas; commutation of death sentence; food, clothing and funds for babes, women and the aged.

It is a matter of record that when our own Federal au-



thorities, foreign governments, and international non-combatant agencies, even the Red Cross, had failed after repeated efforts to locate missing soldiers who were sons of non-Catholic American citizens, an appeal to the Pope was successful and within a very short time.

Benedict the Fifteenth suffered much from unfair propaganda which endeavored to show that he was partial where he should have been neutral, and neutral where he should have protested. A study of authentic documents on file in the Vatican now reveals the fact that Benedict the Fifteenth never condoned might as right, nor compromised with injustice. He consistently condemned acts of injustice and violations of right "wherever and by whomsoever they were committed." He further proclaimed the inalienable right of nations to live and approved their legitimate aspirations for national life. He warned the powerful that "nations do not die." The propositions he submitted as a basis for conference towards the suspension of hostilities and permanent peace, and his appeal to President Wilson to use the powerful influence of the United States toward the same purpose are Papal documents and international papers that will live.

Remarkable has been the almost universal tribute paid at the tomb of Benedict the Fifteenth. As so often happens, death was necessary to reveal the greatness of the living Pontiff. History must wait for a larger background than we have even at present to justly estimate the meritorious life and labors of this servant of the servants of God. His supreme and indomitable faith in the supernatural sustained him through the awful years of the war. His position was one of continuous and ever increasing sorrow and bitter tears over the calamities of a war-scourged world. Rulers of nations and leaders of armies, each in turn, had periods of joyous exultation in their victories on the battlefield. But the white-robed peacemaker in the Vatican, the Christ-like father of Christendom, the apostolic spokesman of the Prince of Peace—found his only consolation

in binding up the wounds of humanity, and pouring in the oil and wine of the Good Samaritan.

The spiritual love of Benedict for America was strikingly made manifest in his solicitude for our Catholic soldiers and sailors serving with the colors. When the late lamented Cardinal Gibbons was anxiously planning for the spiritual care of these brave boys, word was flashed from the Pontiff commissioning the writer of this article as the Bishop of all Catholics in the military and naval establishments of the United States. Extraordinary spiritual jurisdiction was granted to me—such as rarely, if ever, was conferred on any bishop before. My spiritual authority followed the American flag wherever, on land or sea, it floated, or wherever a Catholic soldier, sailor, nurse or prisoner was located. This overlapping jurisdiction of an American bishop with that of over a thousand Catholic chaplains in war service was a benediction for which Catholic parents who gave their boys, and the boys themselves who fought and suffered for Old Glory, have ever thanked Pope Benedict the Fifteenth. Last year when in Rome I told the Pontiff what this spiritual force meant to America during the war, and he was profoundly moved and gratified.

History repeats itself. The Papacy past, present and future, looms up behind, around and beyond the noble figure of Benedict the Fifteenth. That marvelous institution of the ages has proved itself once more a beneficent servant of humanity and a strong anchorage of human society. Of course, there are never wanting the prejudiced and the uninformed to whom the Papacy is political, sinister, arrogant, and unprogressive in character. But were the Papacy dependent for its vitality on political acumen and strong organization, it would have long since been wrecked on the same rocks on which other human agencies, parties and institutions have perished. Though bereft of the material resources it once possessed and shorn of its ancient patrimony, it lives on, grows in prestige, and exercises universally its earthly and spiritual functions. The em-



barrassments and restrictions modern times have placed upon its apostolic freedom would have long since crushed out its very life, were it not exempt from the common laws of mortality. The Papacy does not die because of the spiritual and indefectible life given it by its Founder for the perpetual conservation of unity of divine worship, supernatural faith and religious discipline among the children of men until the end of time.

This is the one and only reason why, for the past nineteen centuries, hundreds of millions of Christians, notwithstanding their difference or antagonism in other respects as to race, color, nationality, education, customs, opinions, and political allegiance, have been one in their spiritual obedience, according to the mandate of Christ, to the occupant of the Chair of Peter. To them the Pope is the visible head of the Church, the earthly representative and vicar of Christ. No power on earth could have wrought this patent truth and stubborn, historic fact. We must look to a supernatural cause for such a supernatural manifestation in a world of everlasting human conflicts.

The spiritual power of the Papacy has served as a strong, vital, informing and inspirational factor in the civilization of the world. The golden age of spiritual expression in Christian literature, painting, sculpture, and architecture, and even in the then known sciences, synchronized with the golden age of the Papacy. The very courts of Heaven were invaded by human genius, which was spiritualized by faith and sensitized by celestial harmonies; and pen, brush and chisel portrayed God's infinite majesty and justice; the all-redeeming mercy and love of Christ; the glory of the Virgin Mother; and the beauty of the Angels and the Saints. The humanizing and ennobling effect of all this, not to speak for the moment of the religious value, is a heritage handed down to our times. Would that our modern life felt more the influence of such lofty spiritual ideals! Today we seem to shun the heights of the spiritual and prefer, much too often, the lowlands of the material

and the paths that lead to gold and silver, to stone and steel, to oil well and furnace. These mean trade, wealth, luxury and large control. God never intended such things should dominate human existence to the exclusion of the spiritual; and man is bound by his very reason to place them in their proper perspective and just relation to the higher and eternal purposes of life.

Our beloved America, though singularly favored above other nations with great material wealth and with the moral strength of successful democratic institutions, finds itself disturbed, if not distressed, economically, socially, politically and internationally by reason of war-crushed Europe. Humanly viewed, the outlook continues ominous. Recourse must be had to the God of Nations. The revival and the culture of the spiritual sense are imperative. God alone can fill empty cisterns with the saving waters of life. Pope Benedict the Fifteenth who has gone and Pope Pius the Eleventh who has come as his successor, call on all mankind to look unto Christ, the Savior of the World, the Divine Pilot at the helm of human society. The Catholic Church in America is storming Heaven with ardent prayer for our glorious Republic, for the safety, the progress and the perpetuity of its wonderful institutions.

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### FRANCE

By CLYDE FURST

Europe befogged, France saw, as ever, clear—  
 Invading millions swept away life chaff,  
 Belgium's heroic handful, Britain's few.  
 France and Joffre, ready, turned and held the tide.  
 Through bitter years France said "They shall not pass",  
 While Britain, Italy, Columbia,  
 Uncertain, blundering, mustered their defense,—  
 A multitude confused, till France and Foch  
 Serenely led, and saved the world once more.  
 And now, so soon, some whisper "France is mad,  
 Selfish, nerve-shattered, fearing what is not"—  
 France who alone saw all, gave all, saved all!  
 Blind. Blind. The dead your folly killed cry out:  
 "Remember, now and ever, France sees clear!"



# ADVANTAGES OF THE SPENDINGS TAX

By CHESTER A. JORDAN

**T**HREE years after the great war the expected era of renewed production, employment, and activity in trade seems as remote as ever. Does a wretchedly devised plan of Federal taxation represent one of the principal causes for the paralyzation of business enterprise? Is the high rate of return necessary to entice money into investment and the employment of labor due in a great part to the fact that a towering quantity of tax securities, already aggregating the stupendous sum of thirty-four billion of dollars, is drawing the vital working capital from industrial and trade enterprise?

Have we successfully faced the great war crisis of civilization and won our battles in the field only to ignominiously fail in peace by establishing a venomous form of taxation which courses through the veins of business life, destroying the vital springs of enterprise and assisting in the breeding of the microbes of the disease of class prejudice, communism, and radical socialism which is at the root of our labor distress? Shall we endure a system of taxation which is rapidly creating a leisure class of tax exempt security owners or of those who do not care to embark their wealth in active profit making enterprise because of the erratic effect of income and profits taxes? If such a condition is permitted to continue and develop what more than a mockery will be our republican form of government and shall we not be deserving of our fate if we are plunged into internecine strife of class arrayed against class with ultimate chaos in prospect?

The foundation upon which our continuing economic

welfare must be established is an adequate accumulation of capital invested in private enterprise as in farms, herds, crops, merchandise, factories, mines, and all the varied undertakings that serve to keep us busy, and prosperously happy and strong in national life.

The conditions which existed prior to the great war have passed perhaps never to return. Minds which are not flexible enough or youthful enough to strike out boldly leaving the bridges of the past in ashes behind them must give way. The hard fact that youth will be served must speedily penetrate the consciousness of both the great political parties of this country if they are to survive.

It has in the past been possible to supply the expenses of government by plans of taxation which were admittedly unjust but accomplished the result of raising money. So long as this was done indirectly without each individual knowing what his share in the burden amounted to, the government concerned itself but little as to whether the burden fell disproportionately on certain classes or whether the effect was detrimental to the greatest degree of possible progress in civilization. But the effect of raising by such haphazard or indifferently planned methods such huge sums as are necessary today will so paralyze enterprise and private investment activity as to nearly, if not quite, cause the ruin of even so strong a nation as our own.

The momentary menace of the present tax situation like Mercutio's wound may not appear as large as a church door nor as deep as a well but 'twill serve, as those financiers and economists who are probing the condition well realize.

The only way out is through a just distribution of the tax burden. Concealed taxation cooked up to effect a legerdemain of apparent placing of the burden where it does not actually rest is a worse than foolish stand. Subterfuge may have served in the past but anything except frank open above-board justness in treating the present problem will not be tolerated. Let our legislators ask for the truth as to what form of taxation is just, not what will



produce the most money with least apparent burden. Let them earnestly resolve to be satisfied with nothing short of truth and justice in the government's dealings with each citizen. Every man should know the truth as to the amount of his necessary just contribution to the cost of government. He must know this because if it is concealed he will not know what is distressing him and may lash out into attacks on whatever the first agitator who gets his ear suggests as the cause of his misery, whether that misery is unemployment, inability to make both ends meet, or government interference in the multitudinous forms that concealed, or income taxation, has produced.

Is there a just form of taxation or has such a thing been known? Let us go back two generations or more. We find the great economist John Stuart Mill saying in his book "Principles of Political Economy", Book five:

"The proper mode of assessing an income tax would be to tax only the part of income devoted to expenditure, exempting that which is saved."

Again he says:

"No income tax is really just, from which savings are not exempted."

That is equivalent to the Spendings Tax which places the entire tax burden on the amount which each individual spends for his personal benefit, laying no tax whatever on savings and the investment of savings in business or business expenditures.

Former Secretary of the Treasury, Houston, and his successor Secretary Mellon, have in their published statements recognized the desirability of differentiating between saved income and consumed income. The Spendings Tax is however, the only practical plan of exempting savings which has been submitted during the prolonged and exhaustive research and hearings by Congressional Committees. Under it each citizen would meet his just share of the bill of governmental taxation whether his money were earned or came from a spendthrift inheritance trust.

It should be understood that a Spendings Tax is a percentage tax laid upon all that each individual or head of a family annually spends for his own personal benefit or consumption, excepting an amount specifically exempted as necessary to sustain life, say two hundred and fifty dollars, and also excepting donations, life insurance, premiums, doctors, nursing, and death bills. Thus all that a person spends over and above that which he absolutely needs to sustain life, or saves and invests, or expends in business activity, would alone be subject to the Spendings Tax.

Assume that the total annual spendings for individual consumption in the United States amount to fifty billions of dollars. Estimate liberally that half of this rests within the exemptions classifications, then the remaining twenty-five billions of dollars should be taxed at an average rate of ten per centum to raise two and one half billions of dollars. This amount in connection with inheritance taxes, tariff, special privilege, and other sources of government income, should more than cover the three or four billions necessary for the annual government disbursement of expenses, interest, and for gradual retirement of the war debt. Therefore it appears that the Spendings Tax should be levied at an average of ten cents on the dollar on individual spendings in excess of the exemptions.

It is an inevitable law and a matter of common book-keeping knowledge, that all overhead costs are in some way eventually included in product as it passes into use.

The situation does not seem sufficiently complex to explain the great confusion that exists as to the ideal basis for taxation. We know that government is like a great insurance company guaranteeing to each citizen protection, and facilitating the acquirement and enjoyment of food, clothing, shelter, and other material benefits. It therefore appears that every relation of business that a man has with his fellows is aided or facilitated by the fostering influence of government.

How may each citizen meet his just share of this obliga-



tion without paying a penny more or a penny less than the correct bill? Eventually the answer must be the Spendings Tax.

The Spendings Tax is in marked contrast to the income and profits taxes and the sales taxes, which strike directly at business from which the burden caroms erratically to the consumer with paralyzing effect to both.

The superficial critic may claim that this will lay a heavy tax on the liberal consumer and permit the thrifty, abstemious person to escape, therefore the plan is not good. But stop a minute! Invested capital, the product of thrift or enterprise and self denial, is like a stool upon which we all stand to reach the good things on the higher shelves of life. The greater the underlying foundation of invested capital, the greater our reach and compass of enjoyment. Taxing the man who is accumulating and investing the product of extreme self denial, thereby foregoing the privilege of standing on the stool and himself reaching and enjoying these good things, is merely depriving ourselves of the result of his slaving to accumulate and augment the foundation upon which our average scale of living rests.

Surely we must now have had a sufficiently painful demonstration to realize the boomerang effect of income or profits taxation upon the mass of consumers of necessities.

Is it not perfectly clear that taxation of income or any form of tax on invested capital does not come from the possessor of wealth hired out in investment service, but comes out of the public in whose service the invested capital is employed?

This is not very satisfying to those who are prejudiced against capital through failure to realize that the foundation on which they themselves stand is invested capital. The real possession of all invested capital is not in the owners, it is in the public who use it and pay for it in rents, profits, or interest. All the taxes conceivable would not reduce one whit the necessary net payment by the public to the owner investors of capital. Nobody can hope

to make satisfactory progress in understanding the elements of duties of citizenship as touching labor, capital, or taxes until this hard fact is understood. The more taxes are laid upon income, profits, interest, or business, the greater will be the average net return necessary for the public to pay to furnish requisite incentive to accumulate invested capital through saving or abstaining from spending. The hire of capital necessary to support industry and civilization is a bill which the public pays, and it always includes every kind of tax however cunningly concealed as income taxes, franchise taxes, sales, or other taxes. It may be asked then, are we to place all the burden upon the man with a family who is spending to maintain and liberally educate his children? Fairly, he should pay taxes on so much as he is able to spend, thus to procure excess of education and other advantages over his poorer fellow citizens. But it may be that the sentiment of the commonwealth would be that educational expenditure should be free from taxation.

This brings us to a superlatively important attribute of the Spendings Tax. *The Spendings Tax is the only general tax which can be controlled so as to actually free specified beneficial activity from taxation.* Thus a tax on the income from capital investment is as much a burden on the manufacturer of sick room supplies as on the manufacturer of bricks. It rests as much on the publisher of text books as on the publisher of novels. But any sort of personal spendings, if desired, may under the Spendings Tax be positively and accurately exempted from taxes. This is a tremendous merit.

Under all plans thought of heretofore, the crusts of poverty bore as great a tax as the rich man's loaves. Nay, the poor paid heavier tribute, as may be illustrated by the sales tax, where food prepared and served by attendants in a palatial home, would bear fewer taxes than food purchased from the baker, factory, or shop.

The Spendings Tax imposes no tax burden on an amount



equal to the elementary necessities of food, clothing, and shelter. No tax on medicines, doctors' bills, life insurance, or savings investments. It contemplates every man squarely on his own financial footing but doing business with his government on a straight, definite, value-received-for-payment basis.

The old plans of concealed taxation, imposing as they do the greater proportion of burden upon the common necessities, will seem absurd when displaced by this simple and accurate direct payment method.

The practicability of the Spendings Tax in administration surpasses that of all forms of general taxation hitherto devised. As compared with the present system, the Spendings Tax would at one stroke eliminate all the huge nightmare of complicated corporation tax returns. All partnership returns would be done away with. No business returns nor investment returns of any sort would be required, and last but not least, instead of figuring profits or income based upon inventory values, depreciation, investment values, capital gains or losses, accruals, deferred asset items, contingent or bad debt reserves, allowable salaries, income exemptions, losses not compensated by insurance or otherwise, proportion of admissible to inadmissible assets, and all the abominable rigmarole that diabolical ingenuity can invent as an inquisitorial hell on earth for book-keepers, business men, and all other honest folk save the perverted intellects which fatten at government expense under the guise of tax experts; instead of all this the individual or head of a family would report each year what he had spent for personal and family benefit, take out his specific and general exemptions for himself and family members, then pay the tax on the remainder with a clear conscience and confidence that no government inspector would increase the bill if the reckoning were honest.

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## AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

**P**ROBABLY New York State has the distinction of having as Governor the leading reactionary of the country. The sad part of this fact is that at this particular time, when the east is under attack by the west and the middle west, a reactionary chief executive gives point to the arguments of the critics of the east and apparent justification to those radical legislators and leaders who would assume that no progress can come out of Toryism. It is a hapless fact, that business has always been led by men who were blind, for unfortunately those politicians and statesmen who have undertaken to speak for business have been the men who assumed that there was no humanity in Wall Street and no progress in finance.

No man probably did more harm to the business interests in this country than did Senator Boise Penrose. The large sum of money found in his strong box when he died shows how stupid was the whole system of which he was the head. And now Governor Miller, through his rasping knack of speaking always in Bourbon tones and never with vision, voices sentiments that are so against common sense, so thoroughly retrogressive, that those who would show that the conservative element of the country is not a stupid, fatuous force, fighting always for its own interests, are placed at a serious disadvantage.

Every time that Governor Miller speaks, he seems to lose votes for the Republican party. A year ago, with little regard for the facts of history and with apparently no understanding of the undercurrents that have gone to make this a great nation, he declared against the activity of what he called "non-political groups", and lectured the women of New York State for assuming to have independent judgment and for undertaking independent action outside of the parties, declaring such activity a "menace to our institutions". That the Republican party never would have come into existence in this country if it had not been for the "non-political group" who believed that slavery was a curse, is a fact known to every school boy, and yet one that seems impossible of penetration into Governor Miller's mind. The spirit of independence, the moral fervor, the capacity for indignation, the stern resolution to do what was right without re-



gard to its effect on any party—these were the great characteristics of the American people which enabled the country to get rid of the curse of slavery. And yet Governor Miller tries to sweep our people, especially the women voters, back into the tight lines of the reactionary.

Of course it would be too much to expect Governor Miller to understand the political currents of the day, when what he pleads for all the time is a group control of the very kind that he assumes to despise. He is urging the men and women of the Republican party of New York State to accept as their leaders a group of which he happens to be the active as well as the nominal head. This group is slowly undermining the strength of the Republican party. One hundred and fifty thousand Republicans in New York City left their party at the recent mayoralty election, not so much to endorse Mayor Hylan, as to show their resentment against the Bourbon policies of Governor Miller. And every day there is evidence that the people are turning away from the Republican party in the Empire State because there is no progressive voice, no sane, intelligent appeal to their human sympathies—only the daily din of Governor Miller's befogged Toryism.

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Throughout the country business men are trying to organize not only for their own protection, but to show the farmers that extreme anger expressed against capital and the business interests is bad for the whole country. Men in the west and middle west—sound, sane, clear-thinking men, are urging the east to assert its position. But the east is handicapped by the fact that in New York State it is difficult to find statesmen who understand the vast country outside of New York.

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For the purpose of conducting a campaign for a sound taxation system, there has been formed a Committee of American Business Men in which there are associated a number of the important men of the country. The necessity for such a campaign and for such a committee is the fact that in times like these, economic delusion springs up readily and fattens on distress and industrial disaster. This committee has found, however, that in the west and middle west, men are just as sane as anywhere else in the country; and even more eagerly than anywhere else are they looking for leadership that is broad minded and generous and unselfish. That such a committee will succeed in bringing together the various industrial sections of the country, the business man and the farmer, there is little doubt. But one of the difficulties of co-operation is that those in the west are always able to point to prominent Bourbons of the east who

have little sympathy with popular government and say: "These men assume to be your leaders."

"How can we trust you," declare the westerners, "when men who assume to speak for business frequently do not believe in democracy, and while they do not say so in public, reveal by their private statements and their acts that they are for reducing the political power of the people, diminishing the influence and taking away the sovereignty of the latter?"

It is most unfortunate for business and for the east that this is true—that there are men in the east who so little understand the currents of civilization that they believe that democracy has failed; and in their misunderstanding and lack of knowledge, assume that we must have a lesser rather than a greater democracy to cure the evils of our day, which incidentally have no relation whatsoever to the growth of democracy. The writer himself, has had the misfortune of listening to one prominent man declare that he was so confirmed in his belief as to the failure of democracy, that he had come to the conclusion that the ideal form of government was a limited monarchy!!

It is against this sort of thing that sane, clear-thinking business men must contend. Radicalism on one hand, must be put down, and just as firmly must we reduce to their proper and uninfluential position those who have lost faith in this Republic, and who are blind to the forces of civilization that created democracy and which will continue to make democracy the only possible condition under which civilized men and women can live.

\* \* \* \* \*

The death of L. J. O'Reilly took from New York life one of its clearest thinkers and one of its most honest men. People who know little of the mainsprings of government and who depend on the curiously inaccurate newspapers of our day for their information knew, in the main, little of this retiring, extremely modest man who understood of every section of the city something, and of many sides, from the political to the artistic, much. He found it easy, apparently, to be extremely polite to all men for he was a keen analyst and while he understood the littleness of most human motives, he was tolerant always and except where the qualities were particularly despicable he favored grace for even the bitterest enemy. Here was really a great mind and an unusual heart, hidden behind a reticence that never confused a friend though it baffled many an enemy. Those with whom he was intimate found behind that reticence a confidence and optimism in his own friends, a loyal regard for their interests, and an appreciation of their friendship and affection that is rare among men.

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## DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

### *CLARIFYING THE INCOME TAX* \*

**T**HAT some future generation will be able to make out its income tax report without the assistance of a lawyer or much burning of the midnight oil is the hope of those who are going through the ordeal today. Another generation however will come into being before the present laws are thoroughly understood, especially if Congress continues to complicate what is already a complicated matter by enactments that make it difficult for the man of ordinary intelligence to tell whether his income belongs to him or to Washington. Such a book as George E. Holmes has written on the Federal income tax will be welcomed, therefore, not only by the lawyer but by the average citizen who must sooner or later achieve a real understanding of details of the law.

We are frank to admit that the value of Mr. Holmes' book is very great and that no serious student of the tax law can ignore it. That does not mean that we agree with him that the revenue act of 1918 was a clear and definite and equitable statute—nor do we agree with him in his praise of Dr. T. N. Adams, State Adviser of the Treasury Department, who has had opportunities for real service in the last two years and who has shown himself to be limited in vision.

Mr. Holmes writes as a lawyer, however, and not as an economist; and we will not quarrel with him about his prefatory remarks, especially in view of the able way in which he deals with the various and by no means easily interpreted brackets of the income tax.

—JOHN STODDARD.

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### *THE AMERICAN PENAL SYSTEM* †

**T**HE present century is certainly that of histories. Hardly any social institution has failed thus far to find its historian, whether it be law, or insurance, or religion, or table manners. It was therefore inevitable that a history of penology be brought out,

\*"THE FEDERAL INCOME TAX," by George E. Holmes. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

†"PENOLOGY IN THE UNITED STATES," by Louis N. Robinson. The John C. Winston Co.

but it remained for a worthy authority on the subject to do it. Dr. Louis N. Robinson has made a good job of it.

When it is recalled that, according to the census of 1910 no less than four hundred and seventy-five thousand Americans were in that year discharged from jail, there is no denying the fact that penology is something which merits very serious consideration; and a history of that social institution becomes a necessity.

Dr. Robinson writes primarily for the student, but the judge, the lawyer, the minister and the layman will also find his book readable as well as instructive. The workhouse, the state prison, institutions for juvenile delinquents, reformatories, prison labor, probation and parole of convicts—with all of these he deals historically, confining his theme to the American varieties, and while showing how each came into being and developed, he also points out defects and suggests remedies for their shortcomings.

Perhaps the greatest truth which he points out is that our corrective institutions had their origin in the England of the days of our colonies, but while great reforms in penology later took place in the old country, almost no progress was made in the new one, so that today we are still about where England was in the eighteenth century. Surely that suggests the need for improvement.

GABRIEL S. YORKE.

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### THE DEBT UNFORGIVABLE \*

**B**RUCE BARTON'S voice—lifted with the thousands upon thousands in the world-echoing appeal to end all war, makes itself distinctly heard in his little story "Unknown". This is because he has caught a note of the quality that moves to tears in the simplicity with which he has told of the meeting, over the tomb of our Unknown Soldier in Washington, of the spirits of the three heroes, like him, nameless—each dead from a long-ago battle. Little is said in this meeting of the shades of one who fell at Thermopylae—one who was killed fighting under Charles Martel—and one who lost his life at Waterloo—except that they all died gladly for a cause they thought was to free the world from war forever. But the little is a bitter reproach to that world for the overwhelming tragedy of its broken faith with all the unknown soldiers of the battles of the ages.

—HELEN WALKER.

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\*"UNKNOWN", by Bruce Barton. Barton, Durstine and Osborn.



*AL JENNINGS ON O. HENRY \**

**B**UCKETS of gore, sentimentalism, prison horrors, train robberies—quite the same sort of thing that Mr. Jennings gave in his tale of “Beating Back”—layer on layer of these go to make up the recital of Al Jennings’ friendship with O. Henry.

Porter and Jennings first met at the American Consulate in Trojillo, Honduras. They had gone there separately, but for the same reason—to escape from certain unpleasant circumstances in the states. From the moment of their meeting they became fast friends and maintained their friendship through a series of exciting episodes and a “trick” in the Ohio penitentiary, both blossoming later as authors.

Mr. Jennings has a very colorful style and a use of adjectives that is little short of genius. Undoubtedly every word of his tale is based on truth but he slips out of the style of the biographer into that of the minstrel. Truth is wrenched a bit, but interest is certainly maintained. The reader who enjoyed the old Jesse James stories, and who later, when taste had been refined, got pleasure from the reading of “Treasure Island”, will find Al Jennings’ book quite to his liking. As proof, witness some of his own sub-headings for chapters:

“Chapter V. Shot from behind; agonies of remorse; death scene in the saloon; a father’s rebuke to his son; the father’s denunciation; refuge in the outlaws’ camp.”

“Chapter XXIV. Tainted meat; O. Henry’s morbid curiosity; his interview with the Kid on the eve of the execution: the Kid’s story; the death scene; innocence of the Kid.”

It is not quite the book for timid persons whose dreams are reflections of what they read.

GABRIEL S. YORKE.

*TOWARDS THINGS SPIRITUAL †*

**M**R. REMMERS has done wisely in choosing the simple fundamentals of Christianity upon which to build his sincere, convincing, thoroughly modern little book “Invincible Power”. In a day when a worn, weary world, consciously or subconsciously is pleading for a return to spirituality, a book such as this one speaks with undisputed force. For Mr. Remmers has shown us the doorway to happiness—has put the golden key into our fumbling fingers—and we have but to unlock. We are only to apply the great elemental teachings of Christ to our daily, twentieth century life.

\*“THROUGH THE SHADOWS WITH O. HENRY,” by Al Jennings. The H. K. Fly Co.

†“INVINCIBLE POWER,” by John Henry Remmers. The Co-Operative Publishing Co.

The book is a series of positive, clear little essays on the virtues essential to peace of heart whose connecting link is Mr. Remmers' golden rule of success—which remains pure gold, even when tested by the searching acid of modern logic.

JOY ROBBINS.

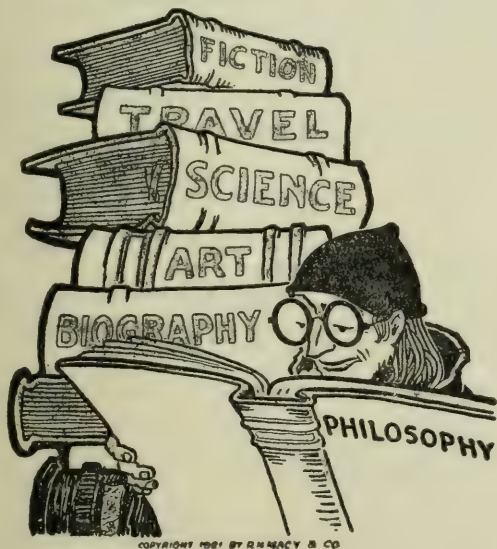
## Books Recently Received by The Forum for Review

- "The Wandering Jew" by E. Temple Thurston. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 "In the Days Before Columbus" by Francis Rolt-Wheeler. George H. Doran Co.  
 "The Quest of the Western World" by Francis Rolt-Wheeler. George H. Doran Co.  
 "The Glands Regulating Personality" by Louis Berman, M.D. The MacMillan Co.  
 "A Fortnight in Naples" by Andre Maurel. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 "The Log of A Non-Combatant" by Horace Greene. Houghton, Mifflin Company.  
 "Herman Melvin—Mariner and Mystic" by Raymond M. Weaver. George H. Doran Company.  
 "Timely Truths on Human Health" by Simon Louis Katzoff. Co-Operative Publishing Co.  
 "Contemporary Science" by Dr. Benjamin Harrow. Boni and Liveright.  
 "Samuel Pepys' Diary" by Richard LeGallienne. Boni and Liveright.  
 "Men, Women and Boats" by Stephen Crane. Boni and Liveright.  
 "Tales of Mean Streets" by Arthur Morrison. Boni and Liveright.  
 "The Nietzsche-Wagner Correspondence" by Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche. Boni and Liveright.  
 "The George Sand-Gustave Flaubert Letters" by Aimee McKenzie. Boni and Liveright.  
 "Through The Russian Revolution" by Albert Rhys Williams. Boni and Liveright.  
 "The Practical Application of Psychology" by C. W. Chamberlain. Inter. Soc. App. Psychology.

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"I continue to read The Menorah Journal with the growing conviction that it is the only intellectual organ which English-speaking Jewry possesses."

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# The Forum

APRIL 1922

## THE MEASUREMENT OF CIVILIZATION

*By* HAVELOCK ELLIS

**L**IFE may be an art, but we cannot help seeking to measure, quantitatively, if not qualitatively, our mode of life. We do so, for the most part, instinctively rather than scientifically. It gratifies us to imagine that, as a race, we have reached a point further forward on the road of progress than it was vouchsafed to our benighted predecessors to attain, and that as individuals or as nations it is given to us, fortunately—or, rather, through our superior merits—to enjoy a finer degree of civilization than the individuals and the nations around us. This feeling has been common to most or all branches of the human race. In the classic world of antiquity they called outsiders, indiscriminately, “barbarians”—a denomination which took on an increasingly depreciative sense—and even the lowest savages sometimes call their own tribe by a word which means “men,” thereby implying that all other peoples are not worthy of the name.

But in recent centuries there has been an attempt to be more precise, and to give definite values to the feelings within us. All sorts of dogmatic standards have been set up



by which to measure the degree of a people's civilization. The development of demography and social statistics in civilized countries during the past century should, it has seemed, render this comparison easy. Yet the more carefully we look into the nature of these standards the more dubious they become. On the one hand civilization is so complex that no one test furnishes an adequate standard. On the other hand, the methods of statistics are so variable and uncertain, so apt to be influenced by circumstances, that it is never possible to be sure that one is operating with figures of equal weight.

Recently this has been well and elaborately shown by Professor Niceforo, the Italian sociologist and statistician.\* It is to be remembered that Niceforo has himself been a most daring pioneer in the measurement of life. He has applied the statistical method not only to the natural and social sciences, but even to art, especially literature. When, therefore, he discusses the whole question of the validity of the measurement of civilization his conclusions deserve respect. They are the more worthy of consideration since his originality in the statistical field is balanced by his learning, and it is not easy to recall any scientific attempts in this field which he has failed to mention somewhere in his book, if only in a foot-note.

The difficulties begin at the outset, and might well serve to bar even the entrance to discussion. We want to measure the height to which we have been able to build our "civilization" towards the skies; we want to measure the progress we have made in our great dance of life towards the unknown future goal, and we have no idea what either "civilization" or "progress" means. This difficulty is so vast, for it involves the very essence of the matter, that it is better to place it aside, and simply to go ahead, for the present, without deciding precisely what the ultimate significance of the measurements we can make may prove to be. Quite sufficient other difficulties await us.

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\*Alfred Niceforo, *Les Indices Numeriques de la Civilisation et du Progres*.

There is, first of all, the bewildering number of social phenomena we can now attempt to measure. Two centuries ago there were no comparable sets of figures whereby to measure one community against another community, though at the end of the eighteenth century Boisguillebert was already speaking of the possibility of constructing a "barometer of prosperity". Even the most elementary measurable fact of all, the numbering of peoples, was carried out so casually and imperfectly and indirectly, if at all, that its growth and extent could hardly be compared with profit in any two nations. As the life of a community increases in stability and orderliness and organization, registration incidentally grows elaborate, and thereby the possibility of the by-product of statistics. This aspect of social life began to become pronounced during the nineteenth century, and it was in the middle of the century that Quetelet appeared, by no means as the first to use social statistics, but the first great pioneer in the manipulation of such figures in a scientific manner, with a large and philosophical outlook on their real significance.\* Since then the possible number of such means of numerical comparison has much increased. The difficulty now is to know which are the most truly indicative of real superiority.

But before we consider that, again even at the outset, there is another difficulty. Our apparently comparable figures are often not really comparable. Each country or province or town puts forth its own set of statistics and each set may be quite comparable within itself. But when we begin critically to compare one set with another set all sorts of fallacies appear. We have to allow, not only for varying accuracy and completeness, but for difference of method in collecting and registering the facts, and for all sorts of qualifying circumstances which may exist at one place or time, and not at other places or times with which we are seeking comparison.

The word "civilization" is of recent formation. It came

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\*Quetelet, *Physique Sociale*. 1869.



from France, but even in France in a dictionary of 1727 it cannot be found, though the verb *civiliser* existed as far back as 1694, meaning to polish manners, to render sociable, to become urbane, one might say, as a result of becoming urban, of living as a citizen in cities. We have to recognize, of course, that the idea of civilization is relative, that any community and any age has its own civilization, and its own ideals of civilization. But, that assumed, we may provisionally assert—and we shall be in general accordance with Niceforo—that, in its most comprehensive sense, the art of civilization includes the three groups of *material* facts, *intellectual* facts, and *moral* (and *political*) facts so covering all the essential facts in our life.

Material facts, which we are apt to consider the most easily measurable, include quantity and distribution of population, production of wealth, the consumption of food and luxuries, the standard of life. Intellectual facts include the diffusion and degree of instruction as well as creative activity in genius. Moral facts include the prevalence of honesty, justice, pity, and self-sacrifice, the position of women and the care of children. They are the most important of all for the quality of a civilization. Voltaire pointed out that “pity and justice are the foundations of society,” and long previously, Pericles in Thucydides described the degradation of the Peloponnesians “among whom everyone thinks only of his own advantage, and everyone believes that his own negligence of other things will pass unperceived.” The whole art of government comes under this head, and the whole treatment of human personality.

The comparative prevalence of criminality has long been the test most complacently adopted by those who seek to measure civilization on its moral and most fundamental aspect. Crime is merely a name for the most obvious, extreme, and directly dangerous forms of immorality. Therefore the highest civilization is that with the least crime. But is it so? The more carefully we look into the matter

the more difficult it becomes to apply this test. That is so even at the outset. Every civilized community has its own way of dealing with criminal statistics, and the discrepancies thus introduced are so great that this fact alone makes comparison almost impossible. It is scarcely necessary to point out that varying skill and thoroughness in the detection of crime, and varying severity in the attitude towards it, necessarily count for much.

Of not less significance is the legislative activity of the community; the greater the number of laws the greater the number of offences against them. If, for instance, Prohibition is introduced into a country the amount of delinquency in that country is enormously increased, but it would be rash to assert that the country has thereby been sensibly lowered in the scale of civilizations. To avoid this difficulty it has been proposed to take into consideration only what are called "natural crimes", that is, those everywhere regarded as punishable. But, even then, there is a still more disconcerting consideration. For, after all, the criminality of a country is a by-product of its energy in business and in the whole conduct of affairs. It is a poisonous excretion, but excretion is the measure of vital metabolism. Therefore we cannot be sure that we ought not to regard the most criminal country as that which in some aspect possesses the highest civilization.

Let us turn to the intellectual aspect of civilization. Here we have at least two highly important and quite fairly measurable facts to consider: the production of creative genius and the degree and diffusion of general instruction. If we consider the matter abstractly it is highly probable that we shall declare that no civilization can be worth while unless it is rich in creative genius and unless the population generally exhibits a sufficiently cultured level of education out of which such genius may arise freely and into which the seeds it produces may fruitfully fall. Yet, what do we find? Alike whether we go back to the earliest civilization we have definite information about, or turn



to the latest stages of the civilization we know today, we fail to see any correspondence between these two essential conditions of civilization. Among peoples in a low state of culture, among savages generally, such instruction and education as exists really is generally diffused; every member of the community is initiated into the tribal traditions; yet no observers of such peoples seem to note the emergence of individuals of strikingly productive genius. That, so far as we know, began to appear, and indeed in marvelous variety and excellence, in Greece, and the exquisite civilization of Greece (as later the more powerful but coarser civilization of Rome) was built up on a broad basis of slavery, which nowadays—except, of course, when disguised as industry—we no longer regard as compatible with high civilizations.

To turn to a more recent example, consider the splendid efflorescence of genius in Russia during the central years of the last century, still a vivifying influence on the literature and music of the world; yet the population of Russia had only just been delivered, nominally at least, from serfdom and still remained at the intellectual and economic level of serfs. Today, education has become diffused in the western world. Yet no one would dream of asserting that genius is more prevalent. Consider the United States, for instance, during the past half century. It would surely be hard to find any country, except perhaps Germany, where education is more highly esteemed or better understood, and where instruction is more widely diffused. Yet, so far as the production of high original genius is concerned, many an old Greek city, with a thousand or two inhabitants, had more to show than all the United States put together. So that we are at a loss how to apply the intellectual test to the measurement of civilization. It would almost seem that the two essential elements of this test are mutually incompatible.

Let us fall back on the simple solid fundamental test furnished by the material aspect of civilization. Here

we are among elementary facts and the first that began to be measured. Yet our difficulties, instead of diminishing, rather increase. It is here, too, that we chiefly meet with what Niceforo has called "the paradoxical symptoms of superiority in progress", though I should prefer to call them ambivalent, that is to say that while from one point of view they indicate superiority, from another, even though it may be a low point of view, they appear to indicate inferiority. This is well illustrated by the test of growth of population, or the height of the birth-rate—better by the birth-rate considered in relation to the death-rate, for they cannot be intelligibly considered apart.

The law of Nature is reproduction and if an intellectual rabbit were able to study human civilization he would undoubtedly regard rapidity of multiplication, in which he has himself attained so high a degree of proficiency, as evidence of progress in civilization. In fact, as we know, there are even human beings who take the same view, whence we have what has been termed Rabbitism in men. Yet, if anything is clear in this obscure field, it is that the whole tendency of evolution is toward a diminishing birth-rate. The most civilized countries everywhere, and the most civilized people in them, are those with the lowest birth-rate. Therefore we have here to measure the height of civilization by a test which, if carried to an extreme, would mean the disappearance of civilization. Another such ambivalent test is the consumption of luxuries, of which alcohol and tobacco are the types. There is held to be no surer test of civilization than the increase per head of the consumption of alcohol and tobacco. Yet alcohol and tobacco are recognizably poisons, so that their consumption has only to be carried far enough to destroy civilization altogether. Again, take the prevalence of suicide. That, without doubt, is a test of height in civilization. We should be justified in regarding as very questionable a high civilization which failed to show a high suicide-rate. Yet, suicide is the sign of failure, misery, and despair. How can we regard the



prevalence of failure, misery, and despair as the mark of high civilization?

Thus, whichever of the three groups of facts we attempt to measure, it appears on examination almost hopelessly complex. We have to try to make our methods correspondingly complex. Niceforo realizes this; he invokes co-variation, or simultaneous and sympathetic changes in various factors of civilization; he explains the index-number, and he appeals to mathematics for aid out of all these difficulties. He also attempts to combine with the help of diagrams, a single picture out of these awkward and contradictory tests. The example he gives is that of France during the fifty years preceding the war. It is an interesting example because there is reason to consider France, in some respects, the most highly civilized of European countries.

What are the chief significant measurable marks of this superiority? Niceforo selects about a dozen, and avoiding the difficult attempt to compare France with other countries, he confines himself to the more easily practicable task of ascertaining whether, or in what respects, the general art of civilization in France, the movement of the collective life, has been upward or downward. When the different categories are translated, according to recognized methods, into index-numbers, taking the original figures from the official *Résumé* of French statistics, it is found that each line of movement follows throughout, the same direction, though often in zig-zag fashion, and never turns back on itself. In this way it appears that the consumption of coal has been more than doubled, the consumption of luxuries (sugar, coffee, alcohol) nearly doubled, the consumption of food per head (as tested by cheese and potatoes) also increasing. In no other respect (we must not count the exceptional case of divorce which has been affected by legal changes) has the movement been so rapid. Suicide has increased fifty per cent, wealth has increased slightly and irregularly; the upward movement of population has been extremely slight and partly due to immigration; the

death-rate has fallen, though not so much as the birth-rate; the number of persons convicted of offences by the courts has fallen; the proportion of illiterate persons has diminished; divorces have greatly increased, and also the number of syndicalist workers, but these two movements are of comparative recent growth.

This example well shows what it is possible to do by the most easily available and generally accepted tests by which to measure the progress of a community in the art of civilization. Every one of the tests applied to France reveals an upward tendency of civilization, though some of them, such as the fall in the death-rate, are not strongly pronounced and much smaller than may be found in many other countries. Yet, at the same time, while we have to admit that each of these lines of movement indicates an upward tendency of civilization, it by no means follows that we can view them all with complete satisfaction. It may even be said that some of them have only to be carried further in order to indicate dissolution and decay. The consumption of luxuries, for instance, is, as already noted, the consumption of poisons. The increase of wealth means little unless we take into account its distribution. The increase of syndicalism, while it is a sign of increased independence, intelligence, and social aspiration among the workers, is also a sign that the social system is becoming regarded as unsound. So that, while all these tests may be said to indicate a rising civilization, they yet do not invalidate the wise conclusion of Niceforo that a civilization is never an exclusive mass of benefits, but a mass of values, positive and negative; and it may even be said that most often the conquest of a benefit in one domain of a civilization brings into another domain of that civilization inevitable evils. Long ago, Montesquieu had spoken of the evils of civilization and left the question of the value of civilization open, while Rousseau, more passionately, had decided against civilization.

We see the whole question from another point, yet not



incongruous, when we turn to Professor William McDougall's Lowell Lectures, "Is America Safe for Democracy?" since republished under the more general title, "National Welfare and National Decay," for the author recognizes that the questions he deals with go to the root of all high civilization. As he truly observes, civilization grows constantly more complex and also less subject to the automatically balancing influence of national selection, more dependent for its stability on our constantly regulative and foreseeing control. Yet, while the intellectual task placed upon us is ever growing heavier, our brains are not growing correspondingly heavier to bear it. There is, as Remy de Gourmont often pointed out, no good reason to suppose that we are in any way innately superior to our savage ancestors, who had at least as good physical constitutions and at least as large brains. The result is that the small minority among us which alone can attempt to cope with our complexly developing civilization comes to the top by means of what Dr. McDougall calls the social ladder, and what Arsène Dumont (whom, however, he never mentions) called social capillarity. The small upper stratum is of high quality, the large lower stratum of poor quality, and with a tendency to feeble-mindedness.

It is to this large lower stratum that, with our deeply ingrained democratic tendencies, we assign the political and other guidance of the community, and it is this lower stratum which has the higher birth-rate, since with all high civilization the normal birth-rate is low.\* McDougall is not concerned with the precise measurement of civilization, and may not be familiar with the attempts that have been made in that direction; it is his object to point out the necessity in high civilization for a deliberate and purposive art of eugenics, if we would prevent the eventual shipwreck of civilization. But we see how his conclusions emphasize

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\*Professor McDougall refers to the high birth-rate of the lower stratum as more "normal." If that were so, civilization would certainly be doomed. All high evolution involves a low birth-rate. Strange how difficult it is even for those most concerned with these questions to see the facts simply and clearly!

those difficulties in the measurement of civilization which Niceforo has so clearly set forth.

More than half a century ago George Sand pointed out that we must distinguish between the civilization of *quantity* and the civilization of *quality*. As the great Morgani had said much earlier, it is not enough to count, we must evaluate; "observations are not to be numbered, they are to be weighed". It is not the biggest things that are the most civilized things. The largest structures of Hindu or Egyptian art are outweighed by the temples on the Acropolis of Athens, and similarly, as Bryce, who had studied the matter so thoroughly was wont to insist, it is the smallest democracies which today stand highest in the scale. We have seen that there is much in civilization which we may profitably measure, yet when we seek to scale the last heights of civilization the ladder of our "metrology" comes to grief. "The methods of the mind are too weak" as Comte said, "and the Universe is too complex." Life, even the life of the civilized community, is an art, and the too much is as fatal as the too little. We may say of civilization, as Renan said of truth, that it lies in a nuance. Gumpłowicz believed that civilization is the beginning of disease, Arsène Dumont thought that it inevitably held within itself a toxic principle, a principle by which it is itself in time poisoned. The more rapidly a civilization progresses the sooner it dies, and another arises in its place. That may not seem to everyone a cheerful prospect. Yet, if our civilization has failed to enable us to look further than our own egoistic ends, what has our civilization been worth?

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### SKY LINE

By VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

I thought these buildings, mocking at God's heights,  
 Were Babels whose success no power could mar,  
 Until I looked above their million lights  
 And saw the mystic splendor of one star!



## AFTER LLOYD GEORGE—WHO?

*By* FREDERICK W. WILSON



R. LLOYD GEORGE has been in office since 1906, filling various positions in the cabinet until 1916, since when he has been Prime Minister. He has thus had one of the longest and most arduous periods in office that has ever fallen to the lot of a British statesman. Now with tory dissension and bodily fatigue he plays with the threat of resignation. He began his life as a parochial radical, the defender of oppressed causes, and a fierce attacker of all privilege. The height of his notoriety was the bitter campaign he waged against the Dukes and the effect of his Limehouse speech is still one of the mysterious cross currents in British political life. But all the dynamic energy which can transform his personality from rather an adroit and suspected politician to a statesman of world predominance reached its widest scope in the war, and Mr. Lloyd George today is rightly reaping the fruits of his passionate devotion to his country's cause. So long has he dominated the political stage and so fortunate has he been in his opponents and lack of opposition that the casual observer is apt to be at a loss to suggest the course of British politics with the Welsh wizard's guiding hand removed. For Lloyd George has created a new school in politics, which depends not so much on the form of coalition to which, by the way, he lends little more than lip service, but upon a method which has grown up with war problems, of dealing with every situation as it arises.

In the bad old days, when the lines of demarcation between parties were clearly marked, when Mastermans were writing books explaining liberal principles and when the Cecil's acidly clerical pen was indicting replies, explain-

ing conservative principles, political questions were discussed upon a high and often impractical plane. However, much distinction the presence of a Morley, a Bryce, or a Trevelyan conferred upon a cabinet, their presence presupposed a certain amount of airy metaphysic rather than an atmosphere of practical politics. It was this over-emphasis of first principles that produced the Asquithian "wait and see," and it was against this transcendental idealism that the British public revolted and insisted upon the first Asquith coalition and the succeeding Lloyd George régime. Not that Mr. Lloyd George took office barren of principle, but he introduced a new note of opportunism into politics which dealt with every question on its immediate merits, and proved tremendously disconcerting to the old party hacks. The spectacle of lions and lambs lying down together in a coalition cabinet has never been popular with the simpler minded and more fanatical politician. Despite this inherent and historic prejudice, Mr. Lloyd George's coalition, though it has often been strained to the breaking point, has weathered all storms. It has produced on the whole quite a creditable amount of legislation. With the settlement of the Irish question in sight, the benefits of coalition have reached their height. And, at the same time, for the first occasion since 1914, the old party lines are emerging comparatively clear from the coalition fog. There is a liberal, conservative and a labor revival, and now it is freely whispered that even if he does not resign Mr. Lloyd George intends to go to the country, some time this autumn. Many competent observers doubt whether he will consent to hold the reins of power for more than a year after re-election. There is little doubt but that he will be returned to power, though with a reduced majority, losing some of his present strength to labor. Here arises the most interesting political problem at present to be found in the world. Who will succeed Mr. Lloyd George?

Numerically the strongest party in the House of Commons today is the conservative block. What it lacks in



intelligence it makes up in fervor, and though on the questions of Russia, Ireland, and economy, and lately India, it has not shown its former allegiance to the Prime Minister its mutineers have neither been strong enough nor had the courage, until the last few weeks, openly to challenge the authority of the head of the government, whom they fear and mistrust. Mr. Lloyd George has always had the whip hand over them, though they have been a troublesome thorn in his flesh. He is still the dominant Parliamentary figure and is never so happy as when he is chastising the recalcitrant follower, or pouring scorn upon doubting Thomases. But he has been bound to treat his conservative followers with a certain amount of respect. In the election of December, 1918, he found himself in the hands of Mr. Bonar Law and the head of the conservative machine in the country, Sir George Younger. Between them they invented the much abused coupon, and until the need for vigorous independent leadership in domestic problems arose last year, Mr. Lloyd George remained an unwilling captive of their bow and spear. Lately, conscious of the wealth of his own party chest, he arose and smote the independence of rebellious conservatism, bringing it quickly to heel.

In the cabinet this conservative group has a predominating influence, and curiously enough has supplied Mr. Lloyd George with his best friends and closest adherents. The retirement of Mr. Bonar Law removed an unsuspected strength to Mr. Lloyd George's side. Despite his unprepossessing appearance, Mr. Bonar Law had a strong sense of political rectitude, a fine instinct for saying the right thing at the right moment. As leader of the House of Commons he won the confidence and even love of that extremely difficult body and his place has been most inadequately filled by Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain was fortunate in his sire; he has cultivated that great man's mannerisms, but, though he inherited a commendable taste for orchids, he has not succeeded in developing his father's political instinct or incisiveness of political thought.

It used to be said of the great Colonial Secretary that his mind on a political question was like a bull's-eye lantern—it illuminated any point on which it shone, it cast everything that surrounded it into an even deeper gloom. The man who, to quote Gladstone's phrase, "gladdened his father's heart" by his first speech, has one part of this peculiarity at least in common with his father. An amiable, conscientious, punctilious, polite and considerate opponent, Mr. Chamberlain is lacking in any breadth of vision or in any flair. He represents stolid trained mediocrity, besides which he suffers much from lumbago. In all probability he will follow his present chief into retirement, but in his case the retirement would be permanent.

In Lord Birkenhead, the Galloper Smith of pre-war days, the Woolsack has rarely had so brilliant an occupant. But the British public, in common with other publics, distrusts brilliancy. Lord Birkenhead has a caustic, nimble tongue. He possesses a thorough understanding of first principles whether they be political or legal. The intimate friend of Winston Churchill, he is over-weaningly ambitious, and his former supercilious, rather impertinent, cross-examining style has mellowed into a rich and suggestive oratory. The somewhat cynical superior pose of Mr. F. E. Smith, K. C. M. P., has changed with responsibilities into the rather kindly, tolerant, world-weary Lord Birkenhead. The youngest Lord Chancellor on record, the lines on his face are now showing the strain of intensive application to work. Acute and masterful on the bench, Lord Birkenhead presides over the House of Lords with an Apollo-like dignity, contributing beautiful little mosaics of statesman-like thought to the debates in the gilded chamber. But somehow to the British public, he is still "F. E." Everybody knows that he wishes to be Prime Minister and to lead a revived Tory democracy in a post-Disraelian vision, to lasting power, but at present the House of Lords is still unreformed and there will never again be a British Prime Minister from an unreformed Upper House. Political



memories, also, are long, and I am afraid that the crop of political wild oats so bounteously sown by the Lord Chancellor in his early days will stifle the more recent good grain. Lord Birkenhead will always be a power to be remembered. He once told me that he spent three hours one day arguing with Mr. Balfour to try and persuade him to let the conservative majority in the House of Lords pass the people's budget of 1910. He is thinking back on old political lines, but his ear is ever very close to all political whispers. It was once said of him wittily that he seldom neglects a duty, but never a pleasure, and if anything will rob him of his ambitions, it will be this element of uncertainty. His recent quarrel with Lord Carson, while a brilliant victory for the Lord Chancellor, evoked many old painful memories in the minds of the British public.

I am afraid that the end of the present Parliament will see the withdrawal from active public life of Lord Curzon. George Nathaniel is an interesting relic; he belongs to the old régime, fitting into the traditional atmosphere which surrounds the chancellories of Europe. He is pompous, didactic, amazingly learned, with an acute broad mind, but he thinks in terms of the old notation. He is dynastic. The newer methods of diplomacy left him high and dry, and for long the real foreign policy of Great Britain has been dictated from Ten Downing Street by Mr. Lloyd George and his secretariat. For a long time, Mr. Philip Kerr was a much more powerful Foreign Secretary than the head of the foreign office. The "Purple Emperor," as somebody once called him, has a brilliant collection of gifts, but I rather fancy that he is lacking in the saving sense of humor and in the capacity of smiling at himself. Far otherwise is the personality of the other member of the old régime, Sir Arthur Balfour, in the present cabinet. Calm, mellow, learned, gentle, wise, experienced, Mr. Balfour has filled many offices of state, including a Prime Ministership of disastrous consequences, with a philosophic indifference and a humorously cynical doubt as to whether it was all worth the

trouble. I see that the London *Morning Post* has been suggesting Sir Arthur as Prime Minister. Apart from the question of age, there is a certain curious personal disloyalty about Balfour, discovered during his Premiership, which would fatally mitigate against his chances of taking office again. No one can forget how he treated George Wyndham and Alfred Lyttleton. No one could forget his curious indifference to the wreck he made of his party. It is said that he never reads a newspaper, and it is this very aloofness which, while making him such a valuable member of any cabinet, makes him unfitted for the highest office. There could be no more tactful, able, or more impressive representative of the British Empire than Arthur James Balfour, but any revived tory democratic party would never be safe or sure of success under his leadership.

When Mr. Lloyd George formed his cabinet, in 1918, he continued a war experiment of introducing new blood into political life. The brothers Geddes were given office, but, by far his most successful experiment, was the appointment of a Scottish lawyer as Minister of Labor. Sir Robert Horne was born some fifty years ago, the son of a Scottish minister, and after a brilliant academical career at Glasgow University, departed to teach metaphysics at a Welsh university. But ambition and the bar soon brought him back to Scotland, and when the war broke out he was virtually the leader of the Scottish Commercial Bar. His war service took him to the Admiralty, where his tact, patience, and executive ability in handling complex labor questions brought him to the notice of Mr. Lloyd George. After much persuasion, Sir Robert took a portfolio and, at the end of 1919, was the outstanding success of the new administration. He received rapid promotion and, after a few months at the Board of Trade, became Chancellor of the Exchequer early last year. During his period of office, he has handled the two biggest coal strikes on record, steering the country successfully through a welter of



complex issues, and winning the respect of his opponents, and the unique testimony from his colleagues of an especial cabinet minute of thanks. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he has effected astounding economies, which, in co-operation with Sir Eric Geddes' committee, will bring the British budget to a reasonable size. He is gradually bringing the pound back to par and, in his handling of reparation questions, he is displaying unique and refreshing statesmanship. He has a broad vision on European affairs and the commercial treaty with Russia was in a large part carried through by his tact and common sense. Of all the members of the cabinet, he is perhaps closest to Mr. Lloyd George.

Politically, Sir Robert Horne is a *novus homo*. Like all Scottish conservatives, he is a good radical. It must always be remembered that Scottish conservatives were mainly created by Gladstone's threat to disestablish the Church of Scotland. I have often asked Sir Robert as to his political creed—his answer is always the same: "When I get away from the routine and drudgery of office and can put multitudinous duties and cares aside for a moment, I think I go back to Disraeli, but I'm really not sure." Few people in politics are so attuned to the possibilities of toryism, mellowed by democracy, as the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. His war experiences have made him broad-minded, sympathetic, and knowledgable. His ignorance of, or rather non-participation in, pre-war politics have not marked him too strongly with party prejudices. The House of Commons trusts him and loves him, and there is no more attractive picture than to see the genial smile and hear the soothing burr of his Scottish voice taking a committee of the House through intricate financial details. Unfortunately, he is not yet known to the country, and though I am convinced, in my own mind, that Mr. Lloyd George will eventually envelop him with his mantle and that the choice will be no makeshift one or barren of good results, Sir Robert must cultivate the public a little more if Great Britain is to have yet another Scottish Prime Minister.

Coalition liberalism is neither fish nor fowl; it is neither the old legitimate successor of Gladstonian liberalism, nor is it a new imperial liberal movement centering round the radical proclivities of Mr. Lloyd George. It represents salvage. Those of the old liberal party who could not agree with the Asquithian method of waging war attempted to combine allegiance to the fiery personality which had ousted Mr. Asquith, and to their own pure liberal principles. The result has been that both have suffered and there are, at the present moment, two coalition liberal parties, one which desires to create a new liberal party centering round the Prime Minister, and the other which desires the extension of liberal principles and an amalgamation with the "Wee Frees." Strenuous endeavors are being made to create for the Prime Minister a central liberal party, and that astutest of private secretaries, now Sir William Sutherland, occupies a post in the whips office, nominally to chase erring Scottish members, but actually to preach the Lloyd George doctrine broadcast.

These tendencies are reflected in part in the cabinet where two liberals, of outstanding merit, represent them and are working, consciously or unconsciously, toward such ends. I suppose the ablest statesman in the cabinet from the point of view of dynamic potentiality is Mr. Winston Churchill. Winston is a mystery to all his friends—he is a man of paradoxes; there is about him a breadth of political vision, and a statesman-like intelligence which would put him in the first class among the great rulers of any country. But there is also about him a pettishness of spirit, a recklessness of words, an immeasurable egoism, which vitiates, to a great extent, his good qualities. Winston thought out the greatest idea of the war, but then he referred to it as the Gallipoli gamble. Somehow the great idea went wrong, and yet Winston is a first class administrator, as the most punctilious navy or army official will testify. He has a great capacity for evolving ideas, and a gift of mellifluous lisping speech which is extraordinarily attractive. I heard



him deliver one of the greatest dramatic and vote-turning speeches made in the House of Commons for many a long year and day. His special pleading in the Amritsar debate undoubtedly saved the government, but he is quite capable of spoiling the effect of such a brilliant piece of work by some studied insolence or some carefully prepared impromptu piece of thought. I really think that Winston is a liberal. There is something in him that responds to liberalism—a curious hidden amalgam of his mother's American ancestry and his father's affected democracy. But it is undoubtedly there and Winston can, at any moment, deliver the liberal oration *in excelsis*. Seven or eight months ago, Winston did not see eye to eye with his chief; Winston did not like the Russian trade policy, and he disliked Sir Robert Horne's appointment to the Exchequer. He was caught napping painting pictures in Egypt, and he gazed at the Sphinx to return very disgruntled. It was at that time and in preparation for Winston turning nasty that there was issued from Ten Downing Street an inspired character sketch of the statesman-painter, to be held ready for publication, on the sign from Downing Street, by a weekly organ devoted to Mr. Lloyd George's interests. But this additional chapter to the "Makers of the New World" was never published. Winston and his chief made up their quarrel, and over the Irish question have got to know one another very much better. Neither of them can afford to quarrel; mutual distrust holds them together. Consequently, it is Mr. Winston Churchill who has flown the Lloyd George kite of a new liberal party, bound together by devotion to the Prime Minister, and fully armed with the sinews of political war. When the time comes, Mr. Winston Churchill, the intimate friend of Lord Birkenhead and over-weaningly ambitious, will make a bold bid for the leadership of the liberal party, and the Prime Ministership. But I cannot fancy Mr. Lloyd George giving up the reins of office to this trusted and beloved lieutenant.

Just as Lord Randolph Churchill forgot Goschen, so

has his son forgotten the personality and ability of Sir Gordon Hewart, the late Attorney-General, who gave up last year his claim to the office of Lord Chief Justice at Mr. Lloyd George's special request but who has just accepted the position. Sir Gordon was one of the finest brains in the House of Commons. Approaching the fifties, he is small, round and plump. His curiously shaped fat face appears rather sleepy and heavy until you see his eyes and notice the firmness of his mouth. He was the best debater in the House, with a hard vein of logic, lightened by very pretty wit. Every bill he has had to conduct he has managed with conspicuous success, and with the exception of Sir Robert Horne, no new man has made such a success. His friends fear that he has rather sold his soul for political advancement, but Sir Gordon is just as much a good Manchester liberal as he was in the days when he wrote in the *Manchester Guardian*. His liberalism is a creed, not an opportunity, and though his cast of thought is legal, the passions of his mind are Gladstonian. He believes in the extension of liberal principles so that they will embrace all radical and liberal feelings. Because of his ability, integrity and honesty of mind, he formed a very strong rival to Mr. Winston Churchill, and because he is so unconscious of his political potentialities he would probably have gone further than his antagonist. But he will not be buried on the bench, though he will be a distinct loss to active politics.

So much for personalities. What is going to happen to parties? The conservative party is taking on daily a more democratic view, its strength is growing, helped by political and economic discontent. It has, as I have indicated, two or three possible leaders. It has plenty of negative reasons to urge against the coalition, but few positive ones for its own assumption of power. In all probability, it will still be the strongest numerically after the next election. The coalition liberal party, I think, will perish. But from its ashes will arise a new Lloyd George liberal party. What



would be the name of the new creation is yet unknown, but it will be able to combine discontented Asquithians and disappointed members of the present coalition majority. It will be led by Mr. Lloyd George with Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Birkenhead as his chief lieutenants, and it will provide the Prime Minister with a haven of refuge to retire to, and an opportunity of holding the balance between the conservative party and labor. Despite the pontifical utterances of Lord Grey and Mr. Asquith, I do not think there is any future in that wing of liberalism. The days for pleasing platitudes in politics are over, and a successful political party in England must be led by more practical realists than Lord Grey, Mr. Asquith, or Lord Robert Cecil. Though labor will gain at the next general election, I do not think for one moment that it will be in a position to form an administration. The new labor party is one to be respected, though not feared, and it will undoubtedly gain many seats when next the country is asked to vote.

But all the cards are in the hands of Mr. Lloyd George. He has won the war, he has settled Ireland, he is making a great bid to bring peace and prosperity to Europe—and he is getting to be a tired man. Though there is no sign yet of him losing his zest for the game, there are signs that he is getting careless and a little contemptuous of the opposition with which he is faced. If his Genoa schemes succeed he will not wait to see their domestic effect in England, but with this additional honor fresh upon him, will go to the country to ask it to continue an administration which, if not personally conducted by him throughout the whole of its life, will reflect his ideas, and answer to his master hand. In other words, I feel sure that within a year he will abdicate. Of all his colleagues whom he would prefer to see in his place, I think that the shrewd, far-sighted, long-headed, genial Scottish lawyer, Sir Robert Horne, will be asked by the King, on Mr. Lloyd George's advice, to form an administration, coalition in character, but modified by the changes which the events of this year are certain to bring about.

## IS DRINK KILLING ENGLAND?

By ELIZABETH BANKS



FEW days ago a workman was doing some odd jobs in my Adelphi flat. For two hours he worked fairly well and I flattered myself that, finally, from among all the millions of British unemployed I had been able to select a man anxious to work and able to be of real use. When it got to be half-past ten he became restless, running back and forth to the kitchen to look at the clock, putting his head out of the window, thrumming his fingers on the sill.

"Big Ben," the great clock on the House of Parliament, not far from my home, started with its ponderous strokes to boom out the hour of eleven, and before the ending of the fifth stroke, my "handy man" had downed hammer and nails and was striding out the door, saying:

"I'm going 'round the corner, Madam, for refreshments. I won't be long."

I knew what it meant. In my neighborhood the public houses are open from eleven till eleven. The man had gone for his "elevenses," or mid-morning glass of beer. At half-past eleven he returned, explaining that he felt greatly "refreshed." However that might be, the quality and the quantity of his work suffered for the rest of the morning. He was stupid, listless, careless, slow and droning. When he went out at noon for his dinner, he had his "dinner beer," and he returned to his work sleepy and ambitionless. At the end of the day he had not accomplished one-sixth of what a good American workman would have done. Indeed, he had spent most of his time in doing over and over again every bit of work he attempted. At the end of the day he had his money, the same amount that I should have paid for good work.



In this little story I have described accurately and minutely the Curse of Britain. It is Drink. With all the lamentations over Britain's unhappy industrial situation, with all the talk about unemployment, with all the fears of many British public men that this United Kingdom will eventually, even shortly, become but a nation of "C3" citizens, I find very few public speakers or writers for the press who will come out boldly and tell the truth about the present situation, and put the blame for it where it belongs—upon the breweries and the public houses. Let it be understood that I write not as a rabid prohibitionist or a total abstinence agitator, for I am neither. I am but an American woman, a journalist with wide-open eyes, a lover and admirer of England, living in this land of my ancestors and studying present-day problems. During my long residence here there is no class of Briton with whom I have not been brought into close contact; but I have given a particular attention to those who are known as the British working people; I have lived among them and worked among them as one of themselves; as "one of them" I have accompanied workingmen's families into the public houses, watched them drink, listened to their conversation; I have myself stood outside the public houses "minding" babies in perambulators at the behest of mothers who wanted to go inside to get a drink of beer. I have done this in order that I might get acquainted with these mothers and their children, get invited to their homes, win the love of their children. I have seen their household management, their slovenly habits, their unappetizing and wickedly wasteful ways of cooking. I have partaken of their meals in their grimy kitchens and pretended to enjoy it, though my task of eating was a disagreeable and often a sickening one.

In such ways as this I have studied the British working classes from the inside. I have never essayed the part of the missionary, the district visitor, or the church worker. When I go among them they believe me to be an English working woman. I have even learned to disguise my Amer-

ican accent so that they shall not suspect me of being an outsider. I have done all this before the war and since the war.

Before the war, the ordinary British workman and working woman were so poorly paid that they had very few pleasures except beer drinking. Large numbers of them, if bidden to choose between food and beer, chose beer—and since it helped them, in a way, to forget their sordid, colorless lives, a good many of the members of the so-called upper classes encouraged them to drink. I have even heard some employers in large factories say they preferred moderate drinkers to total abstainers as working people, since the first thing a man did when he became an abstainer was also to become dissatisfied!

Now, I have not the time nor the space in this article to “hark back” to those old pre-war conditions, when, though Britons sang most vociferously that they never, never would be slaves, slavery of a very unhappy type did exist. I wish here to speak of the present conditions as I find them, the conditions that make me feel there is but one solution of Britain’s present industrial problem if Britain is to have a future place among the first class commercial powers. That solution involves the abolition of intoxicating drink.

Since the war, and since the recent lengthening of the number of hours during which public houses may, or rather *must*, be open, a few thousand Britons have begun to realize the gravity of the situation and are reading most distinctly the large writing on the wall concerning industrial inefficiency. These are now agitating for a local option law to be passed by Parliament which shall allow the people of England and Wales to decide whether or not breweries, distilleries, and public houses shall remain as they are, be diminished, or abolished altogether in various localities. So far, Parliament has refused to allow such a law to go through.

There has, for a number of years, been a local option law in Scotland, for, though your typical Scot likes his whiskey,



he also likes his freedom. Scotland has, under the Thistle, the motto *Nemo me impune lacessit?* ("Wha daur meddle wi' me?") and makes her own local laws accordingly. The Scot has a passion for democracy, frugality and efficiency, and there is every likelihood that in the not distant future Scotland will be known as "the dry island" of the United Kingdom.

Now, in England and Wales, what is familiarly known as "the Trade" holds Parliament and the majority of the press in the hollow of its hand. The brewers are largely represented in the House of Commons, while what is known as "the Beerage" is a very influential and wealthy part of the House of Lords.

The British people have a way of pretending that there is no "graft" in British politics; yet I, an American, a citizen of that country which my English cousins sometimes refer to, pityingly, as "the land of political bosses," have no hesitation in stating that the "bossism" of the British liquor interests is of such an order as to convince me that in the United States we have been mere kindergarteners in the art of bribery, graft, and corruption.

I have had peculiarly excellent opportunities of studying the extent to which a considerable portion of the British press is influenced in this respect, and how "the Trade," in one way and another, subsidizes newspaper proprietors, editors, and contributors. Some of this subsidizing is very direct; some is indirect, and a part of it is so delicately and subtly accomplished that numbers of extremely delightful, naive, and innocent young men and women writers would be very much amazed to learn that they are the hired and well paid propagandists of the British whiskey and beer interests.

Some time ago, expecting to make a trip to the United States and Canada, I called on some of my English editors to inquire what work I could do for them while I was on the other side. Said the first one I approached:

"Send me three good articles on the effect of Prohibition in your country."

"Very well," I answered. "Can you take something about 'Dry Canada' also?"

"No, you needn't bring in Canada," said he, and then we settled the matter of the three American articles. "Mind you," he added, as I was leaving his office, "show the thing up in all its weaknesses, and use your sense of humor!"

"Show it up?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled.

"Of course! Keep your eyes open and your nostrils as well. You're sure to see and smell a lot of drink over there, and what I want are articles showing how Prohibition makes things worse, how it creates law breakers, drives decent men and women to swallowing hair tonics, scents, and to drug taking."

"I see!" I laughed. "But I never start my investigations in that way. I always begin with an open mind."

I never did the articles. During the weeks that followed I consulted other editors, suggesting articles on the way Prohibition worked in the United States, meantime studying the British papers. I found that, with a few exceptions, they were busily engaged in describing how Prohibition *failed* to work in the United States. I offered an article to one editor telling of the good effects of Prohibition in an American factory town, and for answer he called his office boy to bring him a file of his periodical.

"Study the advertisements in this paper and then tell me if you think I'm likely to publish such an article as you suggest!" he said, sitting back and shaking with laughter at what he called my "practical joke." I studied the advertisements. More than half were of firms that dealt in beer, whiskies, and wines in some form or another; restaurants, hotels.

"I see!" I said, looking him squarely in the face. "Whereas once I was blind, now I see!"

Later a friend called on me. I happened to mention that I was hoping to go to the United States, but wasn't sure I could afford the trip, what with the high steamship fares and the big hotel bills over there.



"I think I can help you, if you're willing to do some propaganda work," he said. "Articles are wanted here on the failure of Prohibition in the United States. You're just the woman to do the thing smartly and brightly. You see, it's to the interest of a good many people here to show how Prohibition has failed over in your country so our people won't get keen on it, and you can not only write, but give suggestions for smart cartoons."

Then I laughed, laughed till I almost cried.

"Oh," I said, finally, to my astonished friend, "you British are so funny!"

"Funny?" he repeated.

"Yes! Also, we Americans are so clean, so decent, so scrupulous in our politics! Old Boss Tweed in the days of long ago was such a gentleman and so honorable, while as for Tammany Hall, I wish all its 'Braves' had but one neck that I might embrace it! I'm so glad I'm an American, so proud of our pure politicians. The worst of them are saints compared with some of the so-called 'best' of yours!"

I have said that one editor I consulted barred articles on Prohibition in Canada. If the British press is studied carefully it will be found that little or no mention is made of dry Canada whereas almost any amount of space can be secured to show the evil effect of Prohibition across the border. There is, in fact, a most apparent conspiracy to keep the bulk of the British public from even knowing that Canada is dry. The good results of local option in New Zealand and Australia are also seldom mentioned in the British press. There can be no possible doubt that "the Trade" is determined to keep the inhabitants of the British Isles ignorant of the fact that the self-governing Dominions are more sure-sighted and foresighted than the Motherland.

So it has come to pass that while many of the British papers are sickeningly full of accounts telling how the Americans, as a people, are now given over to orgies where strange and marvelous drink substitutes are rapidly turn-

ing many of our citizens into criminals, lunatics, and imbeciles, there are no such humorous accounts of the state of things in dry British Dominions. The British workingman is gradually becoming a careful reader of the daily papers. Steadily, though slowly, he is advancing in education, and with education comes dawning ambition and the desire for real betterment. During the war he saw specimens of prosperous, well-paid mechanics and other workmen in the armies of the Dominions. He saw that they were taller, better proportioned, stronger in physique, held their heads more squarely and independently on their shoulders; stooping not, showing neither humility nor meekness to king or aristocrat. He heard these men tell of their nice homes, their well-dressed wives, their well-nourished children who were being educated with other children of every class in the free schools of the Dominions. He compared these accounts with the facts of his own condition and his own family, his under-grown, stunted children for whom there seemed so little hope, so little happiness, so little future, prosperity, and real freedom.

Now, there are in Britain today members of "the Trade"; members of the aristocracy who fear for the continuance of their "class" advantages, and others, who reason that it is just as well—and better—that the British workingman shall not be given any "food for thought" on the subject of any connection between Prohibition and total abstinence and the undisputed superiority in the position of the workingmen of the Dominions over those in the United Kingdom. These are the people who are raising the cry against the idea of "robbing the British workingman of his beer." These are the people who are out to save themselves, their own wealth, their own class, their own aristocratic privileges, their own very skins, by posing as the upholders of freedom and democracy in the opposition to a local option law that shall merely let the British workingman decide for himself whether or not his own locality, his own borough, shall have or not have the public house in its midst. These are the



people who hire rowdies to interrupt temperance orators, who pay for propaganda from the United States, who are opponents of education for the masses, who use their influence to keep even the pamphlets published by the Board of Education on the hygiene of food and drink out of the schools.

Meantime, little children, hundreds of thousands of tiny future British citizens, stand outside the public houses, often for hours, sometimes asleep while yet they stand, waiting for fathers and mothers to get their fill of beer and then to come out and take them home; little boys and little girls look longingly into the public house, counting the years till they will be *past fourteen*, when they, too, will be welcomed within and be able to buy poison on their own account.

The horror of it! The pity of it! The *danger* of it, not only to Britain, but to the world, for industrial inefficiency in Britain touches Anglo-Saxon leadership, Anglo-American unity and all that these things stand for in world civilization.

There are in Britain today a few thousand thoughtful men and women who understand this, and chief among them is the man whom the Germans, during the war, so aptly nicknamed "that British maid-of-all-work," David Lloyd George.

"A dangerous man!" I heard one of his enemies say the other day. "He has three ambitions—to settle the Irish question; to disestablish the State Church; and to make Britain dry—and then look out for the downfall of the British Empire!"

As one who wishes to witness not the downfall but the further rise and uplifting of the British Commonwealth of Nations, I can but pray Heaven to speed the stone from the sling of this modern David, that it may slay Britain's Giant Goliath.

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## DISARMAMENT IN INDUSTRY

By HON. JAMES J. DAVIS

**T**HE press of the entire country echoed the sentiment when I said, in a recent talk at Milwaukee, that our public is coming to demand disarmament and peace in industry as ardently as it wants reduction of waste in endless preparation for international war. The truth of what I then said seems to me proved by this wide and instant newspaper response.

The fact is, our public is becoming more and more acutely aware that in every industrial dispute the people at large are the inevitable third party, and that whichever of the two actual disputants wins or loses, the third party foots the bills of victory and shoulders the losses of defeat. Every strike or lockout results in stoppage of production, with consequent increases in the cost of the product affected. No strike or lockout ever wins a real victory. Each always ends in a tacit truce. Whichever party loses generally prepares at once for a future battle and hopes for a more successful issue. The consequence is that the nation's industry is continually riddled with suspicion, hostility, and friction. Discontented workers are the inevitable product of these endless conflicts, and the discontented worker is always half-hearted and sub-efficient. Thus, in addition to the costs of outright industrial warfare, there is this subtle but steady piling up of waste and cost even in periods of apparent peace.

These evils of strike and lockout, and the attendant ills they sweep along in their train, are daily coming into wider and wider understanding among our people. For years all progressive people, chief of all the enlightened labor leaders themselves, have deplored such crude means of adjusting



industrial differences. But now to understanding is being added a quickened self-interest. The public which better understands the cost of strikes and lockouts is becoming more outspoken in the demand that these things cease. With a growing common consent the strike and lockout are coming to be regarded as clumsy and outworn expedients, almost as relics of barbarism. And as an awakened public opinion, all over the world, but nowhere stronger than among ourselves, finally promoted the present Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, so I believe the same impatient public opinion will proclaim a time, if the time has not already arrived, when some means of adjusting industrial disputes must be found, better than this hideously wasteful method of striking and locking out.

We cannot, of course, expect and demand an end of this costly warfare of short-sightedness and short tempers in industry, without being prepared to set up in place of it some better way of settling disputes. We may as well reconcile ourselves to the fact that differences and disputes will continue, perhaps endlessly. These clashes between men and groups of men in ardent pursuit of interests so often in conflict or competition will be inevitable so long as men remain what they are and human society is as we find it. The lion and the lamb may not lie down together in industry, in this generation or the next. I doubt if we want them to. A society without differences in opinion and clashings of interest is dead. But in this day and age it is absurd to think of battle as the one means of settlement, in industry and the arts of peace in particular. In fact, I believe public opinion on the question of lockout and strike has long been so ripe that if we had had before this the right kind of machinery for settlement, we should be able at this moment to bid a final good-bye to the wrong kind which has cost us such waste of time and such billions of money. It is my purpose to point out a method which I think will become effective.

Before coming to the method itself, we must touch on the

spirit that must animate it. That spirit must belong not to a few leaders; it must become the prized possession of us all. Disarmament among nations is not a problem solely for a conference at Washington. Disarmament is a problem that must be solved at the hearthstone in every home in the world. Before we can have a general and permanent peace we must have the will to such a peace. And if we are to stop the battles and the warfare of industry, we must have the will to peace there also—the will to compel peace if necessary, but better still to persuade it. We must, as a people, become first of all thoroughly permeated with the spirit of conciliation. Not only employers must have this spirit; not only the millions of workers; but our people as a whole can never expect to see peace in industry until they have filled the country with a sentiment toward conciliation and friendly adjustment, so strong that none will dare to affront it. We must insist that employer and employee lock arms, and give up locking horns.

The need for this spirit of conciliation in American industry has never been stronger than now when we are striving to reconstruct a new prosperity, and many of us hope a new order of industry, on the wreckage left by the great war. No one can persuade me that it is impossible for us to acquire this spirit of conciliation. It is nothing new. We only need more of it. As we finally compelled attention to the need for arms reduction, we can, if we wish it, compel a resort to peaceful settlements in industry.

As a matter of history, the United States Department of Labor has maintained for nearly eight years within itself a "disarmament conference" for industry, in its Division of Conciliation. The monumental work accomplished by this little known bureau, in its quiet way, would make a story to stir the pride of every good American. What it has saved the country in the strikes or lockouts it has shortened, or prevented altogether, is beyond computation. The amount must run high into the millions, or above them.

This Division of Conciliation came into existence shortly



after the establishment of the Department of Labor as a separate government institution. From March, 1913, to January first, 1922, the conciliation office has handled and settled five thousand one hundred and twelve strikes and lockouts, or threatened strikes and lockouts, in every part of the country. In these five thousand odd disputes, seven million seven hundred and ninety-two thousand and sixty-six men were involved, directly or indirectly. That is to say, by the efforts of our conciliators in this time, nearly eight million Americans were converted from non-productive fighters into satisfied and contented workers.

The money losses from industrial warfare that we must annually carry as an addition to the cost of living, it is impossible to figure with any degree of accuracy. Amateur statisticians have tried their hands at it of late. One of them figured that during the past ten years strikes and lockouts have cost this country nine billions. One guess is as good as another, but the actual amount, if we could ever learn it, would doubtless stagger the nation.

In beginning its work for the reduction of industrial warfare losses, the conciliation office employed three men. Ultimately the number grew to thirty-six. Within the last few months the force of conciliators has been cut to twenty. A decreased appropriation largely accounts for this, although it has been found that with increasing skill in the business of settling disputes a single conciliator can now handle more work than before, and the reduced force is nearly as effective as the larger one of two years ago. I leave it to any good American whether this effort at peace-making in industry has been worthwhile.

Surely this is a phenomenal showing, a heartening proof of what the spirit of conciliation can accomplish, even when applied with limited facilities, but still with good American common sense. Yet this, to my mind, is the very least of what these level-headed conciliators have done. We cannot so readily compute the other and still greater results they have attained. These workers in the cause of peace in in-

dustries have by no means stopped with the settlement of any particular strike, or lockout, or deadlock of whatever nature. In every case they have sought not simply to end a conflict but to heal the wounds of conflict, to commit the parties in dispute to new written and signed agreements, of eminent fairness to both, and of such just and binding nature that neither party shall need or desire to break it. The aim has been not only to halt a particular deadlock, but to see that no such dispute at that particular point shall occur again. The peace sought has not been a temporary but a binding and permanent peace.

What our conciliators have saved to the country by these means, in loss of production, in the removal of friction, in the creation of contentment and prosperity instead, is not to be computed in dollars and cents. But the sum must be huge. The files of the Department of Labor contain thousands of copies of these peace-making agreements, which are either still in effect, or have been renewed with modifications and improvements. They stand as testimony to the binding and cementing effect of simple good will. Above all they are proof that the conciliatory spirit is earnestly desired and welcomed by the great body of our workers and employers, once the spirit has been sensibly presented to them. It pays, in dividends as well as in terms of contentment. If the spirit of conciliation or accommodation does not prevail as generally as we should like in our industrial life, I am convinced that it is only because we have so far lacked the means and the method for a more energetic spread of it.

Much as the Department of Labor has achieved in this direction, it is far from enough. A complete and absolute "disarmament" in industry may be still a Utopian dream. But the utmost obtainable measure of it must be the aim of every private and government agency, and we must drive after it in a much more practical manner. We must have a method more effective, such as I have in mind.

It is my experience that certain of our industries are,



more than others, subject to chronic disturbance and occasionally to open warfare. It happens that these industries rest on the most highly technical processes and organization. And the staples or commodities they produced are so widely used in other industries that a tie-up in any one of these special groups results in a nearly nation-wide industrial prostration.

It is further my experience that settlements—even temporary settlements, and much more so permanent ones—are unusually hard to arrive at in these industries because of their intricate corporate management and the great numbers of men employed; in other words, because of the many minds to be reconciled. But there is a further reason why settlements are especially difficult in these industries. Usually the very processes of manufacture in these industries add to the difficulty, in being so highly technical and involved that fair and just settlements cannot always be laid down by a government conciliator for lack of the necessary technical knowledge. And still a third difficulty presents itself.

In the long run it is generally public opinion that finally decides the success or failure of a strike or lockout, and ends it. But to be a prompt, just and decisive judge, the public itself must have fairly accurate knowledge of all the great and little issues involved in dispute—the hours and conditions of work, the processes of manufacture, the nature of operations, and so on. Hence it is that so many of the disputes in these key industries, such as the railroads, end in a fog of misunderstanding on all sides, only to break out and end again in the same manner, repeated over and over. No one outside the industry, and not every one inside it, has understood what the “war” was about. And we cannot hope to have peace and disarmament in these industries until we have experts to tell us what dangerous issues or weapons of war ought to be “scrapped,” and so bring an enlightened public opinion to bear and enforce the scrapping. In short, we cannot successfully attack these danger spots in industry until we have a new type of conciliator

equipped with the necessary technical knowledge—the expert.

Splendid as is the work already achieved by our Department conciliators, we must add to their number these special men, who shall be conciliators secondly, and experts first. I have asked Congress for the means to strengthen our force of peace-makers with fifteen or twenty men with this special and more thorough training, each one assigned to the key industry which he must know from top to bottom. And I am thus presenting the purpose of these men in order that to my own urgent request may be added a wide public wish for the spending of a comparatively small sum of public money in saving to the country vast losses through strike and lockout.

As examples of the need of these special adjusters or conciliators, I have only to cite recent differences in the marine, or the garment and packing industries, fresh in every recollection. The thousand and one operations that weave through each other in the running and maintenance of a railroad alone are complex beyond average comprehension. The two sides to a dispute in such an industry are constantly playing to the public for support, while the dispute runs on to endless cost because the public is uncertain as to precisely what is at stake, what is amiss, and what should be done. Here the usefulness of one of our special men, or a group of such men, comes into play. A public given the full facts by these men would become a just and insistent judge. A settlement of the dispute would be arrived at, so thorough, so accurate and inclusive, that neither side would afterward dare to risk any rash violation of such a just and fair agreement, and so challenge the wrath of an enlightened public. We should be so much nearer to disarmament in that particular industry. And the process would repeat itself in the other great key industries. Finally, an example of industrial peace would be set up on a large scale, a public insistence on industrial peace would be created, such as would have a strong deterrent effect on the outbreak of warfare in industry generally.



To gain this great end, we shall need a special conciliator in each of the fifteen or twenty major industries, each man a qualified expert in the industry entrusted to his notice. I am aware of the public's well-founded distrust of the average "expert" and our special conciliators must be much more. The type I have in mind must have technical knowledge as a matter of course. What is much more important, he must have a broad general intelligence and a high character. He must have a personal authority of his own, to give weight to his judgments and command respect. He must be a man to be looked up to, naturally and as a matter of course.

As to his technical training, he must, so to speak, know his particular industry down to the last bolt and belt. He must be familiar with every mechanical process employed. He must know precisely what is to be expected from every employee in that industry, at every step of manufacture. He must also know the men themselves, the workers and the managers. For a proper understanding and sympathy, he must know the business end of his industry, as he must also have knowledge and understanding for the workers' organizations. If he has this equipment of training and character, the judgments he passes will be so searching and so transparently fair that both sides will place implicit confidence in his decisions and welcome him as the ready way out of painful and costly differences. It goes without saying that such a man would gain public respect, and so add to his weight and usefulness.

In his performance of this work, there need be no hint whatever of government interference. Our present conciliators have no authority by law to do more than step in by invitation of the parties in any dispute, and strive by persuasion to reach a settlement. These special men would have no more authority and sway. It is only that with their especially valuable training they would be more effective, and consequently more wanted and useful.

Indeed, it seems to me hard to overstate the usefulness of

these special men. Let us cast an eye over their possibilities. It is not alone as single arbitrators that these men would prove their value. Their greatest use might be on boards of arbitration. In fact, most of our key industries are of such national scope and are complicated to such an extent as would compel the action of these special men in groups or boards of arbitration. Such boards as we have are subject to a measure of public impatience, because of their slow action—in itself a result of the lack of necessary knowledge. Before they can act, they must first hold endless hearings in order to acquire all the needed facts. With our boards of special men we are already provided with the technical details. They are ready for instant action and seasoned judgment.

These men will not only know all the issues involved, but they will be guided in their dealings by personal acquaintance with the men who are at odds. They will know individual leaders and workers and employers. They will know which are efficient or the reverse, and who is "hard-boiled" or humane. All the factors necessary to the fair and final settlement of a dispute will be ready to hand with these boards of respected experts. American men, managers or workers, do not battle for the love of it, but only as a last resort. Even in the thick of dispute they are ready enough for the right way out. Both realize the loss they are causing. And I am confident that these special men of ours would be hailed at once as this ready way out. As practical promoters of peace, these men would be a godsend to the country.

This is no idle boast when we consider the full breadth of the field these boards of expert conciliators would cover, and the real elasticity of their service. Every one of our fifty-two states and territories appoints an official or a commission whose business it is to care for the interests of labor. All our industrial states, especially, have set up machinery of one sort or another to help in the maintenance of peace in industry, or to lend whatever aid they may in the settlement of such disputes as break out inevitably. With these



state commissions, or for that matter with any local committee, our boards of special men would co-operate, precisely as do our present conciliators, but to immensely greater effect by reason of their expert knowledge and training. I can see these special men gladly welcomed by state authorities, as having the prestige of government backing, and the still greater prestige of a national experience gained in the settlement of similar disputes all over the country. Interference with purely state or local efforts to heal any industrial breach is the last thing to be thought of; quite to the contrary, our men would aim to co-operate, to help and not to hinder.

Frequently, private agencies, committees of public-spirited citizens, undertake voluntary service in bringing the two sides to any costly deadlock to an understanding. Our special men would be of inestimable service as counselors and advisers in these efforts. Such committees would gain in the peace-making power put forth, as backed by the wide experience and understanding of our advisers. Many of our industrial plants now maintain shop committees or councils for settling matters of controversy and for setting up closer and better relations in general between management and men. On invitation, our friendly special men might sit at any of these council meetings and make themselves useful in helping to adjust any especially delicate difference, or by merely supplying information as to how these issues have been handled elsewhere in other plants.

Above all, I believe that no matter how welcome these special conciliators of ours would make themselves to state or local agencies interested in the settlement of any industrial dispute, the warmest welcome of all would come in time from the parties most concerned in such dispute—the actual makers of the war themselves. I believe that as the work of our special men becomes known at its true value, they will come to be regarded as that court of final appeal, that ultimate decision of undisputed fairness, for which the warring parties yearned even before they entered into open

warfare, and for the very lack of which they resorted to war in the first place. This is the splendid position I see our special conciliators attaining in the world of industry.

Even this is not the full measure of their usefulness. The work of these men would tend to become always less the settlement of disputes and always more their prevention. As they entered more into the confidence of managers and men, the shadows of approaching difficulty would become apparent to them, so that timely steps, words of persuasion, calming counsel, might be used to ward off an open break. In covering these great national industries, these special men would acquire a priceless knowledge of the country, its business and working conditions, its state in general. They would know where disaffection is breeding, where groups of dangerous radicals have become active, and might see to their reform, or, if that were impossible, their breaking up.

Indeed it is, finally, their work as general educators—educators in good citizenship, good workmanship, good business—that I have in mind as the greatest good these special men could do. In time of dispute their technical training would come into use. But all the time these men of high character would greatly serve the country in the removal of industrial friction. And with the broad general intelligence we should expect them to have they would perform still another service. We all need better understanding of the other fellow. We all need to know more about the man who mines coal, or makes rails, or manages a plant, and how he does it. If we all had this wider knowledge of the things that go on outside our narrow daily round, American industry would suffer fewer abuses and have far fewer battles. Public opinion would never permit them. In talks before civic bodies, and schools, and trade organizations of all kinds, these special men would supply that needed and wanted knowledge. Disputes are far less likely to break out between men who know and respect each other's work. One of the defects of modern industrial organization is loss of the old-time personal contact and



understanding between manager and men. These special men would serve to restore it.

I began this article with the statement that the American public is beginning to demand disarmament and peace in industry. This paper has been aimed to show one practical way of going about it. I think I can safely end it with the statement that sooner or later—and perhaps sooner than most of us expect—a great measure of industrial peace and disarmament is going to come. It is going to come for a very good reason. It is not only the public that wants peace in American industry. American industry itself wants peace.

This is a trying time, and as the newspapers pass over the vast area of industry that is at peace, as not “news,” and center their attention on the strikes and lockouts that are in progress, we get an exaggerated notion of the amount of disturbance that is on foot. As Secretary of Labor, a large part of my work consists, indeed, in handling industrial differences. But the same office provides me with infinitely more and greater proofs that the single wish, on both sides of the industrial equation, is for peace and pulling together. The following single instance would convince me of that:

A certain industry in the middle west not long ago became shot through with discontent. The men were on edge for fear of sweeping reductions in wages. It was an important industry, and it was an important time for that industry to be kept going, for the moral effect it would have in stabilizing this slowly budding new prosperity that is in store for us. To have created an uproar in that industry would have meant a serious halt to that prosperity.

The situation looked good to an agitator of some note. A walk-out in that industry would have scored a point for that crack-brained meddler and his crack-brained supporters. He accordingly appeared on the scene and began his preachings. One of our conciliators also appeared on the scene. He made a simple appeal to the patriotism in the hearts of those thousand or more dissatisfied Americans. He showed them the long view—the sensible view of wait-

ing for a later and more prosperous time in which to press for better conditions, and meanwhile working desperately in order to guarantee and hasten the coming of that more prosperous day. When the question of the walk-out came up, what happened? Nobody walked out but the agitator.

The thing proved by that single episode was not simply that the conciliator was distinctly on the job. The big thing proved was that those men, typical American workers, wanted peace. All that was necessary was to hand it to them in the right way. The one thing above all others that convinces me that we are ultimately to have peace in American industry is this discovery that the workers themselves, in the vast majority, want peace. We can have it if we go about it in the right way. And I think I have pointed out the closest approach to that way.

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### HIS FLOWERS

By FRANCES DICKENSON PINDER

When Christ came down from Galilee,  
The flowers in His path, 'tis said,  
Bowed each its eager lovely head,  
From field and garden leaned to see,  
When Christ came down from Galilee.

And little pagan winds that pass  
In joyous commerce with the grass,  
That day bore incense unto Him  
From every radiant, reverent rim  
Of petalled beauty to the brim.

White roses looked on Him and knew  
Divine the sacrament of dew,  
And as He passed, the passion-flower  
Mourned for that far-off Purple Hour  
When it should bloom on Calvary,  
The symbol of His agony. . . .

And all the wistful, wondrous while,  
His Father's flowers that knew no guile  
Gave back to Him the Father's smile,  
And sweetly comforted was He,  
As He came down from Galilee.



# THE ARYAN QUESTION

By HAROLD H. BENDER

**U**NTIL the "discovery" of Sanskrit led to the foundation, a century ago, of the science of comparative philology, all peoples were traced back through the Tower of Babel to the Garden of Eden, where even the serpent spoke Hebrew, the mother of all human tongues. But when it was realized that the languages of India and Persia, and most of the languages of Europe, were descended from some common language that no longer existed, speculation soon arose as to the origin of that language and the culture of the people that spoke it. The early home of the Aryans, now better called Indo-Europeans, was variously located in India, in Bactria, or elsewhere in Asia. Their civilization was described with a wealth of detail and color and with an idyllic charm that contemporary research can only envy. Life was about like that of an out-of-the-way Swiss dairy farm, save that everybody was good and happy and at least all adults were poets.

But new elements and principles were brought into the discussion by the enormous development, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, of the biological and anthropological sciences, especially the revival of the doctrine of evolution and its extension, actually or symbolically, into almost all modern learning. To be sure, the assumption of an Indo-European "race" has gradually tended to yield to discussion of the Indo-European "type," but attempts to treat the Indo-Europeans from the point of view and with the methods of physical anthropology have by no means been abandoned. Their bodily characteristics are often described with confidence, and their racial affiliations are investigated as though it were only a matter of the interpre-

tation of proved facts. Likewise, the discovery, within historic Indo-European territory, of numerous relics of Neolithic civilization has offered a strong temptation to view these finds outright as products of the prehistoric Indo-Europeans. And many writers have hoped to unearth the answer to the question in the field of archeology.

But the term "Indo-European," or "Aryan," represents a linguistic conception, and "the Indo-European people" is little more than an abstraction drawn from comparative linguistic investigation. Not a line of Indo-European literature has been preserved, and not a single skeleton, inscription, utensil, weapon, or other object has been identified as Indo-European. The problem is fundamentally a linguistic one, and its solution must be looked for primarily in the province of comparative philology.

By the processes of linguistic paleontology, comparative philology has built up a fairly satisfactory picture of Indo-European civilization, and we know not a little of its language, religion, political organization, and daily life. Largely by the same processes, comparative philology seems to be on the way to determine the location of the original home. Most philologists now look to Europe rather than to Asia; to the present writer the balance of probability appears to lean toward the great plain of eastern Europe that comprises, roughly, Poland, Lithuania, Ukraine, and so much of Russia as lies south and west of the Volga.

Physical anthropology and archeology may in time throw a revealing light upon the culture and the geographical location of the Indo-Europeans of the Stone Age, but it will always be difficult to determine from the examination of a skull or a stone ax what language their owner spoke in life. If the skulls or the axes of the Indo-Europeans differed in form from those of other Neolithic peoples, we do not yet know in what way. Here lies the great gulf between comparative philology and her two sister sciences, a gulf that will not be completely bridged until we can identify the Indo-Europeans racially, ascribe to them definite archæ-



ological remains, and designate those remains by their Indo-European names.

In attempting to restore ancient Indo-European civilization the limitations of the medium in which the comparative philologist works compel him to yield at two important points to the archeologist, from whom, however, he can, as yet, obtain only indirect assistance. In the first place, comparative linguistic material carries the investigator back only to the period immediately preceding the separation of the Indo-European languages, a time when, in all probability, the parent stock already showed marked lines of cleavage, both linguistically and geographically. Even the element of time is not certain, for Indo-European chronology is far from fixed and it is probable that all the peoples did not take leave of the others at the same time. What lay back of this period of disintegration is, save for an occasional speculation, beyond the ken of comparative philology. In the second place, words, as symbols of objects and institutions, do not always carry with them complete and accurate descriptions of the things they designate. To take a modern example, the word *corn* means "maize" in America, but it generally means "wheat" in England, "oats" in Scotland, "barley" in Sweden, and "rye" in Germany. Other and older Indo-European languages likewise give us no common meaning beyond that of "grain," and we do not know from language what variety or varieties were familiar to the Indo-Europeans.

A more favorable example will show the possibilities of archeological light upon the Indo-European problem. That the ancient Indo-Europeans were acquainted with some kind of plow is proved by the occurrence of a common word in Armenian, Greek, Latin, Old Irish, Old Icelandic, Old Bulgarian, Lithuanian, and other languages. But the word itself does not tell us whether the prehistoric Indo-European implement was a forked stick or a gang-plow operated by a Ford tractor. In this case, however, there are linguistic side lights. Other stems that mean simply

"plow" in several languages are applied here and there to various objects, such as hook-plow, the crooked piece of wood on a plow, colter, plowshare, branch or bough of a tree, horn, stake, stick, sharp wooden peg, pitchfork. This seems to imply that the Indo-European plow was wooden, hooked and pointed, but it does not describe the plow.

Archeology, however, assists comparative philology in drawing a fuller picture of the Indo-European plow and of Indo-European agriculture. Antiquarian researches show that the oldest type of plow, the so-called hook-plow, was developed out of a wooden hook used as a hoe, and that it consisted of a single limb or root of a tree with a shortened and sharpened branch. It had only two parts, the pole for drawing and the hook that broke, but did not turn the soil. In early times a handle was added if one had not been left on when the limb was cut from the tree, and numerous stones have been found among Neolithic remains which apparently had been attached to make the primitive plow more penetrating and more durable. Prehistoric wooden plows of the Bronze Age have been found in West Prussia, Jutland, and elsewhere. The plow is extremely old, but it developed very slowly. A rock carving in Sweden which belongs to the Bronze Age shows a plow of the primitive kind, but drawn by two oxen and provided with a handle. The Greeks of the eighth century B. C. must have used almost as antiquated an implement; Hesiod speaks of the farmer's cutting an oak in the forest for his plow and of there being two sorts, one in which the several parts were fastened together, and the other made of a single piece of wood. And the Persians of today use a plow that can represent but little advance over that of their Indo-European ancestors.

It seems clear that the Indo-European plow was made originally of a single natural limb of a tree, but the fact that before the separation the Indo-Europeans had names for cattle, yoke and wheeled vehicle indicates the probability that the plow was drawn by oxen.



But the plow is only a part of the important etymological evidence by means of which it is established that the Indo-Europeans, or at least many of them, were tillers of the soil. There are also common words, chiefly European and Armenian, for harrow, furrow, seed, arable field, sickle, chaff, millstone, etc. The Indo-European problem is not materially concerned, however, with the recent general theory that agriculture precedes the nomadic life and the domestication of cattle. Nor is there any longer much value in the narrower and more philological discussion in which it is maintained on the one side that the Indo-Europeans were nomadic and cattle-raising, and on the other that they were agricultural. There is little reason to doubt that some of them were the one, and some of them the other.

There have been various explanations of the fact that common Indo-European words of agriculture are so largely restricted, in their distribution, to Europe and Asia Minor—in other words, that they do not appear more frequently in Indo-Iranian. The best assumption is that the Indo-Europeans, while still one people, were divided into two groups, the one nomadic, but occasionally cultivating the soil, the other distinctly agricultural. Such a division of one and the same folk has been pointed out by Herodotus for the ancient Scythians and the Persians, and it exists today among African tribes. With this assumption for the Indo-Europeans agrees the enormous importance of the cow in the early life of the Hindus, an importance which is obviously inherited from a much older tradition; thus a Rig-Veda word for “leader” or “chief” originally and literally meant “lord of cattle,” and a word for “guardian” originally meant “cowherd.” The Indo-European ancestors of the Indo-Iranians were apparently the nomadic, cattle-raising element of the original stock.

It is apparent that all this is of great importance with regard to the cultural niveau of the ancient Indo-Europeans and the location of their home. The steppes of southern Russia, for example, were especially adapted to the cattle-

raising of nomadic peoples, but central, northern, and western Europe was heavily covered with virgin forest until medieval times; one recalls Tacitus' gloomy picture of the monotonous forests of Germany. Indo-European agriculture probably began and long continued chiefly in wooded country, especially on the borders of forests and in the alluvial soil of river valleys. It is doubtful if much land was cleared for tillage, for trees had to be felled, if felled at all, with flint axes or the adventitious use of fire.

But if comparative philology is indebted to archeology for such aid as has just been illustrated by Indo-European agriculture, there are, on the other hand, in any account of prehistoric civilization many features that can be supplied only by language. Physical remains of Neolithic culture are preserved to us only in graves, in the communal rubbish dumps known as kitchen-middens or shell heaps, and by stray chance here and there in the earth, in caves, lakes, and swamps. Only a small proportion of objects could have been put in protected places, and a still smaller proportion could have remained intact to our day. There are numerous and sometimes striking exceptions (prehistoric loaves of bread have been found in Sweden), but for the most part articles made out of such materials as wood, wool, leather, reed, bark, and bast have disappeared. Organic remains have seldom survived except when they have been charred by fire, and comparatively little is left from Neolithic times save stone implements.

Such gaps are often filled by comparative philology. When the people of the Later Stone Age did not live in caves or pits, they dwelt in huts or houses of wood (the Indo-Europeans did not know building with stone until the invading Greeks and Romans learned it from their Mediterranean predecessors), but only scanty traces of these houses have survived. Nevertheless, all the essential parts of an Indo-European house of the period can be designated and its structure described by comparative philology.

Some philologists are inclined to hand over to physical



anthropology their main hope for a solution of the Indo-European question, and few have written on the subject without a discussion of long-headed and short-headed races (dolichocephalic and brachycephalic). More often than not they have assumed the Indo-European stock to have been tall, blond, and long-headed, much the type of the modern Scandinavians or the early Germans as they were described by classical writers.

But the cephalic index is merely a ratio. The greatest length is always assumed to be one hundred; if the breadth is seventy-five or less, the skull is dolichocephalic, otherwise it is brachycephalic. This criterion by itself is obviously unsatisfactory by reason of its limitations. To be sure, two-fourths is equal to three-sixths, but a box three inches by six inches is larger than one two inches by four inches, and may differ from it greatly in shape and value.

Moreover, whether it be among the living Chinese or in the Neolithic graves of Europe, long skulls are nearly always found with short skulls, and vice versa. The phylogenists are disposed to admit that there is a large degree of non-hereditary variability in the form of the human head, and that the cephalic index is dependent upon many causes. Even in cattle the mountains and the coasts seem to develop different types of skulls. And it may be that the Scandinavians, to whom so many scholars have pinned their faith as the type of the ancient Indo-Europeans, owe their long heads, not alone to race, but partially, at least, to hyperthyroidism and ultimately to the iodine of the seas near which they have lived, and from which they have obtained a considerable part of their food.

Certainly environment plays a sufficiently important role in these matters to confuse the issue and to prevent cranial measurements from serving, in themselves, as complete and accurate criteria of race. Likewise have failed or proved inadequate all of the numerous efforts to deduce Indo-European physical characteristics from such vague testimony as that offered by Homeric adjectives, or Assyrian

inscriptions, or Pompeian mosaics. And when to these considerations is added the fact that so far not a single human skull has been identified as coming from the Indo-European homeland or as belonging to an Indo-European inhabitant of that land, it will be seen how futile is all discussion of a prehistoric Indo-European "type."

It is of course possible that the answer to the question will yet be dug from the earth. It has been claimed that the skulls of the old Romans did not differ in form (mixed long and short) from those of the Etruscans, but that they were materially larger. Similar indication of great cranial capacity on the part of the Indo-Europeans seems to have been found among the Iranians northwest of India. Indeed, some physical anthropologists believe that they have discovered close relationship between the Neolithic inhabitants of Europe and the Indo-Iranian type of Asia, and look, in this way, to the designation as Indo-European of the remains of the prehistoric civilization of central Europe.

This achievement has not yet been realized, but such efforts represent the kind of investigation that keeps alive the hope of ultimate success. The philologist still trusts that the physical anthropologist may provide the Indo-European labels for the finds of the archeologist, but the probability is very slight that the racial type of the primitive Indo-Europeans will ever be ascertained. Indeed, from a period so remote as to preclude identification, they may have been a conglomeration of various types and had no racial identity.

Meanwhile, however, we have the valuable and positive archeological testimony that the proethnic Indo-European civilization of Europe is impenetrable, and that central European implements indicate indigenous origin and continuous development. With almost every advance of Continental archeology the European prehistory of the Indo-Europeans retreats into remoter antiquity.

But the time has not yet come for an amalgamation of comparative philology and anthropology, even for the tem-



porary purpose of a specific investigation like that of the home and the civilization of the Indo-Europeans. Language, culture, and race are seldom cut to the same pattern. From the archeological point of view the Indo-European question is hardly ripe for discussion. Prehistoric ethnology is a difficult field in which few certain results have as yet been reached. And comparative philology is inclined to hope that further linguistic researches within and without the Indo-European field, and especially in languages that have recently been discovered or whose Indo-Europeanism is in question, languages such as the Finno-Ugrian, Tocharian, Hittite, Lycian, Lydian, Luvian, may throw new light upon the movements and relationships of prehistoric peoples. And there is always the hope that additional Indo-European languages or other linguistic evidence may be revealed.

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**FINIS**

*By* DORIS NASH

Only one thing shall I lose—responsive Youth,  
Only one day shall I weep—when I meet Truth.  
It will be death which o'er me steals,  
When pulse is sanely steady, when sense no longer reels;  
When you're no longer God, no longer faith at call,  
When love is only love—and there is no dream at all,  
When days are only days, a trail of too full hours,  
When I can smell Spring violets, and speak of them as "flowers."

## ROMANCE IN CHINESE LITERATURE

By J. P. DONOVAN

**M**OST of the writers on China and Chinese life lay stress on the fact that owing to the rules of propriety and the customs relating to betrothals and marriage, romantic love plays no part in the lives of the youth of that country. It has been stated that while sexual selection has influenced the advancement and development of other races, it has been inoperative in China. And, therefore, as romantic love has had no part in marriage, it may have been one of the causes of China's arrested development. A study of the Chinese classics would tend to confirm such a view, for Confucius is reported to have said that "women are as different from men as earth is from heaven." And there is no doubt that Confucianism has been responsible for the subordination of women in China, as it was in Korea and Japan.

In spite, however, of the rules of propriety and other restrictions imposed on women by Confucianism, in China as in other lands, "love knoweth no lawes." From their earliest days the children are told stories by their nurses of earthly counterparts to the heavenly lovers, the Cowherd and the Spinning Maid who are said to meet every year on the seventh of August over a bridge made of magpies' wings. Many tales are related of young men and maidens in whose lives romantic love has played a prominent part. Some of these stories are to be found in the "Classic of Poetry" which contains poems written, or rather graven, on bamboo tablets as early as 1765 B. C. Not a few of the odes were written by women while others were composed to be sung by them. As in Japan before the introduction of Confucianism, a great deal of the best literature was either produced or inspired by women.



That in the times prior to the advent of Confucius women had more freedom and independence, and the relations between the sexes were much freer than in later times, is evident from the extracts given below from the "Classic of Poetry." It is an interesting fact that Confucius selected out of over three thousand poems which had been written before 551 B. C.—the date of his birth—three hundred and five which treat mostly of love and war. These, it is said, he sang over to his lute in order that they might harmonize with the musical style of his day. According to Sze Ma Chien, the historian (163-85 B. C.) the poems which form the "Classic of Poetry" were selected by Confucius with a view of promoting propriety and righteousness. The Sage was evidently much broader-minded than either many of his commentators or some of his foreign translators who have interpreted innocent flirtations as immoral assignments.

That "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin" will be seen from the description of the ardent and eager lover portrayed in the following stanza:

With axle creaking all on fire I went,  
To fetch my young and lovely bride.  
No thirst or hunger pangs my bosom rent,—  
I only longed to have *her* by my side.

And that they were not ignorant of the pleasures of flirtation, and had found out long ago that "men were deceivers ever," the following will show:

Where is Tzu Chai, that jaunty lad?  
With someone else to flirt and play  
Amid the hemp the livelong day  
Is his delight.—It is too bad.

That young couples must have met in the gloaming without the assistance of a chaperone will be seen from the following:

A pretty girl at time o' gloaming  
Hath whispered me to go and meet her  
Without the city gate.  
I love her, but she tarries coming;  
Shall I return, or stay and greet her?  
I burn and wait.

It is not only in the "Classic of Poetry" that love making and courting form one of the principal topics; but in Chinese fiction the heroes and heroines are portrayed with human passions and feelings like ourselves. In the course of the adventures of the leading characters in the romantic literature, both young men and maidens are thrown together in a remarkable manner, and the stories generally end by the heroes and heroines marrying and living happy ever after. As has been well said:

"The men and women whom they introduce are naturally within the circle of their passions and motives. Integrity is seen in contrast with intrigue, and honest men involved in the snares of knavery. The characters are persons of the middle classes such as magistrates, judges, councillors of state, and literary graduates. . . . Visits, and the formalities, polished statesmen, assemblies, and, above all, the conversation which render them agreeable, repasts, and the social amusements which prolong them; the walks of the admirers of nature; journeys; and in sequel, marriage—form their most frequent episodes and ordinary conclusions."

Chinese fiction is not so dissimilar to our romances as some writers would have us believe, and the similarity has been noted by such men as Sir John Francis Davis and Goethe. The following conversation is reported to have taken place between Eckermann and Goethe concerning a Chinese novel which the German poet had been reading. Eckermann said:

"It must have appeared very curious and strange."

To which Goethe replied:

"Not so much as one would suppose. The people think, act, and feel almost entirely as we do, and very soon we become familiar with their point of view; although with them everything is clearer, calmer, and more moral. In their arrangements everything is sensible, *bourgeois*, without great passion or poetical inspiration, and so is very



similar to my 'Hermann and Dorothea,' as well as to the English novels of Richardson."

Until comparatively recent years the *beau-ideal* in Chinese novels was the hero who obtained the highest literary degrees, and who was, therefore, able to quote the Chinese classics with fluency, as well as write poetry on any given subject at a moment's notice. He is described as *sans peur et sans reproche*, being able by his physical courage to overcome all opposition when befriending and championing the cause of females in distress. Learning above all other accomplishments was considered the distinguishing characteristic of the Chinese Bayard. Neither the atmosphere of the camp nor military prowess was extolled by Chinese writers of fiction, as soldiers, until the advent of Westerners, occupied a very inferior position in the social scale. Chinese novelists had no praise for those who obtained glory at the cannon's mouth. One of their common sayings is: "Good men do not become soldiers." The dictum of neither Sophocles nor Schiller that war destroys the best was contrary to the Chinese view as to the merits of soldiers. They would not have endorsed the saying that "Napoleon peopled hell with the elite of Europe," owing to his numerous wars. But it must be said with sorrow that the opinions of the Chinese have changed since the advent of the "Mailed Fist" and other representatives of Western civilization. They have learned and experienced something of the "pride of war," and the "pest of glory."

Perhaps one of the works of Chinese fiction best known to foreigners is "Hao Ch'iu Ch'uan" or "The Fortunate Union." This has been translated into English, French, and German, and is probably the one that Goethe had been reading. It has also been used as a text book by students of Chinese owing to the faithful representation it gives of the every day life and character of the Chinese people. The hero of the story is Tieh Chung Yü, which has been rendered into English as the "Iron Duke." He had through "scorning delights and living laborious days" attained the

distinction of being made a member of the Han Lin Yuan, or "The Forest of Pencils"—which, in other words, means he became the Senior Wrangler of his year. His father was a distinguished official and when the story opens he held the rank of being a member of the Court of Censors at Peking. The duty of a Censor was like that of the Tribune of ancient Rome—having to investigate the charges against, and criticize the acts of, officials, and if necessary those of the Emperor himself, without either fear or favor.

Tieh Chung Yü during his wanderings about the country as a traveling student had some remarkable adventures, experiences, and scrapes, always arriving at the psychological moment to rescue some female from the hands of her cruel abductor or betrayer, and by so doing incurring the hate and enmity of many a rich and powerful Don Juan. The marvelous way in which he discovered the whereabouts of beautiful women who were the victims of such men would have done credit to Sherlock Holmes. In all his contempt, daring, and defiance of danger while carrying on the gallant tasks of rescue, he retained his courtesy, respect for elders, and self-control, and observed as well all the proprieties as laid down by Confucius for the "model man."

The heroine is introduced to the readers as the only child of an official who was president of the Board of War, and owing to his position was obliged to reside in the capital, Peking. His wife being dead, his daughter, though only sweet seventeen, was left in charge of the family home, which was situated at Li Ching, in the Tsinan prefecture, Shantung, some twenty-five miles from Peking. She, being the only child, was treated more as a boy than as a girl—which is not uncommon in China, as I have known personally several official families where it was done. She had, therefore, enjoyed the same privilege as a son in receiving an education with tutors at home, which was usual in such families. By this means she had acquired a knowledge of the Chinese classics and literature which made her the equal intellectually of men senior in age to herself.



There is no need to say that language is inadequate to describe her charms. Like many such women delineated in Chinese novels, "her figure was as graceful as bamboo, her cheeks were oval like melon seeds, her lips were like cherries, her teeth like grains of silver rice, her finely penciled eyebrows were like the antennae of a butterfly, her oblique eyes were like olives, and her tiny feet, three inches long, were like golden lilies."

The ideal of beauty and the mark of gentility for a woman used to be small feet, the compression of which was not imposed by law; but was a craze of fashion, as slender waists were at one time in England. Several accounts are given as to the origin of the custom of foot binding; but probably the following is the correct one:

It is said that Yao Niang, the beautiful concubine of the Emperor Li Yü (975 A. D.) was light and graceful in all her movements, being able to dance with ease and elegance. She gave so much pleasure to her lord and master that he caused to be made golden lily flowers with movable petals for Yao Niang to walk on from her apartments to the palace. To gratify the Emperor still further, she compressed her feet in order that they might look like a lily bud unopened, until they were three inches long. From that time, the smaller the feet the greater was the beauty and respectability of the Chinese girl. The Chinese bride used to be welcomed to the bridegroom's home in language like this:

The bride is high browed, fair and sweet;  
Like awls her small and sharp-toed feet.

The name of our heroine was Ping-Hsin, which, while in English would be translated "Icy-Hearted," in China would be understood "as chaste as ice."

She was neither cold nor indifferent to love, which embraces the greater part of woman's life. Although she had reached the age when girls in China used to be married, owing to her being the only child she had not even been betrothed. The age when this event took place in the life

of a girl varied; but in many cases it was negotiated when the child was an infant, by go-betweens who were generally women. There have been instances where unborn children were informally betrothed to each other, the parents agreeing that the children when born, if of opposite sexes, should become husband and wife when grown up. Usually girls were betrothed when they were between the ages of ten and fifteen, and a go-between would be commissioned by the parents of the boy, to obtain from the parents of the girl who might be eligible, her name, and the year, month, day, and hour of her birth.

These eight characters, which were sometimes copied on gold-leaf, were taken to the astrologer or fortune-teller with the eight characters of the youth, in order that the horoscope of both might be examined. The sixteen characters giving the necessary particulars respecting both aspirants to the matrimonial state, though neither would know anything about it, were arranged on a table in separate rows with a view of seeing if they harmonized. If, for example, the boy had been born under the sign of the Chinese zodiac of the dragon, and the girl under the sign of the tiger, these two emblems would be antagonistic, and, therefore, unlucky—so that no marriage could be arranged. There are many other ceremonies connected with betrothals which it would take too long to enumerate. Presents are exchanged between the two families; but in the best circles it is not accurate to say that the bride is purchased. Only concubines may be said to have been bought and there are no ceremonies connected with their marriage, if such it may be called.

Ping-Hsin, not having been betrothed, was therefore fancy-free and heart-whole when Fate brought her and Tieh Chung Yü together. For in China it is commonly believed that matches are made in heaven, and marriage is ordained by Fate, so that all who are destined to be united in the bonds of Hymen have their feet tied together by an invisible red cord. While traveling in the province of Shantung our hero was fortunate enough to meet with an



accident near the house where Ping-Hsin lived, and so it came about that he was taken in to be nursed by the servants under the direction of the mistress of the house. During the time that the "Iron Duke" was a guest in the home of Ping-Hsin, they found many opportunities for the discussion of subjects in which they were both interested. Indulging in the feast of reason and flow of soul, as Chinese scholars did whenever they met, and while strictly observing the rules of propriety, they soon found that they were "two souls with but a single thought."

It would require a large volume to relate all the trying and wonderful experiences that this couple passed through, owing to the intrigue and machination of an evil uncle of Ping-Hsin's. His wicked designs and plans for marrying his niece to an undesirable and worthless individual, her father, being absent, were thwarted by the cleverness of Ping-Hsin, who was more than a match for all her enemies whom she had always outwitted by her superior knowledge and skill. Tieh Chung Yü had many hair-breadth escapes while carrying on his mission of opposing cruelty, injustice, and oppression in high places, and in rescuing females who were victims of bad men. The story ends as it should by a complete award of "poetical justice," the virtuous being rewarded and the wrong-doers punished. The final scene takes place in the palace at Peking before the Emperor.

Tieh Chung Yü, his bride (Ping-Hsin) and the assembled Court then bowed and acknowledged the Imperial bounty, and the hum of joy and congratulation resembled the distant roll of thunder. The attendants had received their orders; and they filed off in pairs, the ornamental lanterns in all their radiance, the harmonious band in full sound, and the marshaled banners in their variegated splendor, escorted the renowned and happy couple as they proceeded homeward attended by a vast company.

The choicest bud, unblown, exhales no sweets,  
No radiance can the untried gem display;  
Misfortune, like the winter cold that binds  
The embryo fragrance of the flower, doth lend  
A fresher charm to fair prosperity.

The question as to whether Chinese marriages are happy

ones is too large a one to discuss in this article, though there is a consensus of opinion among those who know the Chinese best that on the whole, the system of leaving the choice of either a husband or wife to the parents and go-betweens has been successful. It has been said by a Chinese lady that marriage in the West often means the removal of sentimental masks of mutual consideration, while in the East it is the beginning of love. A good deal of sentimental nonsense has been written about the unhappiness of married life in China. Quarrels and misunderstandings do occur there between husband and wife, which in many cases is on account of the mother-in-law who is not always as considerate as she might be. But those who have made a study of this question are in agreement with me that in the majority of cases the homes in China are on the whole happy, and the wife, as a rule, reigns supreme in the management of the household.

Since the Revolution in 1911 women in China have been emancipated and are taking a prominent part in the discussion of all questions affecting the social and physical welfare of the rising generation. They have their own newspapers and magazines edited by women, as well as all kinds of societies which have as their object the amelioration and removal of evils in the home and state. Politics and public speaking are not above or beyond the comprehension and participation in of Chinese women.

That polygamy, and concubinage are causes of bickerings, envy and jealousies is only what might be expected, human nature in China being the same as elsewhere; but erroneous views on that subject are held in the West. It should be clearly understood that there is no such thing as plurality of wives. Concubinage, which was common among the Jews until the end of the second century, and which was not suppressed by the Christian Church until 1060 A. D., is allowed. The wife, however, when a concubine is brought into the house, continues to be supreme in the home, the concubine being legally and socially infe-



rior to the wife. Before pronouncing an opinion on concubinage it is necessary to understand the Chinese view of marriage. This is given in the Book of Rites which is said to have been written 1200 B. C., and is as follows:

Marriage is to make a union between two persons of different families, the object of which is to serve on one hand, the ancestors in the temple, and to perpetuate, on the other hand, the coming generation.

It will therefore be seen that the system arose from the necessity of having a son to perform the worship of ancestors after the death of the father.

As has been well said: "To get the correct point of view, we must, in fact, assume for the study of China's institutions and history the frame of mind in which we approach the lives of the Hebraic patriarchs and rulers; cheerfully accepting for them customs which we, the heirs of all ages, have decided to modify or reject."

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### OH, NOT IN HATE

By ROWLAND B. MAHANY

Oh, not in hate the poppies blow  
In Flanders fields. The dead now know  
How poor is hate to those who tread  
The endless pathway of the dead—  
The poppiéd peace of friend and foe.

Whereto shall this war's merits flow?  
How shall our bright example show,  
Its sacred influence be sped?

Oh, not in hate!—

The asphodels are bending low  
To kiss the poppies as they grow—  
Red bloom for blood that has been shed,  
White for the Benediction said  
Where fall the silent tears and slow,  
Oh, not in hate.

# AN ATLANTIC PORT—A WAR MEMORY

By WALTER B. HAYWARD

**W**HEN America entered the Great War in April, 1917, the Harbor of New York promptly lost identity. Its name was jettisoned, and the Harbor became merely "an Atlantic Port," one of a dozen or more similarly designated. An embargo was laid on the Harbor's news. Arrivals and departures, names, destinations, the character of cargoes, all of that maritime miscellany which moves relentlessly with the tides were hidden behind the curtain of war which, for want of a better name, we called the Censorship. This was just and proper. The war at sea was an affair of silent, unrelenting pressure and the Harbor's business was essentially a part of that war. Its secrets must be guarded, its traffic protected. That was the dictum of the Navy—the Silent Service—which for all practical purposes controlled the Harbor, and the Censor, too, in so far as his work related to naval activity.

But there was something the Censor could not hide or even disguise. He might silence the tongue, but he could not deceive the eye. Hence we who crossed the Harbor by day and by night realized that it typified in an extraordinary degree the mighty effort which America was making. Here indeed was the starting point of a great adventure, the main artery through which flowed men, munitions and food to be carried stealthily and unobtrusively overseas. Only a few were privileged to gauge the volume and fluctuations of this stream, though all knew that its flow was never seriously interrupted.

The very mystery of the thing was fascinating and confusing. Where did the ships come from? Where did they go?



Who moved the pieces on the nautical chess-board? Who knew? Certainly not the casual observer. And if the enemy knew or thought he knew, he must have acquired a wholesome respect for the forces which directed the Harbor's energies. At any rate, he surely knew that these forces were founded upon something which was slowly but surely throttling his power to make war. That something was the Allied command of the sea. Without it the Harbor would have resembled the deserted ports of blockaded Germany.

Few of us who went about the Harbor and watched its feverish activity appreciated the debt we owed to the men who kept the seas and maintained communications with the army in France. Lloyd George once said that the British Navy never went into winter quarters. His words applied also to the American Navy and to the merchant fleet as well. Their work went on continuously in good weather and bad, and the manifestation thereof was a changing panorama of ships and still more ships—a stirring spectacle on a scale the Harbor had never before witnessed.

All phases of the war were reflected in the Harbor's business. The record goes back to that day in August, 1914, when Berlin flashed a radio message telling German shipmasters to seek cover and remain in port until further orders. Britain promptly withdrew many of her liners and cargo carriers for war service, and the Harbor's commerce was dislocated almost over night. America realized then, as never before, her dependence on foreign bottoms, and an urgent call was sent out for ships to meet the deficiency. In time there came to the Harbor an odd fleet of unfamiliar vessels—fresh water boats from the Great Lakes, decrepit hulks from marine graveyards, foreigners with queer names from trade routes no longer profitable. Any type of ship was useful, provided she could carry cargo and keep afloat. A strange mixture of the good and the bad!

We had been told long before that the day of the sailing vessel had passed, and that there were no more deep-water seamen. It all seemed too true until the war brought them

back to the Harbor—tall, glorious square riggers, of which thirty were counted in a single anchorage at one time, and a host of lesser craft with the American schooner predominating. Steam had not supplanted sail after all! And if deep-sea A. Bs. of the sailing school were not so numerous, at least the quality of the merchant seaman had not deteriorated, as the ruthless U-boat warfare was soon to prove.

Too little has been said in praise of the humble sailor, though the Harbor, which deals neither in heroics nor sentiment, recognized his worth and knew that he would remain steadfast and true to his calling, seeking nothing but the satisfaction of duty well done. This confidence was not misplaced. He lost his ship not once, but time and again, he saw his mates drowned, he spent bitter days of exposure in open boats, yet he returned to the Harbor to prove, as of old, that the full measure of naval power could not be exerted unless the merchant seaman carried on.

One spring day Admiral Sims sailed for England and on another day the United States was no longer a neutral but a belligerent nation. The long-expected had happened. A steel net was dropped across the Narrows and anchored; the Harbor's land defenses were strengthened; patrol boats and captive balloons watched its approaches; merchant vessels were forbidden to enter or to depart during the hours of darkness. And British and French cruisers which had kept vigil outside the port for nearly three years to intercept any German merchantmen which might venture forth were now welcome visitors and Allies. Their immediate task was done, for the ships they sought now flew the Stars and Stripes, and were soon to carry American soldiers overseas, despite the efforts of their officers to wreck their engines and make them worthless.

These were active days for the many shipyards and dry docks scattered around the Harbor. The government was ruthless and systematic. It commandeered a man's vessel, and sent her to a shipyard, where carpenters and machinists pulled staterooms and social halls apart, cast aside furniture



and decorations, and in their place built rough bunks for the American doughboy. In a few days great liners lost their right to be called luxurious, and with difficulty the Harbor recognized them in their dress of dull lead-colored paint—humble transports now, crowded with life-rafts and fitted with long guns and the many strange devices that give character and distinction to the modern man-of-war.

There came a day when General Pershing sailed to blaze a trail for the A. E. F. in France. He was followed by technical troops and later by the first contingent of fighting men. Whispers of these events ran along the waterfront, but the Censor held them in check. Soon the troop movement, a spasmodic affair at first, became an orderly and ever-growing procession. The Port of Embarkation was Hoboken, where in other years the proud German lines had berthed their transatlantic steamers. The irony of fate had decreed that German piers and German liners should be turned to use against the German menace.

Under cover of night regiments, brigades, divisions passed through the metropolis, embarked, and were sent to sea. Sometimes at night, while the city slept, and again in the hours of daylight, the nameless transports—apparently empty, for no khaki was seen on deck—dropped down the Harbor and were gone—swallowed in a shadowy waste of water. Outside they found a rendezvous and came under the protection of the Silent Service, and after that it was a matter of chart and compass, code and wireless, so many revolutions a minute, so many knots of speed, until they made a landfall on the other side of the ocean.

There was also another type of transport—the humble cargo boat—which carried guns, high explosives, fuel oil, motor cars, locomotives and the hundred odd things used by an army in the field. She was always deeply laden, often she carried a heavy deck cargo, and at first her dress was battle grey, with many streaks of iron rust. But she was destined to suffer a sea-change, and the Harbor acquired a new word—Camouflage—now firmly established in our language.

In its early stages marine camouflage, as applied to merchant vessels, was an odd combination of pink and blue spots intended by the artist to make the ship invisible against a background of sky and water. It failed of its purpose, as many experiments fail in war, and was discarded. Its successor was the "dazzle" scheme of large masses of contrasting color, a cubistic dream on a magnificent scale. The Harbor laughed at the apparent waste of good paint, but its skeptical mood did not linger, for very good reasons. We saw ships at anchor and could not tell whether they lay head on or stern foremost. We saw others which seemed to have three funnels when we knew they had but two. We saw ships without sterns and ships with double bows and wondered what they must resemble when a U-boat skipper trained his periscope on them. It was in fact a confusing triumph of artistic distortion, carefully and admirably carried out.

The Harbor had its spy scares, on more than one occasion it felt the effects of huge explosions of munitions, and the waterfront had many tales to tell when the Germans sent a submarine on a voyage of destruction along the coast nearby. But these were mere incidents to be forgotten quickly, for every day saw greater perfection in the transport and convoy service, which was the only thing that counted in the minds of those who kept the ships moving. Meantime American troops had completed their training overseas and had gone into the line. The war machine had found new fodder to grind. Casualty lists, at first insignificant, grew in volume until the back-wash of battle began to roll toward the Harbor aboard hospital ship and transport.

The coming of the wounded was in a way the final test of the Harbor's organization. Every precaution was taken to handle the men quickly and tenderly and to avoid distressing incidents. But the very presence of broken soldiers brought America closer to the grim realities of war, arousing deep sympathy and exalting the national spirit. America had learned to suffer as France and England had



suffered during the long black years of war and destruction.

The months passed, the war ended abruptly, and the Harbor readjusted itself without ceremony. An Atlantic Port it remained in reality, but its name was New York Harbor. The Censor's work was done, and men could again "pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions" with lights ablaze and no hidden fear in their hearts.

Not long afterward the Harbor gave a glorious welcome to the victorious doughboy. Departing, he was stowed away in silence between decks, a homesick lad from city, mountain, and prairie, not yet wholly familiar with the ways of the Army. Returning, he spread himself in yellow masses, crowding decks, rigging, rails; maintaining a precarious hold on funnel stays, and boat covers—a first class fighting man, cheering, whistling, singing, because it was good to see the Harbor and good to be home.

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### THE EARTH-DWELLER

*By* HELENE MULLINS

Because I play in the sun,  
Do you think its rays  
Never scorch me?

Because I laugh at life,  
Do you think it never thrusts  
Its sharp point  
Into my heart?

## WHAT OF THE SALES TAX?

By DARWIN R. JAMES

**B**USINESS men generally believe that all our tax tribulations—and they are many—could be solved at one stroke by the institution of a tax on all sales, provided the rate were low. While they believe that such a tax should be the sole tax on business, it should be remembered at all times that they are warmly in favor of a tax on personal incomes. As will be shown later on, the Business Men's National Tax Committee plan has two branches of which the sales tax is supplemental to the tax on personal incomes.

Several types of sales tax are favored. These are:

The Canadian sales tax, which is levied only on manufacturers and wholesalers.

A tax on retail sales only.

A tax on the sales of all goods, wares and commodities at every point.

An all-inclusive turn-over tax, embracing sales of goods, wares, commodities, capital assets, public and personal service corporations, and all sales save those of choses in action, which are evidence of property merely.

The last named sales tax is the one which has the support of the Committee for several reasons: It is logical and consistent, because it taxes all business, and taxes all in the same manner and at the same rate. It covers the entire area of business and will produce the greatest amount of revenue at the lowest rate, thus spreading the tax burden evenly and without discrimination. It has all the virtues of the other types of sales taxes and none of their weaknesses. It is advocated as the only tax on business, because it is the only sales tax that will bring in sufficient revenues to make possi-



ble the repeal of profits taxes and the mass of other taxes under which business is now being stifled. Its maximum rate should be one per cent. When this is first presented, the reply is almost invariably that if there are ten steps the tax will amount to ten per cent on the final price. This, however, is far from being the fact. In the case of a rubber automobile tire retailing at thirty-five dollars and ten cents the tax levied on eleven operations, from crude rubber and raw cotton to the finished tire sold by the retail dealer to the consumer, amounts to but \$1.144, or 3.26% of the retail price. In most cases there are not so many turn-overs, and the tax is rarely more than two and one-half per cent of the retail price. Similar computations have been conscientiously worked out on a pair of men's shoes, a suit of men's clothing, taffeta silk, cotton tissue, overalls, heavy service gloves, granulated sugar, etc., with the same result.

In all these computations the supposition has been that the entire tax on each turn-over would be passed on and reflected in the final selling price. In actual practice, however, the tax would frequently be absorbed. In Canada, where the tax is levied on sales by manufacturers and wholesalers, it is actually often absorbed, and in West Virginia, which has recently adopted a sales tax, it is said also to be absorbed. This would be particularly true of manufacturers whose margin of profit is naturally substantial. Cash discounts run from one-half of one per cent to five per cent. Often a one per cent tax could be absorbed, possibly by reduction in the cash discount. In actual operation, therefore, it is safe to assume that the one per cent turn-over tax would rarely amount to more than two per cent of the retail price, and often it would be less.

If all this is true, why can we not secure the institution of this system of business taxation? Opposition to it comes principally from labor and farmer organizations, and from some professional economists.

The farmers and wage earners mistakenly believe that they are not now paying consumption taxes and that a

general sales tax would increase the cost of living for them. The fact is that the cost of commodities would probably decrease with the imposition of a general turn-over tax, if it were the *sole* tax on business. If we are to continue all the tax burdens which business is now carrying and add to them a tax on sales, then, of such, such fears are well founded. The advocates of the general turn-over tax, however, favor the abolition of all war-time taxes on business, with the new turn-over tax to be substituted as the sole tax on business.

This statement usually elicits the remark that business wishes to escape all income taxes and to lay the burden on the shoulders of the consumer. This is another erroneous impression. "Business" is a very impersonal institution and exists for the avowed purpose of making profits. All the profits of business eventually find their way into the pocket or bank account of some man, woman or child. The proper place to tax income, therefore, is when it reaches the possession of a human being and becomes personal. For this reason the advocates of the general turn-over tax have a double string to their tax bow: the second and most important is a tax on personal incomes.

Our present Revenue Law has demonstrated the fallacy of high surtaxes. We believe, therefore, that the income tax should start at a low rate on small incomes, that the rate should gradually increase on larger incomes, and ought never be so high as to discourage investment in taxable securities. The rate should not exceed thirty per cent and should be lower if possible. All these details, of course, must be determined by the needs of the government for revenue, and those needs should be kept within the bounds of reason by the exercise of strict economy.

Under the Revenue Act of 1921 the highest surtax rate is sixty-five per cent and in 1922 it is to be fifty per cent. Is there any man living who, in times of peace, gladly and patriotically turns over to his government one-half or more than one-half of his income, to be spent in channels over



which he has no control and of which he often disapproves? Such a man is only obeying natural human instincts when he seeks refuge to an extent as great as possible from this excessive levy. He therefore invests as much of his money as he can in tax-exempt securities, to the great detriment of legitimate interests which are starving for lack of new capital.

This is a statement which the farmer and wage earner regard with suspicion; but which the banker and business man, however, know to be absolute fact. Only recently the newspapers carried the report of a great fortune, amounting to something over thirty millions of dollars, about one-half of which was invested in Liberty Bonds and other tax-exempt bonds. Five per cent, or even four and one-half per cent, on this great sum amounts to about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars of tax-free income, which comes home to stay. Had it been invested in stocks at six per cent or real estate at ten per cent the income, though greater, would have to be split "fifty-fifty" or worse with Uncle Sam.

The taxes now laid on business have a most unhappy effect on the consumer because they are indefinite. During the government investigation of "profiteering" under the Lever Act, when retail prices were probably at the peak, a representative of the Department of Justice stated that 23.2 per cent of the then retail prices was due directly to taxes. Those were profit taxes and excess profits taxes which business had to pay and the amount of which no man could know beforehand, because no man could tell what his profits were going to be before they had accrued. The men in business therefore estimated their profits—often over-estimated them, perhaps—and the tax thereon was reflected in the selling price, as it always has been and always will be whenever that is possible. Whether this excessive rate of 23.2 per cent persists at this time is doubtful; but it is safe to assume that business is still passing its taxes on to the consumer.

The proposed general sales tax, definite, low, universal, with its result of two and one-half and three per cent of the retail price, is a happy contrast to taxes on business profits.

Another fact which the farmer and wage earner does not understand is that taxes levied on business do not rest where they fall. The business man, however, knows only too well that if this were not the fact very few commercial houses, with the varying hazards they have to meet, would ever accumulate a surplus sufficient to tide them safely over the shoals and through the rapids of bad years and recurrent depression.

What is good for the farmer is good for business, and what is good for business is good for the farmer. In a close knit civilization such as that of our time, all classes are interdependent and all should work together. One cannot successfully oppress the rich, the poor, or the middle class. All must share in the financial and moral support of the government to which they owe allegiance. When the rich are oppressed by excessive taxation, they seek refuge as we have shown. When the poor are oppressed by excessive taxation, as they have been but too often in the world's history, they, too, seek redress in their own way. When the middle class are oppressed by taxation they cease to spend and we have a buyer's strike, such as that from which we are only now emerging. It is to the interests of all the people therefore (for we have no classes) that this country should have a system of taxation which shall be so widely spread over the entire taxable area as to bear lightly on everyone, yield sufficient revenues for the government, and cause as little hardship as possible to the ultimate consumer.

Such a system, we believe, is embodied in the dual plan outlined:

*First:* A tax on personal incomes, beginning with two thousand five hundred or five thousand dollars, at a very low rate, with liberal exemptions for dependents, and gradually increasing to a point not exceeding thirty per cent.

*Second:* A sole tax on business, to be levied at a rate not



to exceed one per cent on sales of every kind, beginning at six thousand dollars per annum and exempting anything below that figure.

This exemption would protect those of limited means who would indirectly pay taxes on their purchases; it would exempt the majority of farmers; and would keep the administration of the law within bounds.

Its administration would be so simple that the force of accountants and clerks now employed in figuring and checking tax returns could be radically reduced, and so decrease the need for revenue. It would be so simple to understand that individuals and business would no longer be compelled to seek and pay for expert advice in figuring their tax liability. This last virtue becomes important when it is remembered that a former Commissioner of Internal Revenue has made the statement that it cost the government twenty-five million dollars to collect the tax and it cost the citizens one hundred million dollars to pay it. In spite of one hundred million dollars' worth of expert advice, however, so many erroneous returns have been filed that the government has been collecting fabulous sums each year in back taxes, due, as they have specifically stated, to innocent error. It would seem to any person of ordinary intelligence that a law so difficult to interpret should for that reason alone be discarded.

Our present system of taxation was framed during the stress and hurry of a great war when the first consideration was revenue quickly obtained. It contains many inequities, is needlessly complex, and has very few friends. It is time that our country were placed on a peace-time basis and one of the quickest means of accomplishing that result would be the institution of a stable and simple revenue law.

The general turn-over tax is not an experiment. It has been in force in the Philippine Islands since 1905, and is the most popular and satisfactory tax they have.

The sales tax in Canada is also working satisfactorily, although it is not a general tax. It is confined to manufac-

turers and wholesalers and does not affect other dealers. Such a tax paves the way to many complications, as it is not always simple to draw the line between wholesaler and retailer, or between manufacturer and wholesaler.

The general turn-over tax as the sole tax on business has much in its favor. It is uniform and equitable. If one business is taxed, all businesses should be taxed and in the same manner. In times of peace there should be no artificial restraint put upon any legitimate trade, because every line of trade is essential to the general prosperity of the country.

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### ON THE HIGHWAY

By JUDITH TRACTMAN

I often see travelers  
On the Highway,  
Sighing and sobbing,  
Wandering along with stumbling feet,  
Their memories in a pack upon their shoulders  
Bent double under the weight.  
They are always looking forward  
Into the past.

I am young; I have no memories.  
In the light pack on my shoulders  
You will find only dreams,  
Sun-splashed and wind-wafted.  
They are so buoyant and so many in number,  
That often they lift me up, up and away;  
And it is so hard to touch the dust again,  
The fine, heavy white dust of the road.

Once I asked a traveler  
On the Highway  
Why he staggered so under his pack of memories  
And where were his dreams?  
And still sighing and sobbing  
And looking forward into the past,  
He said,  
"A few have turned to memories  
That I carry in my pack,  
Most of my dreams have powdered to dust,  
The dust on your feet in the Highway."



## THE TRANSGRESSOR'S EASY WAY

*By* BURDETTE G. LEWIS



MODERN institutional administrators are not surprised by so-called crime waves. Their experienced assistants and associates have been predicting them, and worse still to come, unless there is an immediate and far-reaching revival of fundamental religious instruction, a vast improvement in preventive health work, in educational work and in hospital and institutional administration. There is little justification for the sentimental prison reformers' charge that institutional people want to keep men and boys in jail all the time, nor for the short-sighted views of certain judges' and incompetent police officials' assertions that institutional authorities want to let everybody out of jail. The causes for crime waves cannot be reduced to such simple terms, although candor compels the admission that there is some truth in these assertions and these claims.

A few years ago many people professed to be very much amused by a statement of Chief Magistrate William McAdoo that the future stability of New York City was endangered by the "fish-eyed" army of incompetent, untrained, unstable, godless youth of the city. Those who know what was and is going on underneath the surface know he uttered a terrible truth and that New York and our other great cities were "sowing the wind and would reap the whirlwind," for despite the wonderful services of the public and private social and welfare agencies of the cities, these efforts are, and were not, sufficient to overcome agencies working in the opposite direction.

For eight years I watched the eighty thousand odd different individuals who passed yearly through the police pre-

cinct station houses and jails of the city of New York, and for more than two years of that time was responsible for the whole administration of the Department of Correction of the city of New York under the late Mayor Mitchel. This work brought me into intimate contact with the great army of misfits, untrained, unstable and unfortunate boys and girls, men and women, whose vices, misfortunes and miseries are always of compelling interest. At the beginning of the Mitchel administration, comprehensive studies were instituted to determine the reason of all this, which at the end of the Mitchel administration in New York City were begun in the State of New Jersey and have been carried forward since that time. What then have these investigations to say about so-called crime waves? We hear it said that our youths went overseas, fought a war, grew accustomed to the use of weapons and to murder and slaughter, and came back ready and willing to do the same whenever personal misfortune or unmet desires afforded plausible excuse or opportunity. It is said that notorious criminals are not adequately punished, are sent to jail only to be released to begin preying upon the community again. It is also said that certain youths, deprived of alcohol, take to drugs and then commit offenses with impunity. Others assert that abnormal, subnormal, warped and under-developed mentalities are played upon by the modern newspaper, by the modern motion pictures, by the modern agitators and take up crime as a modern adventure. Let us examine each of these.

The country was shocked by the Wanser case in Chicago, where a famous overseas veteran murdered his young wife and so-called "ragged stranger" in cold blood, and then went out and sat on a park bench with his sweetheart of the streets, and in a few hours wept in the arms of his wife's mother over the tragic end of his wife at the hands of an alleged unknown desperado in the hallway of their apartment. There have been other crimes committed by veterans of the World War, but it is very doubtful if participation



in the war is a considerable immediate cause of the crime wave. A study of the records of highwaymen and other robbers, who have committed atrocious murders in the course of robberies, shows that a large proportion of them are youths of from sixteen to twenty years of age, who are apparently inexperienced young men who were never overseas nor, because of their age, were ever in a draft army camp. Unquestionably, they come from the "fish-eyed" army, whose ranks are filled by the untrained, unstable, godless youth of our godless cities. Several of them have recently lost jobs in plants, which paid them salaries in excess of those received by the principals of many of our high schools, by many head professors in our colleges, and by the mayors of many of our villages. The world unrest, the ceaseless agitation, and the wild assertions of alien agitators have been too much for them.

How about the notorious old time criminal? More frequently he lurks in the background as a brigadier general of the "fish-eyed" army. He despises the methods of the petty larceny thief and is too wise and far-seeing to endanger his future liberty by unnecessary murder and terrible violence. Having a high regard for his profession, he despises these methods and recognizes the fact that they leave open trails which have only to be followed to lead to his undoing.

Intelligent students of crime recognize the ability of the big crook to fool the general public most of the time. He creates the public opinion about correctional institutions and about the police, and thus out-generals our police and prosecuting attorneys who, as contrasted with him, are in his judgment mere "birds of passage" and "bungling incompetents." None better than he recognizes how old-fashioned, under-manned, poorly equipped, bastille-like prisons make a mockery and a cruel jest of sentences imposed by stern and determined judges, who hope to vindicate the law by long sentences to hard labor, for he knows that most of our prisons are dens of idleness, grotesque monstrosities, which never have been and never can be operated in the

manner which a large portion of the public expect them to be.

Most people actually know more about the planets than they do about the real inside facts concerning one of these old-fashioned institutions. The warden of one of these institutions thinks he runs it, but that is only an illusion created by the clever criminals behind prison walls, who are always good prisoners because they know it pays them to be good, and who let the newcomers and the so-called "boobs" appear to be the agitators and breakers of rules. This clever man or woman knows how easy it is to get rid of an honest officer by framing him up and knows full well how the domination of a crooked prison officer is like child's play. Incarceration of these clever men in the old-fashioned prison too frequently is productive of little, for such men have little respect for laws and for institutions of which they can make sport.

Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence never contemplated the existence of these criminal bands led by such resourceful criminals. As Dean Roscoe Pound has pointed out, Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence pre-supposes a prosperous agricultural community, where people commit crimes in moments of passion and that their propensities are all in favor of law and order—whereas the truth is, our cities are teeming with criminal bands for whom this Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence was never intended—men who kill a man for one hundred dollars and beat him half to death for twenty dollars—who rob, steal and instigate others as an every day occupation. Clever and resourceful as the criminal is, he turns every safeguard of our Constitution, of our rules of evidence, and of our court procedure into a shield to protect himself. One of his chief shelters is the constitutional provision that a man accused of a crime cannot be required to testify in his own case for fear he may degrade or incriminate himself. Modify this provision and authorize the Legislature to pass reasonable statutes limiting the conditions under which such a man may be required to testify in his own case, and you



strike a tremendous blow at the professional criminal and his side partner, the crooked criminal lawyer, who receives an annual retaining fee frequently from these criminal bands.

There cannot be any question that drug addiction is provocative of crime. No young man can possibly earn enough to buy drugs to satisfy his cravings for narcotics once he acquires the drug habit. Heroin, particularly, seems to destroy all moral qualities and to leave a man unmoral. Steal he must, if he is to make a living. More crocodile tears have been shed over the poor drug addict, who, according to the sentimentalist, must not be arrested and put under any restraint, but must be sent to a hospital. This is another instance where public opinion, created by the professional criminal, dominates the situation to the injury of the poor addict. Every drug addict should be placed under the jurisdiction of some department of correction where there are a body of law, judicial decisions, and methods of treatment which alone make it possible to deal adequately with the unmoral youth addicted to the use of heroin.

It is impossible to handle him in the hospitals for the insane or in the modern hospital with other patients. He has little moral sense, no regard for his fellows, and therefore is incapable of general hospital discipline. The only place for him is a farm-colony hospital institution, where he may be handled and kept in custody for a period of from fifteen months to two and one half years, and is helped until he is weaned away from his old associates and built up physically and mentally, so that he may withstand the temptations which arise in his path after discharge. Then he should be released from such institution under careful supervision, only to a place which the paroling authorities indicate is safe for him. As for drugs themselves, there is only one way to stem the tide, and that is by international agreement, which we urged upon the Balfour and Viviani Commissions, which visited this country during the war,

and later upon Congress when the war-time prohibition enforcement was up for consideration.

What about the feeble-minded, the unstable and the under-developed? There can be no doubt that these elements predominate in the "fish-eyed" army. The remedy for them is too long a story, but suffice it to say that preventive medicine, modern industrial and vocational education, and modern institutional institutions must be encouraged, developed and extended if we are to reduce the cost of this great, growing army, which, if these tendencies are not checked, will undermine the country. I don't wish to be sensational or to exaggerate, but I say deliberately that unless we have radical extensions in our preventive health work, in education and in modern institutions, these unstable elements will either seriously reduce our strength or overwhelm our noblest efforts.

Modern recreational and leisure time activities must satisfy the demands of the youth of the land for adventure and self-developing activity. We must show blue law zealots that "the Sabbath was made for man" and that there is no Christian sanction for laws which send the city youth of the land to back alleys, to reeking rookeries, to speak-easies, to cider stubes and cellars, where the well-meaning zealots never see them. We must secure the co-operation of the motion picture theatres, of the operators of commercial and other amusements and see to it that all recreational facilities are operated in the public interest. Open games in the open air must be encouraged, and the gang spirit diverted from criminal pursuits to wholesome conservative activities.

The New York City indeterminate sentence and parole law of 1915 offers the most promising solution of the problem of institutional treatment of the offender. These principles should be extended to the state prisons in New York and other states. That would help end the domination of prisons by the professional criminals in and out of prison, whereby the most notorious criminals win the greatest con-



cessions and secure the earliest release upon parole. Under its terms the court imposing sentence has a veto power over parole. Every prisoner under its terms is entitled to parole at some time and the mistaken definite sentence with its recognition of the "eye for an eye" policy is definitely made impossible. This law, if properly extended and administered, would make intelligent administration of institutions possible and would give authority to keep the habitual criminal and the defective delinquent under supervision for life, if necessary.

Adequate modern training and reformatory institutions should be provided and properly manned. The very great weakness of our inferior criminal courts, corrected by the Page Law in New York City in 1910 and by recent legislation in Detroit, are indications of the need for the reorganization of our inferior criminal courts everywhere, if crime is to be punished quickly and adequately. The modernization of our police systems is imperative if crime is to be prevented and detected. This means co-operation with the schools, churches, playground departments, health departments, and social agencies generally. Under such a plan police administration becomes a great constructive force.

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### DISAPPOINTMENT

*By* ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

I went out on the road,  
But as far as I could look  
Up and down its length,  
There was no one at all—  
And even the footprints in the dust  
Seemed all pointed away.

## AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

**R**ECENTLY we asked a distinguished American writer of fiction if there were not some way to make the movies "better and cleaner," and quite complacently he wrote back, from the interesting town of Los Angeles, that his main concern was how "to make the clergy better and cleaner."

If this man were without scholarly inclination, or if he were one of the degenerate crew who have confounded license with liberty, we would pass over his remark as insignificant, but we have known him for years as a man of scholarly inclination and ordinarily of good taste, and it was a shock to realize that he has come to regard himself as one of those who bitterly resent the public giving any attention to those serious men of the pulpit who, day in and day out, on a miserly stipend, are working to get the people to realize that they have souls and minds.

The fact of a third edition of Joseph S. Auerbach's "Essays and Miscellanies" is grateful evidence of the fact that people will turn to a man who is interested in the deeper aspects of life provided he can express his reactions with the charm and clarity that mark all of Mr. Auerbach's writing. The country—yes, and the world, needs much more writing of the Auerbach kind and needs a great deal less of the movie-fiction kind, and surely none of the impertinence of the movie profession as to moral problems and the religious responsibilities of our day.

Mr. Auerbach's essay on "The Bible and Modern Life" will, of course, not appeal to those who are writing movie scenarios, or to those who rush ardently to the defense of the drama whenever Al Woods is mentioned. Nor will it appeal to those who feel that only on Broadway there is "life." But the vast majority of men and women in America are better than movies



and the characters that are depicted in the movies. The great majority of American men and women have little understanding of what Broadway means, and if they did, would regard it with horror and disgust. If these men and women have turned away from religion and are not reading the Bible as they did in the days of yore, it is not because their lives are licentious—it is because they have been swept up in the whirl of individualism, materialism, and indifferentism that marks our strenuous time and complicated civilization.

People will go back to Bible reading again—they are going back to it. For as Mr. Auerbach says in a fine paragraph:

“The Bible, rightly understood, is the story of the fashioning of men from feeble beginnings to great issues; the toughening of the fibre of character, and the emancipation, through suffering and humiliation and defeat and captivity and exile, from the bondage of idolatry and littleness to moral triumph and spiritual excellence. To those who know the Bible it is a storehouse of priceless possessions, without which men would be poor indeed. In it is bound up not only the richest treasure of our Anglo-Saxon speech, but the highest religion of the world—the story of the struggle of man to understand his destiny and to ally himself with what is unseen and eternal.”

Men are struggling today to understand their destiny and to ally themselves with what is unseen and eternal. What is needed is leadership—leadership that will not hesitate to land with heavy hand on the loose-fibred champions of so-called art, behind which there is usually nothing more than an insatiable craving for vulgarity.

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In Washington we have heard perplexed persons debate the important question whether Frank A. Munsey, the editor of *The Herald*, was on his way in, or coming out of the Republican party. His fight against the Bonus Bill and the stupidities of the Republican representatives in Congress has met with the support of most business men, but many Republicans are distressed at his attitude on other points of party policy. That a man as close as Mr. Munsey was to Colonel Roosevelt should lend himself to the anti-Newberry propaganda to the extent of suggesting that the Senator

should resign and try the elections again, only shows how insidious is the Wilson campaign which is being carried on in the country, but particularly in New York City, where certain cliques of the so-called fashionable set are industriously at work trying to revive the League of Nations campaign. Unfortunately, Mr. Munsey is susceptible to these very influences. Strange thing that this Maine native who came to New York with little more than a valiseful of manuscripts, and has made his way to millions and influence, should be so susceptible to the opinion of people who are of so little inherent worth! Strange, too, that he should be so enthusiastic in preserving the scions of the old New York families. Indeed, most of them are being preserved—in alcohol!

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There is no particular reason why the Tenth Congressional District of Wisconsin should be less adequately represented than any other district in the country, but such apparently is the unfortunate case. Here is one of the best sections of the state with a population of several hundred thousand Americans who have every right to expect that the man that they send to Congress would not distinguish himself by his persistent denunciations of wealth and of business.

Congressman James A. Freer is the type one might expect to find coming from the socialistic and anarchistic districts of the worst sections of New York, but as a matter of fact, Freer is a man of little intelligence and apparently no understanding of economic questions. That he should disagree with Secretary Mellon on a matter of taxation is perhaps understandable, for his biography shows that he has had comparatively little education; but a man who has lived in Washington as long as Freer has, ought to realize that his constituents must resent the idea that he is lacking in courtesy, and ruthlessly disregards the rules of conduct that mark the man of breeding.

We believe that if the people of the Tenth Congressional District of Wisconsin realized that their representative was creating the impression that the doctrines of Lenin and Trotzky were acceptable to them, and that they believed in the confiscation of property, they would resent it just as sharply as would any other American community.



## DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

### *AMERICA'S ROADS OF IRON\**



ALL constructive thinking men and women, in all conditions of life, should read Dr. Dixon's volume. Especially should every student in our universities and colleges sift the facts and truths given in this work. Here is a college professor who knows exactly what he is talking about. He is not a theorist, nor a faddist. He presents stone-wall facts and truths. It is reckoned that there are two hundred and fifty billion dollars of industrial wealth in the country; that there are twenty billion dollars invested in the railroads. Ergo, eight per cent, or the twenty billion, are doing the work of transportation and keeping alive the two hundred and fifty billion dollars of wealth in the nation. Ergo, inasmuch as the two hundred and fifty billion dollars of wealth are dependent upon the twenty billion, or eight per cent, why should not the ninety-two per cent do everything to make possible the eight per cent as a going concern? These figures and thoughts are not in Dr. Dixon's volume; yet this thought is consistent with a thorough reading of Dr. Dixon's masterly presentation of the railroad problems of our country.

And why should not the women be interested in the solution of our railroad problem? There are presented in this volume about every side of the railroad affirmative, every feature of the labor affirmative, with their natural negatives; the problem of rates; the various conflicts of jurisdiction, state and interstate; regulation of wages and working conditions; rate regulation; administrative activities, and all chapters portray a practical, sound knowledge of the railroad problems confronting our country. There are no hypothetical or superficial theories, just sound facts and common sense—common sense for the railroad man, for the financier, for the labor man, for the shipper, for those in our homes—as it can be amply demonstrated that every householder, man and woman, is dependent upon the railroads of our country for every domestic article, no matter how minute, that comes to their doors. The history of the Interstate Commerce Commission and its activities and powers from its inception in 1887 to the present day are plainly set forth. The facts of twenty-six months of government control as contrasted with private operation before and after the world war are made clear and understandable.

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\* "Railroads and Government—Their Relations in the United States, 1910-1921," by Frank Haigh Dixon. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Of all the many volumes on the railroad problems of our country that I have been compelled to read for a decade, I feel utterly conscientious in saying that Dr. Dixon's work is more instructive, more lucid, and vastly of more importance to the people of our country than any other. It is the very latest word on this mighty subject. Speaking of the future, Dr. Dixon says:

"It is apparent to anyone who has followed the history of the relations of government to railroads as told in the preceding pages that the so-called 'railroad problem' has not yet been solved. We have advanced from step to step, steadily increasing the authority of the government and enlarging the area of its exercise. But we have not reached the goal. The public is not at the present moment enjoying efficient transportation service at satisfactory rates, nor is there any assurance that the basis has been laid for the preservation even of such service as we had before the war. We are not convinced that capital is ready in a practical way to back this industry and provide it with the funds needed for its growth. What, then, must we look for in the future? We are obviously in a state of unstable equilibrium. Can we adjust our present structure by modifications here and there and thus stabilize it for a considerable time ahead, or must we resort to revolutionary methods and cast aside our present system for something fundamentally different? Upon this question opinion divides."

Dr. Dixon believes that the future development of our railroads is based upon the acceptance of the following propositions:

"The railroads of the country cannot be operated privately without earnings sufficiently generous to insure a constant stream of new capital into the industry. This rate of return cannot be stated with accuracy, but it is probable that at present it must be as high as six per cent on the investment.

"If six per cent cannot be earned, it follows that inasmuch as the railroads must be operated, government aid will have to be sought. Government aid means taxation, and this means inevitably government ownership, and probably government operation. Government ownership would be a hazardous experiment; government operation would be disastrous.

"No assurance is possible that under existing conditions six per cent can be earned continuously at present rates. Higher rates are inadvisable and probably would be less productive; many rates are now too high. It follows, therefore, that the necessary earnings must be assured through savings in operating expense. This means in brief the development on a national scale of a programme of efficient and economical operation.

"The results sought cannot be attained by any of the minor economies frequently suggested and practised. They must come through a nation-wide introduction of methods of co-operation."

It is a positive fact that fifty-five millions of our people are interested in



the success of American railroads, either through work or investments; that many of our publicists believe that within the next fifty years our population will be two hundred and fifty millions—and what more important subject could there be for a right understanding than that of the railroads of our country?

—EDWARD G. RIGGS.

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*EXIT, THE BOUDOIR—ENTER, THE OUTDOORS\**

**R**EAD merely as a work of fiction, this story arouses an interest which gradually deepens to enthusiasm as the book tightens its grip on you and its various excellencies are the clearer seen. Amidst the shoddy and unsound novel making which surrounds us today, it stands forth like a veritable Pharos from a stormy sea.

I am not in the habit of using the superlatives of laudation, but here is an instance where niggardliness and reservation seem uncalled for: "Vandemark's Folly" is not only good fiction; it is a creatively fine performance. A veteran western farmer dictates to a grandchild (the footnotes supplied by her are a part of the artfulness of the effect) the narrative of his life. He begins as a humble Dutch lad on an Erie canal boat, and you follow him through his many piquant hardships there, accompany him on his romantic trek to Iowa and share the adventures involved in his becoming a pioneer agriculturist and finally one of those prosperous early settlers (with Vandemark Township named after him) who have made the locality the garden spot it is today. Rarely at any time has fiction been written which so gains the credence of the reader. You believe in and sympathize with Jacob, you participate in all that happens to him, and you smell the fresh scent of the mother earth from which he wrests success against so many odds. It is all richly, beautifully human, with a wholesome out-of-doors atmosphere enveloping it. What a comfort, after living in the tainted boudoir air of so much of current fiction, from which you emerge feeling as if you had stale sachet powder on your soul!

The boy's touching devotion to his mother, living and dead, his love affairs culminating so happily at the book's end, the gallery of his fellow humans, as relishable for range and variety as that earlier gallery of "The Canterbury Tales"—nothing could be more vivid and appealing. The description of the prairie fire, or that of the great snow storm where the hero and his girl nearly lost their lives, yet found their love—such things have a sort of "Pilgrim's Progress" flavor. It is all firm art and fine human nature. And the effect is secured by the craftsmanship where art conceals itself—*ars celare artem*. It is done through the medium of a style splendidly vernacular in its homely, picturesque simplicity. In this respect, Mr. Quick's is a genuine achievement. In reading, I was continually sent back to Defoe or to Benjamin Franklin in his autobiography for a parallel.

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\* "Vandemark's Folly," by Herbert Quick. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

It is delightful as a feat of language; but also as a piece of life. The psychology is as sound as an Oregon apple.

But this fiction is again of value as chronicle-history. It is an American document, authentic and instructive; a partial picture of the great epic of our native settlement; for Americans, therefore, to read it is alike a pleasure and a duty. Prophecy is ticklish business; but I venture to guess that a novel like this cannot fail of a very wide hearing.

—RICHARD BURTON.

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### THE KINGDOM OF THE MIND\*

**D**OWN the long rampageous centuries Man has brought with him his trials and vicissitudes, which, intermingling with his temporal joys and flighty happinesses, have gone toward making up the full life as we today know it and as our hardy ancestors knew it. Chief among his troubles have been harassing bodily ills, malignant diseases, and scarring scourges which have uprooted and hunted him since the first Neanderthal man crawled from the slime. Through the cataclysmic ages we may search only to have revealed Man's virtual submission to physical ravages—all too dreaded in the primitive past and, until recently, without a formidable scientific combatant to lessen their sway. Such a dominance did the world of pain hold over the ancient mind, indeed, that we find Aristotle and more latterly his protagonist, Schopenhauer, propounding the philosophical: "Absence from pain is true happiness (positive)."

Dr. Josephine A. Jackson and Helen M. Salisbury, in collaboration, have bequeathed to the intellectual world a distinctly valuable addition in "Outwitting Our Nerves," which treats of psychotherapeutic advance among the medical fraternity, with its proven concomitant relief to the present harried generation, and delineating all too scantily, in spite of the book's noble vision, the benefits to which posterity will fall heir, through the painstaking research of medical psycho-analysts. To this humane calling the volume is a literary monument and the reviewer's thoughts soar in an effort to get even the faintest mental picture of what the future has in store with a world in control of learned therapists.

That the human mind is supreme over all other forms of bodily tenantry is acknowledged by physician and layman alike. The authors bring out lucidly the amazing fitness of the mental side of Man to cope with, and more than offset, handicapping physical troubles.

"Outwitting Our Nerves" is really an advanced primer of psychotherapy; it discusses sex-neuroses and the mystical sublimation of creative energy lacking the proper outlet.

—OSBORN F. HEVENER.

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\*"Outwitting Our Nerves," by Jackson and Salisbury. The Century Co.



*WAS AMERICA DECEIVED?\**

HE author of "The Great Deception" sets out to interpret the meaning and mandate of the 1920 national election in so far as it was an expression of the people's attitude toward a league or association of nations. Giving his attention first to the Republican vote, his finding is that though the Harding majority of seven millions was a decisive rejection of the supposed superstate features of Article Ten, which constituted in the main "those obligations" upon which Senator Harding said he would turn his back, the vote was cast very largely in expectation of our entry into the League of Nations with qualifying reservations.

He admits that there was in the minds of many Republican voters the idea of a possible substitute in a new association of nations, which, however, must of necessity have been indefinite and undecided since they had no means of knowing what Mr. Harding's idea of an association was.

He appeals to many impressive facts to sustain his contention that judged by all recognized standards of party opinion and party action, the Republican party stood committed in case of victory at the polls to some form of continuing league or association with other nations of the world, and that in this, the idea of the existing League of Nations amended or revised to meet American requirements, was far the most pronounced.

A partial list of facts to which he makes his appeal, with many other supporting facts may be stated in the following order:

Entry into the League in the event of Republican success was promised by the preeminent Republican leaders, by the three most popular candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination, joined by many more Republican leaders of large influence and more than one hundred and fifty important Republican newspapers. Senator Harding himself in every important campaign utterance pledged an association of nations or the League "amended or revised if it is so entwined in the peace of Europe that its good must be preserved." The party platform approved the action of the Republican Senators who voted to ratify the covenant with reservations and pledged "an international association based upon international justice so that the nations may exercise their influence and power for the prevention of war."

But more than to all else the author appeals to the consistent party record, to which he says the voter looks for guidance more than to platform expressions or leaders' promises. He finds that record to be nothing else than a nearly two years' insistence that we enter the League of Nations with the Lodge-McCumber compromise reservations. Appealing to the fact that the Republican voters themselves for nearly two years joined in that insistence, he asks:

"Is there any good reason to believe that what their leaders advised

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\*"The Great Deception," by Samuel Colcord. Boni and Liveright.

and the platform and party record supported, and they themselves had for two years persistently urged, they repudiated on election day?"

After building up his case upon the foundation of Republican votes, he adds:

"But there are some six million votes we have not taken into the account. The voters for the Democratic candidate were also American citizens and must be counted in any fair arrival at the truth as to the mandate of the American people."

An interesting portion of his book is an appeal to the official figures to show that in almost every state where a legal Presidential primary was held, Hiram Johnson, though a great headliner and receiving all the pro-German and anti-British votes, was tremendously beaten by the combined votes for Wood, Lowden, and Hoover, all three of whom had publicly declared in favor of our entry into the League.

The "great deception" was the misleading of many minds as to the actual Republican sentiment and attitude by a rare combination of influences. Important among these misleading influences was the pro-German and anti-British demonstration against the League in every large Republican meeting. That completely camouflaged, and in many cases well organized, expression was alone sufficient to deceive both audiences and speakers. It would be no more than natural if even President Harding should be influenced by it.

—GEORGE GORDON BATTLE.

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#### FOR THE LOVERS OF JEAN-CHRISTOPHE\*

**F**OR passionate lovers of a great book, is it possible to disassociate the personality of the author from the personality of the character about whom the story is woven? Jean-Christophe, the man—is he not really Romain Rolland, the man—whose life the book "Jean Christophe" tells in allegory? No other story of the last half century has as deeply stirred life as it touches man's relation to his God and to his soul. Its great humanity, the depth of its simple, unadorned truth, has made it the most intimate and personal of books. It is as personal as religion. To those who have fallen under the spell of its artistry, it is—religion. Therefore it is not cause for wonder that to these, a biography of Romain Rolland should mean much.

Stefan Zweig—an Austrian, has been the first to write the life of the French author, who having triumphed gloriously after years of literary labor in the publication of "Jean-Christophe," sacrificed friends, fame, and fortune on the altar of idealism. It is consistent that this first biography of Rolland, the Frenchman, making its appearance so soon after a war wherein France and Germany, hating, cast themselves at each other in

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\*"Romain Rolland, the Man and His Work," by Stefan Zweig. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Thomas Seltzer.



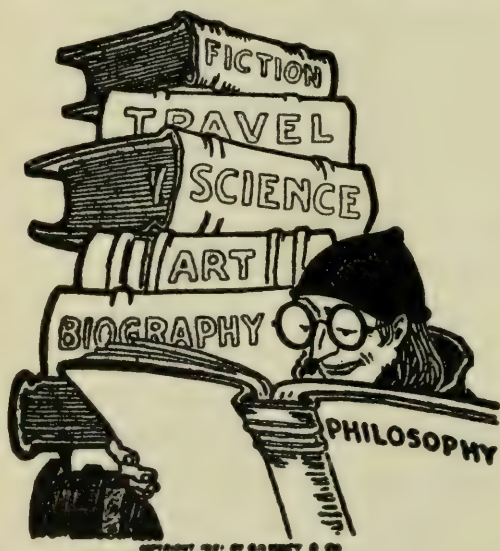
combat to the death, should be written in the German language by an Austrian. For it is the biography of the preacher of the gospel of the Brotherhood of Humanity, as opposed to the Brotherhood of Nationality.

Zweig's book has been translated into English by Eden and Cedar Paul. In return for its intimate portrayal of the life, work and struggle of Rolland, the friends of "Jean-Christophe" can readily forgive the rather disjointed way in which it is put together, and the edition's truly execrable sins of typography. For it is the story of Romain Rolland, the man who wrote "Jean Christophe"—whose ideals were strong enough to enable him to stand alone against the tide of passion and public feeling in beleaguered France—who courageously voiced his plea for the love of humanity to a world that stoned him—who, exiled to Switzerland, unheeded, scorned, worked incessantly yet obscurely in The Red Cross—Rolland the pacifist, if you will, but ever the artist, who, on the destruction of Louvain, wrote a passionate entreaty for the reverence of art to the German author, Gerhart Hauptmann, crying to him in agony: "Are you the grandchildren of Goethe or of Attila?"—Rolland the idealist-stoic who could write:

"We require a century for the upbuilding of that which a day destroys—and the patient labor of reconstruction is our daily bread.—Life is a series of deaths and resurrections."

—HELEN WALKER.

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# The Forum

MAY 1922

## AMERICA'S YOUNG RADICALS

By GEORGE SANTAYANA

**W**HEN I was a college professor, I sometimes wondered why there was no socialism among the sophomores. Now that I am not there to welcome it, the thing seems to have come.

I say *to welcome it*, because although I am a high Tory in my sympathies, I recognize that different hearts must be set on different things, and I like young people who have hearts, and who set them on something. It is a great pity if, for lack of self-knowledge or a congenial environment, they set them on the wrong thing, and miss their possible happiness, or miss even the noble martyrdom of knowing why they are unhappy. But they will not have set their hearts on the wrong thing simply because that thing may be indifferent or disagreeable to *me*. My personal feelings have nothing to do with the genuineness of their ideals, or with the worth of their happiness, if they are able to attain it. At most, my experience may make me suspect that these ideals may be unattainable, or that in choosing them these young men, in some cases, may have misunderstood their own nature, and may be pursuing something which, if they



got it, would make them very sick. When that is so, a word of warning from an outsider may not be entirely useless.

The reason why it is easy to mistake the demands of one's own nature is that human instincts are very complex and confused, and that they mature at different times, or are suppressed or disguised altogether; whereas the fancy is peopled only by the shallow images of such things as we happen to have come upon in our experience. We cannot love, nor warmly imagine, what we have never seen; even when we hate things as we find them (as every fresh soul must in a great measure) our capacity to conceive better things is limited to such hints as actual things have vouchsafed us. We may therefore have no idea at all of what would really satisfy us; even if it were described to us in words, we should not recognize it as our ideal of happiness. It would seem cold, exotic, irrelevant, because nothing of that sort had as yet entered our experience, or lay in the path immediately open before us.

I was accordingly not at all surprised that the life of the ancients, although alone truly human and addressed to a possible happiness, should not appeal to young America. It is too remote, too simple; it presupposes the absence of this vast modern mechanical momentum, this rushing tide of instrumentalities on which young America is borne along so merrily. What surprised me a little was that everybody seemed content to go on swimming and swimming: for even when a man grumbled and worried about his difficulties or mishaps—athletic training, college clubs, family friction, dubious prospects, unrequited love—he yet seemed to be entirely at peace with the general plan of existence as he found it; not at all oppressed by the sense of any surrounding ugliness, vulgarity, vanity, servitude, or emptiness. Was there in these youths, I used to ask myself, so engaging often in their personal ardor, no human soul at all, but rather the soul of some working ant or unquestioning bee, eager to run on its predetermined errands, store its

traditional honey, and build its geometrical cell, for the queen of the hive, the future Mrs. Ant or Mrs. Bee, to lay her eggs in? I am far from regarding romantic man as necessarily the best of animals, or a success at all, so far; and I am quite willing he should be superseded, if nature, in America or elsewhere, can evolve a superior species to take his place; but this sudden extinction of human passion seemed a little strange, and I doubted whether perfect happiness in mechanism was as yet possible even for the healthiest, busiest, most athletic, most domestic, and most conventional American. Might not the great American panacea for human wretchedness, Work, be not so much a cure as an anaesthetic?

And now, apparently, the awakening has come, at least to a few, and the sophomores (who are many of them out of college) have discovered the necessity of socialism. I call it socialism for short, although they are not all advocates of socialism in a technical sense, but style themselves liberals, radicals, or (modestly) the *Intelligentsia*. The point is that they all proclaim their disgust at the present state of things in America, they denounce the Constitution of the United States, the churches, the government, the colleges, the press, the theatres, and above all they denounce the spirit that vivifies and unifies all these things, the spirit of Business. Here is disaffection breaking out in which seemed the most unanimous, the most satisfied of nations: here are Americans impatient with America.

Is it simply impatience? Is it the measles, and by the time these sophomores are reverend seniors will it have passed away? Or is it a tragic atavism in individuals, such as must appear sporadically in all ages and nations, an inopportune sport of nature, hatching a bird of paradise in the arctic regions? Even in this case, pathetic as it is, nothing can be done except to wait for the unhappy creatures to come to a fluttering end, for lack of sunshine and appropriate worms. Untoward genius must die in a corner. I am ready to believe that these young radicals are geniuses



and birds of paradise, as they evidently feel themselves to be; if so, their complaints ought to make a beautiful elegy; but it would still be a dying song. Or is it possible, on the contrary, that they are prophets of something attainable, boy-scouts with a real army behind them, and a definite future?

I have made a severe effort to discover, as well as I may from a distance, what these rebels want. I see what they are *against*—they are against everything—but what are they *for*? I have not been able to discover it. This may be due to my lack of understanding or to their incapacity to express themselves clearly, for their style is something appalling. But perhaps their scandalous failure in expression, when expression is what they yearn for and demand at all costs, may be a symptom of something deeper: of a radical mistake they have made in the direction of their efforts and aspirations. They think they need more freedom, more room, a chance to be more spontaneous: I suspect that they have had too much freedom, too much empty space, too much practice in being spontaneous when there was nothing in them to bubble out. Their style is a sign of this: it is not merely that they have no mastery of the English language as hitherto spoken, no clear sense of the value of words, and no simplicity; that they are without the vocabulary or the idiom of cultivated people.

That might all be healthy evolution, even if a little disconcerting to us old fogies, who can't keep up with the progress of slang. America has a right to a language of its own, and to the largest share in forming that pigeon-English which is to be the "world-language" of the future. But it is not comparatively only that the style of the young radicals is bad, nor in view of traditional standards: it is bad intrinsically; it is muddy, abstract, cumbrous, contorted, joyless, obscure. If their thoughts were clear, if the images in their minds were definite and fondly cherished, if their principles and allegiances were firm, we should soon learn to read their language and feel it to be pure and

limpid, however novel its forms. Dante wrote in a new dialect, provincial and popular; yet how all his words shine like dew on a sunny morning! But Dante had looked long and intently; he had loved silently; he knew what he felt and what he believed. No: it is not more freedom that young America needs in order to be happy: it needs more discipline.

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### TO THE LITTLE MASTERS

By MARGUERITE WILKINSON

You little masters of the world,  
Whose words are subtle stings,  
Build up your walls before our feet,  
Your ceilings for our wings,

Saying, "You may not climb too far  
Nor lift your flight too high  
Above our drab and decent ways  
Where all the world goes by."

But we have seen the morning shine  
And heard the mountains call,  
Though sevenfold strong the prison be  
The sevenfold strength shall fall.

A million saints with flashing feet  
Have climbed beyond your sight;  
A million singers lifted song  
On wings of silver light.

As it has been, so it shall be  
While scorn may claim her own;  
By all the laughter of the years  
You shall be overthrown.

Our feet shall pass beyond your door;  
The clashing of our wings  
Shall blind you, masters of the world—  
Your words are little things.



## A LETTER FROM GANDHI

By HARI GOVIND GOVIL

*"Bardoli, February nineteenth, 1922.*

*Hari G. Govil, Esq.*

*Dear Mr. Govil:*

*I have your letter. I am glad you recognize the truth of non-violence. We should deal patiently with those who do not understand it. It is a new experiment and we shall have to be extremely patient if we would make headway. Impatience also is a form of violence. . . .*

*I have no message for the world till the message I am humbly trying to deliver to India is truly delivered and imbibed. If it is successfully delivered in India, I know that my physical presence will nowhere be necessary to emphasize it, but that it will permeate the whole world without the shadow of a doubt. But every worker abroad who endeavors to study the movement and interpret it correctly helps it.*

*We can gain absolutely nothing by exaggeration or distortion of facts. Just as non-violence requires exemplary patience, it requires also exemplary truthfulness and a fine appreciation of one's own limitations.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*(Signed) M. K. GANDHI."*



R. E. S. Montagu, late Secretary for India, has declared "that India will not challenge with success the most determined people in the world." He is answered by the greatest paper in India, the *Bombay Chronicle*, and is reminded that Ireland has

recently, with fair success, challenged this "determined people" and that, at one time, the Americans had trounced them! Reference is made to Gandhi's decision to rescind the order calling for mass civil disobedience in Bardoli, after the outbreak of violence at Chauri-Chaura—for which Gandhi did penance in the form of a five-days' fast—declaring that God had spoken to him in this tragedy, showing him that India was not sufficiently well disciplined for such civil disobedience, which needs a perfect non-violent atmosphere.

To the Extremists, this action was a "betrayal" of the Non-Co-operators, and Gandhi was guilty, in their eyes, of "treachery to the Nationalist cause." Replying to Mr. Montagu's statement: "Given good will, no rights would be denied India by the British Parliament," the *Chronicle* puts the question: "What greater exhibition of good will could Mr. Montagu desire than the Bardoli decision?" It reminds the British that only a great soul could have postponed the extreme action that national honor might have demanded carried forward, regardless of consequences. A smaller soul would have reasoned that the end justified the means—that bloodshed was inevitable, and the method after all that all nations had taken from time immemorial to gain their freedom. Says the writer of this editorial, who, by the way, is a Muslim:

But Mahatma Gandhi is as a prophet of old in his wisdom. He knows that what all the religions of the world teach is right, only the teaching has never been completely applied. He desires that India shall teach the world the greatest lesson of all time—that consistent Right must prevail far more surely than Right that calls on Wrong for aid. Not that a resort to arms is wrong when a people have no other. Not that honest anger under oppression is a sin. *But both are imperfections.* There is a great part of the Truth in both, but not the whole truth. The world deems George Washington and De Valera great and good men and splendid patriots. Many in the world deem Lenin and Trotzky the same. On these the imperfect way to freedom was forced—the way of honest anger and bloodshed. But on Mahatma Gandhi and India lies no such compulsion. We cannot but believe that the great God has so adjusted these modern circumstances called "economic conditions" as to allow India, alone of



all the nations of the earth, to prove to a distracted world that God is its Ruler and that God's law must prevail.

Poor Turkey and Mustapha Kemal were far less fortunately situated than we. It was God's will that for them lay no recourse but to the sword. It was God's will so to dispose modern economic circumstances and the acts of predatory and lying nations, that non-violent non-co-operation was not possible in Turkey of today. But in India it is a far different case. And so we challenge the most determined nation in the world to a conflict such as they never waged against Ireland or America—a conflict in which our weapons are far more terribly potent than the mere firearms and man-made tools which defeated them in Ireland and America. Can we wonder that their representatives hesitate to join battle against what has been most clearly demonstrated to them as God's Truth?

Verily this is a Jihad (Holy War) such as was never waged before—a Jihad in which true believers, banishing hate from their hearts as they banish swords from their hands, go forth to battle crying "Allah-o-Akbar!" We cry thus, and as true believers we must prove this truth to a scoffing Western world. . . . In this Jihad the armies will be defeated by no weapons save the Truth which is Love. True believers who maintain in the teeth of all the West's armies, that God is Greatest, will meet them unarmed without generals and with no weapons. They may do as God wills them to act in their woe. But we are in the field to prove that God is Greatest. And whatever they may do with their material weapons and might, the most determined people in the world cannot kill the simple unarmed Truth. It remains for us to discipline ourselves for the Jihad—training the soul and the heart. We must steel these to all fear, to all weak emotions of anger or of indignation. And we must learn to love our opponents as our brothers. Then when they have vainly expended their force and we are victors, they will admit for the first time in the world's history that God is Greatest; and this great Truth will be accepted by all the nations till the world becomes the Kingdom of God with His law the only law. And this must be our reply to Mr. Montagu's warning against challenging the "most determined people in the world." Hindu and Christian, Zoroastrian and Muslim, India's Nationalists maintain that God is Greatest.

So writes a follower of the Prophet Mohammed. Thus speaks a great people to the world today. As India understands it, the issue is simple, the issue between right armed at all points with righteousness, and might armed with weapons a great deal less potent. A nation of more than three hundred million souls is declaring its will to be free. Opposed to it are alien statesmen and capitalists who desire to postpone the day of freedom lest their prestige and their

pockets suffer. A united nation has pledged itself to win freedom by methods of sheer righteousness such as God is supposed to love best. Mahatma Gandhi saw but one possible and only danger of defeat, and that was that the opposition might by extreme repressive acts provoke anger and consequent violence. The different leaders as they went to their prison cells warned their followers in the non-co-operation ranks not to forget that the repressive acts of the government were proof that *Swaraj was won*, but that it was absolutely necessary for them to hold to all that had been gained, by the continuance of the methods that had got them so far in their struggle; that is to say, the policy of complete peacefulness. The heaviest blow has fallen in the arrest of India's "Great Soul," Gandhi, his conviction, and his sentence to six years in jail. It was in anticipation of this very happening that Gandhi, no doubt, brought himself to visit upon his disciples the extreme punishment of his five-days' fast when some of them broke their vows of non-violence and killed twenty-one policemen. As the outbreaks of violence in Bombay brought about, at the time of the Prince's visit later on, a perfect *hartal* in Calcutta, so the violence at Chauri-Chaura may serve to keep the non-co-operators strictly to the line of peace on this occasion of the greatest possible provocation to disorder that could be directed against them—the imprisonment of their leader.

Before his arrest, Gandhi said:

There is so much superstition regarding my supposed powers, human and superhuman, that sometimes I feel that my imprisonment, deportation and execution would be quite justifiable. This belief in the possession of superhuman powers by me is really a bar to national progress, and government will deserve the thanks of reasonable humanity if they remove me from the people's midst and do not afterwards become mad themselves, but deal with people with justice and without terrorism.

Such words—standing above all party dissensions and feuds—point with unerring finger to the supreme height to which humanity can rise. It may well be asked if there is another living man who could have said these words—could



have said them with such beautiful simplicity and directness and with such transparent sincerity. What can be said of a government that has no place for such a man but jail?

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### THE GHOST

*By* VICTOR STARBUCK

I have been dead so long ;  
    I wish that I could find  
The little house among the trees  
    Where everything was kind ;  
The dawn against the window panes,  
    The pictures on the wall—  
And human hands and human words  
    Were kindlier than all.

I must have lost the way  
    (I have been dead so long)—  
The paths are choked with bramble  
    And all the roads are wrong.  
It stood upon the hillside,  
    The chimneys touched the sky,  
And twilight lingered longest there  
    To kiss the day goodbye.

Within its doors is peace—  
    But I have lost the way,  
And long and bitter are the miles  
    That run to Yesterday.  
I wonder is it still the same,  
    The candle light, the song,  
The laughter?—I shall never know ;  
    I have been dead so long.

# THE DECLINE OF ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY

By ELIZABETH BANKS

*Bless the Squire and his relations,  
And keep us in our proper stations.*

**I**T was between the years 1840 and 1850 that Lord John Manners, afterwards Duke of Rutland, wrote this prayer which little English peasant children used to say at bedtime and sing in the mission schools. In his early youth Lord John also wrote a suitable supplication for his own class as well:

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,  
But leave us still our old Nobility!

He was a kindly, benevolent, polished English country gentleman, wishful only to keep all things and all persons in that harmony which he and most of the aristocracy of his day believed was foreordained by the Almighty. Some years later his wife, Lady John Manners, traveling in various European countries, studied the working people of the Continent in the only way she knew, poor lady! as an outsider and an onlooker—and failed, as all such students must fail, in the sympathy that real understanding begets. On her return to England she wrote of the gay costumes of the peasants she saw on the Continent, and expressed her regret that the “English peasant class” wore no such distinctive garments. They failed to brighten up the countryside and make quaint and pretty pictures in lane and meadow, to divert the worried minds of the squire and his relations and visitors as they walked or drove or rode about the great estates, like unto that of this same Duke of Rutland, who died at a great old age, possessed of sixty-two thousand acres of land, besides great mineral wealth, and a wonderful picture gallery in his castle of Belvoir.



Despite the absence of gaily-dressed peasantry in those mid-Victorian days, there was little need for the aristocracy to mourn a lack of outward distinction of class. Tenants were not only respectful, but subservient to the lords of the manors; the ploughman and the yokel walked abjectly and touched their forelocks when they met their "betters"; dairymaids and housemaids curtsied and did as they were bid, and the clergy had little difficulty in teaching the catechism to the children of the working people in town and country. No child then was likely to ask the present-day inconvenient question: "Who *are* my 'betters'?" when admonished by the catechism to "order myself lowly and reverently before my betters"; or, if the question was ever asked, it was immediately settled by the reply: "Why, that means the gentry, the Squire, the Duchess, your employers and, of course, the Queen and the members of the royal family!" And then no child would question further.

But occasionally an older person was known to find in such answer a cause for dissent and argument and further questions, and perhaps it was the knowledge that such questions, spoken and unspoken, were becoming more frequent than of yore that led Lord John Manners, with just a little faltering of the heart, to pray for the continuance of the old nobility.

In studying the history of Britain's progress toward democracy, I have been struck with the fact that always that progress has been made as an answer to some persistent and often embarrassing question. Who that has visited the House of Commons has failed to lean forward and to listen intently during the hour known as "Question Time," when the British Premier and his ministers are required by members of the House to answer questions, telling the whys and wherefores of political things that be or are proposed to be? Many a government has fallen, many a political revolution been brought about by the mere asking of a question at the psychological moment.

As in Parliament, so it has been outside of Parliament.

Since the first step toward democracy was taken when the Barons asked some leading questions of King John, whose unsatisfactory answers caused them to wrest from him the Great Charter, there have always been people in Britain with a perfect passion for "wanting to know why." One of the most persistent of the old-time questioners was John Ball, the priest of Kent, who, in 1377, with a small body of followers, went up and down the highways and byways of England singing:

When Adam delved and Eve span,  
Who was then the *gentleman*?

Now, again and again during the centuries that have followed, that pertinent question has been asked in Britain, and as the generations have gone by, it has been asked with increasing force by increasing numbers, until, at the present time, a great multitude of men, women and children are asking it, some in one form, some in another, and demanding an answer.

"Who are my 'betters'?" asks the little girl who is preparing for her confirmation in the church. Now, if that little girl is the daughter of an agricultural laborer on some great landlord's estate, the curate or the vicar may hedge and try to point out that the Bible teaches submission to "those in authority over us," which would seem to include the Squire, the Duke and the Duchess, their sons and daughters and so forth. But in London and in other large cities it is becoming what might be called "the fashion" to tell her that her "betters" are the "more good!"

Always when the British people have been in questioning mood there have been certain ones in authority who have refused to answer their queries, or have answered only evasively. This was particularly the case in the latter days of the eighteenth century, those years following the French Revolution, when the English proletariat, pondering upon what the French had done in their progress toward freedom, were heard here and there to utter sounds of revolt, especially during the famines in the manufacturing and



agricultural districts. Those were the days when Hannah More, Wilberforce, Paley and other religious workers amongst the poor, answered their questions by preaching resignation to their lot. During the famine of 1792, in what she meant to be a sympathetic talk with her starving brothers and sisters, Hannah More said:

Let me remind you that probably this scarcity has been permitted by an all-wise Providence to show the poor how immediately they are dependent upon the rich, and to show both rich and poor how they are all dependent upon Himself. It has also enabled you to see more clearly the advantages you derive from the government and constitution of this country—to observe the benefits flowing from the distinction of rank and fortune, which enabled the high so liberally to assist the low; for I leave you to judge what would have been the state of the poor of this country in this long, distressing scarcity, had it not been for your superiors.

Then the gentle Hannah reminded them how thankful they should be that she had so thoroughly instructed them in the Bible, inasmuch as large numbers of them were able to repeat by heart the whole of the first twenty chapters of Genesis!

Wilberforce, too, though he worked for and finally achieved the abolition of slavery among the blacks, told the starving white English men and women and children that their “more lowly path had been allotted to them by the hand of God, the present state of things is very short, and the peace of mind which religion offers indiscriminately to all ranks, affords more true satisfaction than all the expensive pleasures that are beyond the poor man’s reach.” Paley, whose “Evidences of Christianity” became a much-studied text book in the higher schools, went even further and told the poor that “frugality itself is a pleasure, because it is an exercise of attention and continence, which, when it is successful, produces satisfaction. All the provisions which a poor man’s child requires are industry and innocence.”

It speaks much for the patience of the poor of those days that Hannah More, Wilberforce, and Paley all lived to a good old age and died quietly in their beds!

Yet there can be no doubt that this sort of specious reasoning served to hasten the progress toward democracy, for still the people questioned, sometimes among themselves, sometimes of the governing classes, and always in their hearts. The Reform Act of 1832 gave the suffrage to the middle classes, and the people immediately below them asked why all householders and lodgers should not have the vote, which they did not obtain till 1867. Then agricultural laborers asked questions and agitated, until finally "universal suffrage"—so called—went into effect in the middle eighties.

During all this time only a little questioning had been done by the women of England, and part of that was silent questioning, except for those few noble pioneers of the woman suffrage movement who became known as "the Shrieking Sisterhood." But lo! suddenly in the early years of the twentieth century a few women stood up in political meetings and in the time-honored custom among men, said they wished to ask a question. Of government ministers and parliamentary candidates they asked: "What about votes for women?"

In the midst of the women's questioning, Britain took the most forward step toward democracy since the signing of Magna Charta. Indeed, it might be called a stride or, better still, a jump. This was the passing of the House of Lords as a law-making body and the ringing of the death knell of hereditary legislative powers. It was in 1911 when Lloyd George was Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Liberal government. He was then a Radical of the Radicals and, as the saying then went, "death on dukes." His first budget was an attack on dukes and all other great landlords, for he proposed a new kind of taxation on land and land values. Though passed by the Commons, the Lords vetoed the budget, a thing they had never done before to a "money bill." It was really a very personal thing to the Lords, since they owned most of the land! Then the Liberal government ground its teeth and "went to the country," and the



Lords passed the budget forthwith; whereupon they were given another bill to pass, one that would deprive them of all power to veto a money bill in the future or indefinitely to hold up any other bill. Most naturally the Lords refused to pass what they called this "revolutionary measure." Then there was still another election, after which Mr. Asquith, then Premier, threatened to create four or five hundred Liberal peers to make a sufficient majority to pass the bill. These new peers, Samson-like, were to pull down the House of Lords and extinguish themselves with it. In order to keep out what they called "Asquith's four hundred black-leg, bastard peers," the Lords finally passed this Parliament Act.

So the House of Lords was forced to emasculate itself and it became a political eunuch. There were a few "die-hards" among them who voted against the bill to the very end. Among these was that most reactionary of Tories, Lord Willoughby de Broke, who, as the bill passed, shouted that it would be the first duty and the first act of the Conservative party, when it should come into power, to give back to the Lords the power that was taken from them. This same peer is now one of the leaders of those who are looking back longingly to the old flesh pots of Egypt. To that amazing book "Some False Assumptions of Democracy," just out, by Captain Anthony Ludovici, Lord Willoughby de Broke has written a most commendatory preface. Captain Ludovici (who, by the way, is an Englishman, though of foreign name) is also the author of another book called "A Defence of Aristocracy." To understand what the present reactionaries of Britain are standing for, one needs to read and digest some quotations from these books:

On the question of Aristocracy, the point of view of the man in the street simply does not matter. \* \* \*

There are two kinds of men, the Vulgar and the Few.

Captain Ludovici is out and out for a government by a benevolent aristocracy. He refers to aristocracy as a "Divine institution," and to the proletariat as people of

“subject mind.” His idea of Liberalism is similar to the opinion expressed by Disraeli in 1872, when he declared:

The tone and tendency of Liberalism cannot be concealed. It is to attack the institutions of the country under the name of reform, and to make war on the manners and customs of the people of the country under the pretext of progress.

The war, and with it the need of forming the Coalition of the Liberal and Conservative parties, merely delayed the great twentieth century fight between the peers and the people, between aristocracy and democracy, for that was really the proper name for the contest between the Lords and the Commons in 1911, or perhaps we might call it the skirmishing preparatory to the great battle. The greater danger which confronted England brought aristocrats and all the commoners together for nearly five years, when they knew they were fighting for their very skins, and they learned to know and appreciate one another better. To their credit be it said that now there are members of some of the greatest and oldest families of England who realize the absurdities of caste and class distinction, and are prepared to number themselves among the people in the fight against the peers, a fight which cannot be long delayed. Any student of English history cannot fail to have noticed that always such men have appeared at times of crises. In the year 1780 the then Duke of Richmond had the courage to introduce a bill for the granting of universal suffrage, and Lord John Russell, afterwards the Earl of that name, was one of the most active workers for the Reform Bill.

In certain respects the state of England today is somewhat similar to that following the French Revolution. That is to say, the great war through which we have passed has set all classes to thinking of political and social equality, and revealed to the upholders of class privilege the real insecurity of their position. This has put a great fear into the hearts of aristocrats and given them a newly awakened instinct of self-preservation. Most particularly is this the case with the great land owners, all of whom belong to the



nobility. Nine-tenths of the land of the country belongs to one-tenth of the population, and it needs but the change of an apostrophe in the quaint old motto engraved over the entrance to the London Royal Exchange to make it describe most fitly the present situation:

The earth is the Lords', and the fulness thereof.

Once again the people are asking questions, and there is now no attempt to answer them by preaching resignation or telling them that though they are houseless and landless in this life, they shall dwell in mansions surrounded by Elysian fields in the life to come. Indeed, some of the clergy of the Established Church are now among the leaders of the people. For example, the old church of the parish in which I reside, St. Paul's, Covent Garden, of which one of England's wealthiest dukes has "the gift of the living," has for its vicar, Reverend the Honorable James Adderley, son of a peer and brother of the present Lord Norton. During his conduct of children's service one day recently, he was leading the boys and girls in the singing of that hymn beloved of English children, "All Things Bright and Beautiful," when, coming to the third verse, he said: "Children, don't sing the next verse, because it is a lie!" This is the verse which Canon Adderley has told me he never allows sung in his church:

The rich man in his castle,  
The poor man at his gate—  
God made them high or lowly,  
And ordered their estate.

One cannot write about the British aristocracy without referring to the English Established Church, for most of its clergy, its bishops and leading laymen belong to what are known as the "upper classes." The Church has always been conservative, indeed reactionary, and cannot be said to have been the friend of the poor. In 1844 the great and good Earl of Shaftesbury declared sorrowfully:

The bishops are timid, time-serving, and great worshippers of wealth and power. I can scarcely recall an instance in which a clergyman has been found to maintain the cause of the laborers against the pew holders.

This description, however, does not fit the *whole* church as we find it today. There are bishops who refuse to live in their palaces and are leading self-denying lives. In answer to a question I have put to several bishops recently, I have been assured that their palace wine cellars have been empty and closed up for years, and more than a dozen bishops have come out strongly for total abstinence. Some of the clergy are agitating for disestablishment, and others are protesting against the law which prohibits their sitting in the House of Commons. There are, too, women belonging to the Church of England who are fighting against its conservatism and what they describe as its lack of vision. They are demanding a reform of those parts of the Prayer Book which discriminate against their sex, and they are demanding what they call "a clean and decent marriage service, which shall not be an insult to every good man and good woman." They ask for the ordination of women, so that a woman of the nobility and brilliance of Miss Maude Royden, daughter of the late Sir Thomas Royden, Baronet, shall be allowed to conduct services in the Established Church, of which she is a member. At present Miss Royden is preaching to crowded congregations in Eccleston Guildhall. Most interesting to relate, although she is not ordained or given charge of any one church, she does sometimes preach in certain of the Established churches by special invitation of the vicars. This, in spite of the fact that the bishops have requested their clergy not to invite her to do this, and implored Miss Royden not to accept such invitations!

For here is one of the anomalies of the Church of England, bound to and up with the state as it is; dependent upon the House of Commons even to allow it to make a change in its prayer book; powerful as it is or was in the House of Lords, with twenty-four bishops and two archbishops sitting there as Lords Spiritual, obstructing divorce and other much needed reforms in the law; it cannot control its own clergy when once they have obtained a "living," which



gives them a life income and a life incumbency. So long as a clergyman does not commit a crime against the law of the land, or lead a life of intolerable scandal, he retains his place, preaching any doctrine which best suits him. His "living" may be the gift of a duke or a marquess, yet, if he belongs to the ever-increasing band of Christian Socialists, he may daily preach death and damnation to all dukes and marquesses, and the particular duke or marquess cannot close his church against him, nor empty it of congregation—though the duke or the marquess may, naturally, decline to worship at that particular church. So, in spite of the fact that the Established Church is in some respects a church in chains, and in others a church autocratic and aristocratic, its clergy have more personal freedom than the clergy of any other church in the world. If all the clergy could be induced to use this freedom for the good of all the people and the real glory of God, they might, indeed, be the means of setting up a veritable Kingdom of Heaven on English earth. But if we study the history of the English Church we find that it is really progressing—gradually, slowly, painfully, and sometimes unwillingly, toward democracy. A year before the war, when the women's suffrage agitation was at its height, I protested to one of my English friends, a devoted churchwoman, against the burning of some of the beautiful historic little country churches.

"We *must* burn them!" she said. "We have decided that the only way to lighten the darkness of our clergy is by the torch of a burning church."

I am not prepared to say that it was only the burning of the churches that converted the English clergy to the idea of freedom for women, but certainly after the militant campaign many English church divines confessed to seeing a great light. Charles Kingsley spoke of the duty of the Church to "justify God to the People," and this is a thing that some of England's great churchmen are now determined to do. Already the Bishop of Manchester is sending

out a call for a conference in 1923 to discuss the subject of "Applied Christianity" to labor and politics.

So far we have noted the progress *toward* democracy, but to say that Britain has already attained to real democracy, either politically or socially, would be to show a lack of insight into present conditions. Many Americans, particularly wealthy ones who have lived in England, are fond of asserting that in Great Britain there is a larger amount of freedom than in the United States. They point to the facts that a government, or an administration, as we should call it, can be turned out over-night if it displeases the people; that British judges are appointed by the King for life and therefore have no temptation to do other than render always justice to rich and poor alike.

Now, it is true that a government can be turned out over-night, but not because it displeases the *people*. It is often turned out because of a "split" in the party which put it in. Also it is not true that politics have nothing to do with the appointment of judges. It is but a pleasant fiction that the King appoints the judges. The selection of judges is entirely in the hands of the Lord Chancellor, who "advises" the King to sign the appointment—and *the King always signs!* In this, as in other matters of state, the only real "prerogative of the sovereign" is his duty to do precisely what his ministers "advise" him to do. If he refused, then the government would resign, and no other body of politicians would be willing to form another government under a sovereign who did not follow the "advice" of his ministers! The Lord Chancellor is a member of the cabinet and a member of the party in power. He owes his position to his politics and he can, if he wishes, fill every vacant judgeship with a member of his own party. These judges retain their appointments, though the Lord Chancellor goes out with his own party government. One needs only to mention the name of Sir Edward Carson, now Lord Carson, the great Ulster leader and lawyer, as an example



of what a barrister-politician can do after he is appointed to the bench.

The present Lord Chancellor, Lord Birkenhead, is among the leaders of the Conservatives. It was he who, as Mr. F. E. Smith in 1911, moved the rejection of the Parliament Bill in the House of Commons, and he is now one of the reactionaries who are insisting upon a "reform" of the House of Lords that is restoring to them the power which the Parliament Act took from them, and he declares that any new sort of House of Lords which may be the result of the "reformation" must, in part, at least, have an hereditary basis, a statement that gives Liberals and Laborites a hearty laugh. One cannot imagine a Chief Justice of the United States taking any such part in politics as the British Lord Chancellor always takes.

I have shown how, in the matter of the franchise, Britain has progressed *toward* democracy; but there is not equality of suffrage or universal suffrage, and, although it is no longer true, as it was up to 1918, that a wealthy man owning twenty different residences in different constituencies is entitled to twenty votes, there is still a property qualification which will enable a man to vote twice. For example, the owner of a great factory employing thousands of workmen and women has a vote in the constituency where the factory is situated, and also another vote in another constituency where his palatial residence is situated. All his thousands of employees have only one vote each, which is in accordance with their residence. Being employees, instead of employers, in the factory, they cannot vote for the factory, but only for their residences. Holders of degrees from the great universities have also two votes, one for their university candidate and one for the candidate who represents the constituency where they reside.

Although in 1918 some women were given the vote, the election law does not give the vote to all women over thirty, as it was said to do. A domestic servant who sleeps in the house where she works has no vote, though she is over

thirty; one woman sharing a residence with another woman cannot vote unless she owns the furniture in her part of the flat or house. There are various little differences between the election law as it applies to men and to women, besides the unjust and absurd one giving votes to boys of twenty-one while denying it to the most brilliant and capable women in the country if they happen to be under thirty.

It cannot be said that there is real representative government in Britain so long as it is so difficult for an independent candidate to stand for Parliament with no party machine and party chest behind him. Any man who wishes to stand for Parliament must first deposit one hundred and fifty pounds as an evidence of his good faith. This will be returned to him only if he polls a certain number of votes. His electoral contest will cost him, out of pocket, from eight hundred to a thousand pounds.

In the selection of a cabinet, many British people complain that there is absolute lack of democracy. For instance, the Premier can hand over the whole foreign policy of the country to a peer who was never chosen by the people to represent them in Parliament, whereas if he chooses a commoner as Foreign Secretary, the commoner must submit to a re-election to the House of Commons.

The custom of "going to the country" and consulting the electorate when a certain plan of action is proposed by the Premier and his ministers is good as far as it works out; but though "the country" may show by its votes that it approves of that one particular plan, there is nothing to prevent the government from carrying out many other more important plans concerning which it did not consult the electorate. In short, though the British plan of government is theoretically most representative and democratic, in practice it often fails to carry out the wishes of the electorate. Then let it be remembered that there is no limit to the amount of money a wealthy man may contribute to what are known as "party funds," which has produced the ever-present scandal known as the "sale of honors," the selling



of some title or a peerage, by whatever government is in power, to men who have contributed immense sums to the party war chest. In the days when the House of Lords had the veto power, this manufacture of peers was a greater danger to democracy than it is at the present time; but even now there is a great hankering after titles, and the scandal goes on. With all the faults and scandals of American politics, it would be impossible to produce anything so shocking and so insulting to the mere name of democracy as this. A Canadian friend of mine was recently asking an English politician to explain how and why most modern peerages were created, and when the Englishman, all unsuspectingly, referred to the donations to party funds, my friend replied:

"Oh, I see! Over in Canada and the United States we send such men to jail, but you send them to the House of Lords!"

The proletariat are not the only ones who are now asking questions concerning Britain's government. There are nearly two dozen peeresses in their own right who have not been allowed to sit in the House of Lords on account of their sex. The Viscountess Rhondda, an able and brilliant Englishwoman, who in the old days was one of the most militant of the suffragettes who went to prison for the cause, has demanded to know why she was kept out of the House of Lords. Her seat there has just been surrendered to her and other peeresses are also "asking questions" on this subject.

There are young men of ambition and democratic tendencies who are forced into the House of Lords against their will, because they have inherited peerages. These are asking why they cannot give up their titles and stand for the House of Commons. Under present law they have not even the right to vote for a parliamentary candidate. The other day I heard a business man ask this question: "If this is a democracy, how is it that at functions where there is an order of precedence, the Premier of all Britain must rank

below all persons of the blood royal and the Archbishops of Canterbury and York as well?"

The Conservatives are trying to evade many of the embarrassing questions that are being put, but the Liberals and the Labor Party are looking sharp to find satisfying answers. Most particularly is the Labor Party giving its mind to answering as well as putting questions of its own. It is rapidly drawing to itself many of the "intellectuals." Already two bishops of the Established Church are working with it and among those who are affiliated with it are such men and women as Jerome K. Jerome, Miss Maude Royden, Maurice Hewlett, Rebecca West, Bernard Shaw, Evelyn Sharp, St. John Ervine, the Sidney Webbs.

As I write, along the Strand a procession of unemployed is passing. They are asking a question in chanting, sing-song fashion:

We're honest British workmen, and we've got no work to do—  
Why? Why? Why? Tell us why!

Little children along the pavement follow them, children with beautiful though dirty faces—of all the pretty children I have ever seen the children of the London "working class" stand first—and as their little feet keep time, their eyes shine with the delight of the music and the banners, and they, too, are humming:

Why? Why? Why? Tell us why!

The other day I was talking with an intelligent artisan on the subject of the proposed education "cuts"; the keeping of children from the council schools till they are six; the enlarging of the classes; the saving of money by the re-introduction of inferior teachers in the free schools.

"Let them try it!" he said threateningly. "We laborers are determined that our children shall not be as we have been. We shan't be satisfied till our children have as good a chance as the children of the United States have. We are going to put men in Parliament who will demand this. It's the lords and the dukes who don't want our children educated. Watch us put them out of business!"

And I watch.



## LABOR—THE NEW TYRANT

*By* J. B. W. GARDINER

**I**N the March issue of THE FORUM there appeared an article under the rather startling title "Faithless to Our Forefathers." The author was Mr. Matthew Woll. Mr. Woll is charged by THE FORUM with having studied law and credited with being a prominent labor leader. I have no particular desire to use these pages as a platform from which I may engage in a constitutional debate. But there are certain grave misconceptions from which Mr. Woll proceeds to his argument; and as a serious responsibility attaches to Mr. Woll by virtue of the leadership which he holds, he will, of course, be glad to have pointed out just where he has gone astray. Again Mr. Woll very naturally speaks for labor. If his exposition is the viewpoint of labor, if this is the teaching that is being inculcated into labor by its leaders, then it is of paramount importance that Mr. Woll and all those who occupy a similar position cease their surface scratching and dig deep into the fundamental principles which underlie a constitutional government such as ours.

Mr. Woll's article has as its primary thesis the alleged fact that the constitutions of the United States and of the various states of the Union are being tortured and distorted both by legislatures and by courts in some sort of a conspiracy against labor. His argument takes various ramifications which will be touched on later.

The first error into which he falls is that of a complete misconception as to the character of the constitution of a state and that of the United States. He classifies them both as limitations on power—which they are not. There is a vast difference between them—a difference basic and funda-

mental in character, which demands different rules for their interpretation and application. The Federal Constitution is not a limitation on power at all. It could not have been because the Federal government had no power to limit until *after* the constitution was adopted. It is a grant of power, not a limitation on power. Thirteen independent sovereign states banded together, and each, for the benefit of all, agreed to surrender certain of its sovereign attributes and concentrate the attributes surrendered to a fourteenth political entity thereby created, and the attributes of sovereignty thus surrendered make up the Federal Constitution, while the entity that was created is the United States of America.

The various states of the Union were, except in so far as the powers that had been delegated to the central government are concerned, free, sovereign and independent states with all the powers of such states; these powers, of course, residing ultimately in the people. There would be no limit, without a constitution, to what the state government could do. But the people themselves have by popular vote placed such a limit on what the state government may or may not do, and this limit, reduced to form, is the constitution of the state. The loose thinking of the article to which this is in reply has hopelessly confused these two principles, the two being discussed together as if they were identical. Having assumed an identity of character of these two distinct and different instruments, Mr. Woll then takes up his major thesis—to prove that in violation of the supreme law of the land, labor is being ground into slavery through either the venality or stupidity of legislatures, and with the connivance of the courts. In substantiation of this, he first quotes from the Declaration of Independence as interpretive of both state and Federal constitutions:

All men are created equal; they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It is in the discussion of these rights that Mr. Woll falls into an error all too common and, it must be admitted, all



too dangerous. That error is to regard these rights as absolute. Not in any sense of the word are they absolute. They exist only and can be exercised only in so far as that existence or that exercise does not conflict with the same rights on the part of others. A moment's reflection will show any man that in any civilized state this must be so. If my desire for liberty leads me to the point where the life or liberty of a number of others is endangered or destroyed, what principle of government, of law, of justice, or of decency will not impose a positive restriction on my right? If every citizen accept this declaration at its face value without looking behind it to the implied restrictions which our organization into a civilized society imposes, the result will be unceasing chaos, strife, and warfare with the decision going to the strongest. The righteousness of brute force will then become our national philosophy just as truly as it was the philosophy of Germany under the Hohenzollerns.

Mr. Woll then attacks the power of the Supreme Court to determine whether or not an act of Congress is consonant with or pursuant to the Constitution of the United States.

It must be obvious that the framers of the Constitution intended that every act of Congress should be in conformity with, and not in contravention to, the Constitution. Article Six of the Constitution plainly states that a law of the United States must be made in pursuance of the Constitution before it becomes the law of the land. In some body must repose the power of determining whether or not a law complies with this provision—otherwise Congress, by mere legislative enactment could amend the Constitution at will, and Article Five of the Constitution, which provides for its own amendment, would be automatically inoperative. This is, of course, a ridiculous assumption. Who, then, would Mr. Woll have decide the question? The President? This would limit the election to the Presidency to a constitutional lawyer, create a class ruler, and destroy one of our most priceless traditions. The judiciary committees of Congress?

The power would still rest with Congress then to amend the Constitution *ad libitum*—and *ad nauseam*. How much more reasonable is it to assume that this power reposes in a body as far as possible removed from the political passions of the moment, a body composed of the most eminent jurists, the most profound students of the Constitution in the land?

Mr. Woll then steps to a defense of the Clayton Act as safeguarding the constitutional rights of workers. In this Mr. Woll was more courageous than clever, as cleverness would have led him to ignore this piece of labor legislation completely. The Clayton Act was designed in effect to exempt labor organizations from prosecution for conspiracy in restraint of trade as provided for in the Sherman Act. In other words, it destroys equality before the law by creating one law for capital and another for labor. But Mr. Woll claims that the Declaration of Independence established the rule by which the Constitution is to be interpreted, and he quotes: "All men are created equal." If they are, by what right then is a legal inequality set up? The principle of our government abhors class legislation, the placing of one class above another, the creation of a legal aristocracy. Any legislation that effects this is basely antithetical to the foundation on which the government rests, and is therefore indefensible. And this is precisely what the Clayton Act accomplishes. No Congress made up of other than of a majority of truckling, vote-purchasing sycophants would have enacted it.

Having argued that we are faithless to our forefathers by altering the Constitution, Mr. Woll then proposes that we keep faith with them by altering it still further. He demands that the judges of the Federal courts be elected, and not appointed by the President, as Article Two, Section Two, of the Constitution provides, so that they will be accountable and responsible to the people. In other words, he would extend to the judges of our Federal courts an invitation to render decisions that would be pleasing to that side which represented the greater number of votes, regard-



less of the law. That is the very thing our forefathers, to whom we can be faithful only by effecting this change, foresaw. They distinctly wanted these judges independent of politics, as far removed from political considerations and exigencies as possible, not subject to the influence of the momentary passions that often flash over a community and then burn out. And in their wisdom, they provided for this in a way that is safe, sane, and which should always have the support of the country.

Mr. Woll concludes his article with a condemnation of compulsory arbitration and industrial court laws. On this point, one vital and distinctly pertinent question was asked by Governor Henry J. Allen in his debate in New York with Mr. Gompers, which question neither Mr. Gompers nor any labor leader has ever answered. In a dispute between labor and capital involving a necessity of life, has the American public no rights? No one dare say no. And if the public has rights, how are they to be guarded? The fact is (and every labor leader must acknowledge it to himself, if he dare not in public) what labor wants is this: It wants its six million members (including the Railway Brotherhoods) to organize closely so that it may act as a unit for a common purpose, to contribute to a common fund to be used in furtherance of this purpose, but it wants absolutely freedom from legal restrictions and from all accountability and responsibility for its own acts. And that it cannot and shall not have. Such an organization is a danger, a constant menace to the country unless it be kept within legal control. The public demand for this control is becoming daily more insistent, more widespread. Of what use, may I ask, is the principle of collective bargaining unless there is some way of enforcing the bargain when made? Of what use are arbitral boards unless the decision of the arbitrator can be made binding? And yet Mr. Woll knows, as well as any man, of many cases where labor agreed to arbitration, even suggested arbitration, approved and in

some cases selected the arbitrator—and then refused to abide by the award.

The matter goes back to the only possible interpretation of the clause from the Declaration of Independence that Mr. Woll quoted. If the rights mentioned are absolute then Mr. Woll is right, but if in their exercise the same rights of others must be recognized and respected, then he is wrong, and the right of the worker to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, just as the same right of any man, regardless of status, should be and must be restricted to prevent unwarranted infringement on the rights of others.

Live and let live, takes precedence over legal interpretations.

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### PASSAGE

*By CALE YOUNG RICE*

Come, let us watch that rock drown in the tide  
(So many things must go, so many things!)  
Once we were young and the sea was not so wide,  
Or love had wings.

Once we could round the earth without a sail.  
(The magic winds are gone, the magic foam!)  
Where was the harbor that we did not hail—  
That was not home?

Come, we will watch the moon with thoughts, not dreams,  
(Whatever goes, love stays, love warm and wise!)  
Winged is youth; and yet our way still seems  
Toward paradise!



## MONTENEGRO—A VICTIM OF PEACE

*By* RONALD TREE

**T**HE last four years have been a sad time for Montenegro, for she has been occupied and maltreated by friend and foe alike, and the lifting of the dreaded Austrian rule has only brought a worse and more relentless weight, the domination of the Serb. For some years the Serbians have been dreaming of the day when the Slavic race could unite and become one power under one head, and take a prominent place as one of the great European powers. Since 1914 they have allowed themselves to dream until they are unable to see any man's point of view or personal inclination save their own. When in 1918 the Austrian power collapsed, they saw their chance and speedily took it.

The moment looked most auspicious. Bosnia and Herzegovina, who had always suffered untold hardship at the hands of Austria, held out both hands to Serbia; while Croatia and Slavonia turned to the same quarter and asked to be included in the new kingdom of Jugo-Slavia. The reasons which induced the two latter peoples to take this step are quite different from those of Bosnia, for, although the Bosnians, too, are of Slavic origin, they have always been among the most loyal of Franz Joseph's subjects, and supplied the best fighting troops of the Austro-Hungarian army. But since they saw so many of their colleagues breaking away from the Austrian rule, they thought they would have an excellent opportunity of avoiding the after-war issues that are bound to come to a beaten foe, so prepared to make the most of their Slavic connections and throw in their lot with Serbia. The results of this union have not proved altogether happy and the troubles in

Zagreb (Agram) and other Croatian towns this spring, when the inhabitants came into touch with their rougher and more uncivilized neighbors, have made the northern states realize that their double dealings have brought them up against many difficulties.

The plan for the foundation of the kingdom of Jugo-Slavia was as follows: Each state should send delegates to Sarajevo, where they should vote for union, decide upon immediate points in question, set up a monarchy under King Peter of Serbia, and then appeal to France and the Allied powers for recognition. This was effected on December first, 1918, and Jugo-Slavia was formally inaugurated as a *de facto* government comprising the Slavic peoples of Croatia and Slavonia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, and lastly Serbia, swelled by the addition of annexed Montenegro.

Directly after the occupation of Montenegro by Austria in 1916, all men of fighting age who could be found were interned and later deported to prison camps throughout Austria-Hungary, leaving only the older inhabitants or those young men who had fled to the mountains and formed themselves into bands of comitagi to ravage and harass the Austrians as much as possible. Then in October, 1918, came the Austrian débacle and retreat, and close on their heels followed the victorious Serbians, who completely took possession of Montenegro and occupied the country with a Serbian division, establishing headquarters at Cetinje and Podgoritza.

In Montenegro there have always been two political parties, one, and probably by far the greatest majority, that had always hoped for an autonomous union of the Slavic people in the dim distance, but that was, at the same time, proud of its own country and loyal to its race; the other, dissatisfied with the existing circumstances or having some private grievance of its own, wished for a complete union with Serbia, under the Serbian crown, losing its autonomy, laws, and King. In addition to these two parties, there is a crowd of hangers-on, ready to jump whichever way the



mouse turns, and quite willing to throw in their lot with the strongest side. Consequently when the Serbians arrived they found a large group of men ready to welcome them with open arms and acknowledge allegiance to Serbia. This was exactly as Serbia wished; in fact, she had doubtless used much propaganda to bring about this effect. Serbian statesmen were quite able to see the advantage of possessing Montenegro for two different reasons: first, it would make Serbia larger in population, and consequently she could command more votes in the congress of United Jugo-Slavia; second, it would give Serbia an important port and outlet on the Adriatic, which would not make her dependent on the Croatian ports on the Dalmatian coast.

Instantly the parliament, or Skonptchina, was called into session at Cetinje and an election by open ballot taken, notwithstanding the fact that almost all the men of fighting age were still interned abroad, or, if released by Austria, were being held at the frontier by the Serbian army or sent to Belgrade to discuss the situation with the Serbian statesmen. On November eighteenth this parliament voted for union with Serbia and for the abdication of King Nicholas and his dynasty, accusing him of having betrayed his country, and on November nineteenth delegates were dispatched to Belgrade to announce the union. These delegates, however, only reached Belgrade on December second, the day after the new kingdom of Jugo-Slavia had been officially formed and in consequence, Serbia had actually ceased to exist, yet the Serbians passed this matter over and accepted Montenegro as a part of Serbia.

This move caused widespread discontent throughout the country and while there were many who silently acquiesced, there were many more who openly objected to this sequestration of their land and looked about for some means of release. The Montenegrins were quite unorganized and besides this had been stripped of all their war equipment by the Austrians, while the Serbian division which occupied Montenegro was in excellent condition and was able to

draw on the well-filled Austrian arsenal on the Bay of Cattaro for all supplies they might need. Added to this, any Montenegrins returning from Austria who dared raise their voice against the illegal way in which their country had been seized, were instantly put into the Podjontza prison, while their families received the most relentless persecution at the hands of their enemies. Many of the men fled to the mountains, and by the beginning of the year two separate and important forces had sprung into being, one in the hills that surround the capital, Cetinje; the other, away in the north in the mountains of Nicksich.

In their distress the Montenegrins looked around to their former allies for help, trusting in the Peace Conference to settle their wrongs and give them a chance to determine for themselves what form of government they wished to adopt. On this point let me add that the majority of Montenegrins did not wish to have King Nicholas back on the throne or to establish a separate kingdom; but they wished to be able to make up their own minds and to join the young Jugo-Slav as a separate and autonomous entity, and not as a small part of Serbia with no voice or opinion in the way the new confederation was to be run. In addition to this, the country as a whole is quite willing that King Nicholas should be tried by an Allied commission on the charge of treachery and is willing to stand by any decision it might arrive at in order to clear the country of such a black name. The Montenegrins' first thought was to turn to America for help, trusting implicitly in the American people to listen to their woes—but in vain. France, too, was much too bound up in Serbia to listen to their arguments, and they found that Italy alone would hear them and back them up in their hour of need. Italy was naturally delighted to have a chance of offsetting the growing power on the Adriatic of Jugo-Slavia, which included her bitterest foes, the Croates and Slovenes, and promised to give any secret aid and to morally support Montenegro in any attempt she might make to throw off the Serbian yoke.



So in a few months the contagion had spread from one small spot into a disease that might break out at any time into an international crisis, with war between Italy and Jugo-Slavia. At this time, Cattaro, that most picturesque of European ports that lies at the very foot of the grim mountains which form the boundary between Montenegro and the old empire of Austria, was placed under Allied command which comprised an Italian division, a Serbian division, a French division, and a company of United States infantry, with a French generalissimo in command. This town became the hotbed for all the intrigues "over the hill," as they call the giant Lovtchen that stands between the two countries. In Cattaro, feeling ran so high that Serbian sentries not only refused to salute Italian officers, but it was feared that actual strife might break out at any time between the soldiers of the two countries.

Meanwhile the Serbians were busily arming themselves from the Austrian arsenal of Theodo on the Cattaro Bay, while it was whispered that arms were being smuggled across the mountain by Italian agencies to the Montenegrin insurgents.

On January sixth, the trouble that had been brewing since November, openly broke out when the Montenegrin loyalists, who had collected around Cetinje, occupied the main road between Cattaro and the capital and attempted to cut off the Serbian troops. Half starved, miserably clad, and but poorly armed, nevertheless this plucky little band of loyalists held out for several days until an Allied force had been collected from Cattaro, and the French general threatened them all with internment if they did not agree to an immediate cessation of hostilities. At the same time, general amnesty was granted to all the prisoners and permission to return to their own homes if they would acknowledge Serbian rule. The Serbians, however, did not keep their word, and proceeded to imprison all who fell into their power and commit atrocities upon their families. Most of the insurgents fled into Albania and collected at San Juan di Medna, where they were kindly received by

the Italians, and allowed to remain while a few of the leaders went to Rome and Paris in the hope that they might obtain a hearing at the Peace Conference. This hope, however, was in vain, and they were able to accomplish nothing. Meanwhile, all persons of note throughout the country had been imprisoned in Podjontza, where they were allowed to languish for months without a trial, for no other reason than that they wished to be free. So ended the first effort to get rid of the invader, and yet this gallant little people refused to surrender and continued its fight for freedom, struggling against hope and with the knowledge that the whole world was against it.

During the last few months I have not been able to closely follow events, but according to the newspapers, revolts have broken out afresh and the country has risen again in the hope of freeing itself. Half starved, hardly clad, and with little support, the people still continue in the hope that the Allies may realize their position and allow them a plebiscite to make their own destiny.

Perhaps it may be too late! Already starvation and defeat, such as was staring them in the face when I left Montenegro in March, may have proved too strong, yet nevertheless, in the cause of humanity, would it not be fair to allow them a chance to decide their own affairs? Doubtless, certain people in this country will say that Montenegro and the Balkans are no possible concern of ours, and that anyhow the Balkans are always causing trouble. This may be true, and yet it is from America that the doctrine of the Right of Self-Determination of Small Nations sprang, and surely it is not going to make peace and the workings of the League of Nations any easier by beginning at the wrong end. When I was there at the start of the year and saw these people in prison and outcast to the hills, they always said with great confidence—"Oh, but America will help us. She is defending weak nations!" Their implicit confidence in us was that of a child.

Let us then morally, if not physically, give them a chance to decide their own destiny.



# DRAMA OF SEX, DISASTER, AND HOPE

By ROLAND HOLT

**P**LAYS are usually written of by dramatic critics. Possibly this consideration of them by one of the millions of playgoers, who this season paid and took the manager's choice, may be something of a novelty. By plays I do not mean musical comedies, which cost you from six dollars and sixty cents to sixteen dollars for two orchestra seats, for you always have to take a friend along to amuse you till the tinkling thing is over; nor do I mean the "Chauve Souris" (five dollars and fifty cents at box office for one seat) or any other vaudeville. Playgoers fleeing from the depression of many of this season's plays have been desperate enough to seek entertainment in older plays like "Pomander Walk" with jingling music, or in the "Chauve Souris," because, knowing no Russian, they were safe from the words shocking or depressing them. I shall consider only strictly new plays (no revivals and none carried over from last season).

The writer is merely a "tired *business man*" with absolutely no connection with the theatre, except his love for it, which persists in spite of his having left it this season somewhat disgusted or depressed twenty-nine out of the fifty-one times he has gone. He realized that the primary blame for this is not the managers' nor the playwrights', but the Kaiser's and Prohibition's. The evils of the Kaiser's war have not ceased yet, the awfulness of it, the loss of dear friends, the subsequent poverty and unemployment have depressed the spirits of all humans, including both novelists and dramatists. Prohibition has thrown many men not directly selling liquors out of work, and crushed us down with taxes to make up the deficits from wine taxes. It certainly looks as though the managers were consciously

trying, now that our drink is made weaker by law, to give us "stronger meat" in our drama. Since the brief outburst of the white slavery plays, some years ago, our theatre has been growing steadily more decent, but since Prohibition the license refused to wine seems to have taken possession of too many of our stages.

Woolcott, in his review of "Montmartre" in *The Times*, has said that this season "the drama in New York has been avidly devoting itself to the intensive study of harlotry." No one but a fanatic would want to entirely banish sexual immorality from the drama, where it has been an essential part of some of our finest plays, but one can have too much of it, and it can be grossly and untruthfully treated. Illicit love in the new plays of this season was more or less present in half of the twenty-two put on its Sign Post by the Drama League, in eighteen of the fifty-one I saw, and in forty of one hundred of those given. While the Drama League Sign Post has from eight to ten plays on its list each week, it marks but from one to three of them with a dagger, as "suitable for young people." That does not mean plays for children, as was shown when the League at Christmas and Easter made special lists for young people, and added such plays as "Bulldog Drummond," "Captain Applejack," "Thank You," "Six Cylinder Love," "To The Ladies," etc., which they had not considered of sufficient distinction to go in the regular weekly Sign Post, and it must be admitted that most of the sex plays chosen by the League were written with more distinction and ability than these supplementary antiseptic pieces, for the post-war depression, that kept Barrie off the stage this season, and brought Shaw in "Back To Methuselah" to about his lowest level, had sapped our comedy writers of real, rich, joyful zest. Shaw's picture of life "as far as thought can reach" was certainly horrible and depressing. He showed future mankind as living fifteen years in the egg, feeling sex attraction for but two, and then giving themselves up to contemplation for the rest of a long life.



And here are a few more bits of depressing drama. Once we had "The Gold Diggers," a reasonably clean, jolly burlesque of chorus girl life; this season we had a view of the same life à la the Reverend Straton, "Lilies Of The Field," in which every one of the girls was a courtesan. Then there is "The Rubicon" that, according to Mr. Woolcott, made the audience feel as though they were peeking through a keyhole; Cosmo Hamilton's "The Silver Fox" with "the sly jest and furtive implication that are usually whispered behind the hand across flashy tables," and also his "Danger" by this author of an earlier season's "Scandal." Our public is growing tired of him, though, and his last two concoctions did not linger long in Manhattan. In two other plays, as a novelty, we were given "disrobing" scenes by men. In the picturesque "Varying Shore" we had a female Don Juan with a string of paramours. In "Back Pay," *The Sun* said Fannie Hurst "hung out all New York's dirty linen." Then we had that curious anti-social play, "The Circle," enthusiastically hailed by the critics, but damned by quite a number of inarticulate playgoers, and lasting here but about five months. The central figure is a woman who, having left her own husband for another man, aids her son's wife to treat him in the same fashion. There's not a decent character in the piece, not even the wronged husbands, for one is made a "cuckoo" and the other a prig. This play and the author's earlier "Our Betters" and "Too Many Husbands" treat English society in about the same jaundiced way our yellow journals handle our own society. If Maugham's and Cosmo Hamilton's pictures of it were true, Englishmen could never have made such a magnificent record in the war. "What is a little thing like marriage among friends?" about expresses "The Circle." The noble English folk in "A Bill of Divorcement" are a fine answer to it.

In addition to the plays noted, we were depressed, about as badly as punctured tires, by the added burdens of "The First Fifty Years" of married hell, the mother of "The

Nest" left utterly lonely, the homicidal idiot of "The Verge," the soul-crushing farm life of "The Detour," the studies of the abject ruin of men by their mistresses in "The Claw" and "Madame Pierre," and of the instant return of all hands to their original meanness in "The Deluge." Some of these plays were good in themselves, but the cumulative effect was too much.

Eugene O'Neill in one of his scenes added fog to the prevailing gloom. He is generally conceded to be our leading dramatist, but, alas, he is also our leading pessimist! Of his four plays, given here for the first time this season, two lasted less than four weeks apiece, one played here five months and is now in Chicago, and "The Hairy Ape" is the only one still on view.

"Anna Christie" voluntarily stayed in a brothel till it was raided. Does O'Neill think "a maiden's any better when she's tough?" But later she showed generous courage and self-sacrifice. Her father, an old sea captain, with his blowzy mistress, and Anna's stoker-lover with his "cows" in every port, complete the leading characters. A strongly written play of redemption, though tintured with the gutter.

Yank, "The Hairy Ape," was also a stoker, but he could not stand up to Fate. The first four scenes are fine. Then the play starts to toboggan, and Yank's ingenious suicide via a gorilla was so quiet and peaceful the night I was there as to be comic. Yank was depressing, while "The Emperor Jones," gaily whistling as he goes alone to cross an island full of murderous savages, was inspiring.

In "The Last Man," "the whole third act was played with . . . off-stage cries of the woman in labor." She died. So did the play.

"The Straw" had two clean, lovable young lovers, and ended with a touching scene where they were clinging to each other and to the last straw of hope. But playgoers found three acts in a tuberculosis sanatorium too depressing, and the play died young.



We've been having a bit too much music on the French triangle—seventeen plays—but rumors from dispossessed German dramatists do not indicate that they've quite kept up their former enthusiasm for "one God and one wife."

Is it astonishing that, in view of all of the above, the playgoer who is allowed to pay, but has no "voice" about what he gets, has been casting a silent ballot and killed quickly perhaps three-fifths of the plays offered him? He slew "Bachelor's Night," "The Fair Circassian," "The Right To Strike" and "The Voice From The Minaret" each in its first week, and many other plays in their first fortnight. And as if that were not punishment enough, the playgoer has been crying for a censorship. Goodness knows that Prohibition has been horrible enough in its treatment of wine and "movies" to justify the cry of outraged horror which greeted the suggestion of applying it to plays! But the quickness with which a voluntary jury of censors was accepted looked suspicious. Censorship is often abused and an abused censorship might do more harm than good. Let the proposed volunteer jury remember the generous provision of Anglo-Saxon law, and always give the play the benefit of the doubt. Let them seek to cure rather than to kill, and then be very slow to tinker with a play. There was a rumor that Weber and Fields employed a man of taste at good pay to censor before they gave their "shows," which were among the cleanest and most delightful that we've ever had in New York. While there are but perhaps six per cent. of this year's plays that any reasonable person, in view of present standards since "the repeal of reticence," could dream of suppressing altogether, there are raw spots in others that are an insult to the playgoers and the actors, and a disgrace to the authors and managers.

But we have been deferring hope too long. The clean plays have run the longest, and there have been more clean or fine new plays than soiled ones, even this season when there has been far too large a percentage of the latter. Mr. Milne of *Punch* gave us "The Truth About Blayds," "The

Great Broxopp" and "The Dover Road" that have scarcely enough material for their three acts and might make fine one-acters, and he writes like a gentleman. So do Walter Hackett in his whimsical "Captain Applejack," the veteran Gillette in the crook play, "The Dream Maker," Geo. M. Cohan in "Madeleine and the Movies," the three authors of "Dulcy" and "To The Ladies," and a number of others. Comedy though, as already said, has not yet reacted from the war misery enough to reach its old high standard, excepting possibly in the case of the naughty but delightful "Czarina."

The "one touch of nature" for most of us today is "hard-upness," crushed under the taxes to pay for the war, Prohibition, etc., and the sympathies of audiences have been powerfully attracted to the brave, humorous "busted" young couples in "Six Cylinder Love," "To The Ladies" and "The First Year." The "Auto"—that ruins us financially and leads us to "hooch," road houses and general sin—has been powerfully playing the villain in the fine tragedy of "Ambush" and the comedy of "Six Cylinder Love." But it is said that too many who should hiss Jazz, the villain of "The National Anthem," stay to applaud him.

Though the Provincetown Players have not had last season's big luck, they still remain dedicated to plays by Americans only, and have to their credit in this disastrous season O'Neill's "Hairy Ape," Susan Glaspell's powerful and beautifully staged "The Verge" and promise of yet another play by her.

While it has not the repertory of some of the great Continental theatres, yet many authorities feel that no theatre in the world today gives finer productions than our own Theatre Guild, with its unsurpassed Lee Simonson as scenic designer, though, like Shaw, he stuttered some in their three days' heroic endurance test with "Back to Methuselah." Sheer genius is not too strong an expression for the casting and the acting of the Guild. With the possible exception of the brief farce "Boubouroche," the taste of their plays in



this smirched season has been faultless. Their Andreyeff's "He Who Gets Slapped," a romantic circus tragedy of a heart-sick clown who killed the woman he loved to keep her from defilement, was one of the two finest plays of the season. The other was Clemence Dane's "A Bill of Divorcement," with its heroic soldier, long-waiting wife, and self-sacrificing daughter (produced by Charles Dillingham).

If authors and managers can learn from this season's disasters, all will be well again. Let them give us more plays to brace our morale and re-create us through honest laughter, touching of the nobler emotions, rousing us to wish to right wrongs or to emulate noble examples.

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### BEFORE TAKING LEAVE OF MY MIND

*By* MARIE LUHRS

I have been a humble thing:  
A mouse with mild eyes  
Who nosed at the little crumbs  
That the rats despise.

I have been a quiet thing:  
A circling forest pool  
Washing over stars and leaves,  
Very deep and cool.

I shall be a flaming thing  
And burn through the town;  
Cock's feathers in my hair,  
Bells on my gown.

Don't you try to pity me  
Or try to look sad—  
You who were the jagged moon  
That drove me mad.

## SHALL WE HOLD TO DEMOCRACY?

By WILLIAM GRANT BROWN

**V**ISCOUNT BRYCE, the greatest student of and philosopher in political science since DeTocqueville, postulates that: "Democracy really means nothing more or less than the rule of the whole people, expressing their sovereign will by their votes."

And: "No one thought of trying to revive free self-government in Italy or Greece or around the coasts of the Aegean, where hundreds of republics had bloomed and died." \* \* \*

"We can well imagine other conditions which might have a like effect. The thing did happen; and whatever has happened may happen again. Peoples that had known and prized political freedom resigned it, did not much regret it, and forgot it. . . . Is it possible that a nation, tired of politics and politicians, may be glad to be saved the trouble of voting?" \* \* \*

"One road only has in the past led into democracy, viz., the wish to be rid of tangible evils, but the roads that have led or may lead out of democracy are many." \* \* \*

"If wars continue . . . it is possible that the lust of conquest or the need of defense may lead to a concentration of power in the Executive dangerous to the people." \* \* \*

"Dangers may also rise from civil strife, when it reaches a point at which *one party becomes willing to resign most of the people's rights for the sake of holding down the other faction.*" \* \* \*

"The less educated part of a nation might become indifferent to politics, the most educated class throwing their minds into other things, such as poetry or art . . . and gradually leaving the conduct of state affairs to an intelli-



*gent bureaucracy capable of giving business men the sort of administration and legislation they desire, and keeping the multitude in good humor by providing comforts and amusements."* \* \* \*

"Few are the free countries in which freedom seems safe for a century or two ahead."

Are there any discernible "roads leading out of democracy?" In the last campaign the war cry: "let us return to parliamentary government, to normalcy," gave seven million majority to the Republican party, showing the fear of our people of "a concentration of power in the Executive dangerous to the people." Do not the following authoritative statements show that some of those in high places see the handwriting on the wall?

A Republican Senator declared in the United States Senate on January twenty-sixth, 1922: "These monopolies and exploiters early discovered that the road to power and profit was through the control of government. . . . They learned that by the use of the government to create special privileges, wealth beyond measure can be amassed within a few years. For that purpose they have always been zealous to secure and maintain control of the machinery of government, control of the Presidency, of the Senate and House. . . . The war completed the enthronement of the profit-taking, privileged, imperialistic group. The economic state and the political state have become so merged that today they could hardly be distinguished. Those who are nominally in control of the political government dare not make a move without first consulting those who rule the economic world, and have been forced time after time to abandon or reverse their most sacredly pledged policies when the financial masters so directed."

The Republican Governor of this state, at the New York State Bar Association dinner, recently said: "We must expect legitimate extension of Federal power, but whatever impairs the energy, the initiative, the effectiveness, the independence of state and local government of purely state and

local affairs, tends to destroy the capacity of our people for self-government and to undermine our national structure."

What are the evolutionary processes through which our democracy has reached a status that induces such castigations by Senators and Governors and the pronouncement by syndicalists that the principal object of government in this country is to preserve unequal economic opportunity?

When Washington was elected President there were no political parties. His cabinet was selected with a view of having both conceptions of government expressed at the Constitutional Convention. The "Federalist party" sprang up as a common name for those to rally about who believed in a strong central government, with Alexander Hamilton as its leader.

The French Republic was created in 1793. The excesses of the same shocked the Federalists and gave the party solidarity. The liberal theories of the French people found sympathizers among the Anti-Federalists led by Jefferson, who was then in private life. France declared war on England. Jefferson's followers were suspicious of England. The Federalists advocated a strong central government. The Jeffersonians fought the tendency of the administration of Washington to strengthen the central government at the expense of the states. The followers of Jefferson insisted on state independence, local independence and personal independence. This group of men took the name of Republicans or Democratic-Republicans. They were the predecessors of the present Democratic party. We may say that the first two parties divided upon the general policy of order and stability at any price—and order and stability if possible, without surrendering the essentials of liberty.

The Federalist party disappeared in 1815-1820. Since then the political fortunes of the Republic have been administered wholly or in part by the Democratic-Republicans, Whigs, Know-Nothings, American party, Free Soilers and the Liberty party, the last five having been consolidated in 1856 into the present Republican party. The slave



holders of the south took over the Democratic party, and the political party machinery of the country had been perfected for developing and carrying to a final conclusion the issues of the Civil War. With the exceptions of the administrations of Presidents Cleveland and Wilson, the affairs of the country have been administered by the Republican party since the Civil War. The Republican party has held the same relation to the large manufacturing and agricultural interests since the war, that the Democratic party held to the slave-holding interests before and during the said war.

Thus it is apparent that since the birth of this Republic, the people have diligently sought, through successive political parties, for an expression of their sovereign will without success—and today they are resorting to direct action through the Agricultural Bloc, the American Federation of Labor, and other groups. The conclusion is inevitable that the “expression of their sovereign will by their votes” is rendered impossible by the system supplied by political parties as at present constituted.

Viscount Bryce said in 1898: “Party government may be necessary . . . whatever tends to diminish its mischievous influence upon the machinery of administration . . . strengthens and ennobles the commonwealth and all its citizens.”

Let it not be thought that there is anything wrong in principle *per se* in political parties—far from it. The principle of the right of assembly, of free speech, and of petition, were settled at Runnymede and Yorktown. The name of a political party is only a war cry—a common name for those to rally about who champion some particular cause. Contrary to the claims of many politicians, the more parties we have, the better, so long as they are not permitted to place the citizen in a position where it is essential that he shall serve a party in order to serve his country. A party must be made the means to an end only, and not an end in

itself, as each is at present. Partisan politics has created the general belief that the party when in power is the government itself, and that consequently, to be loyal to country, it is necessary to be loyal to a party. It is the equivalent of saying that you must subscribe to some creed in order to love God.

Where then is the defect in our political system that results in discrediting the whole system, and causes the greatest political philosopher of our times, Viscount Bryce, to contend that "few are the free countries in which freedom seems safe for a century or two ahead."

A secret ballot in a private booth on Election Day places the citizen alone with conscience and his God at the critical moment of exercising his sovereign right to vote. If he has had a similar opportunity in selecting one candidate for each office for which he is called upon to express his preference by his ballot, then all the safeguards of democracy have been supplied, and the result must be accepted as "the rule of the whole people expressing their sovereign will by their votes"—which is democracy in the language of Lord Bryce. It is at this point, however, where democracy has broken down. The partisan politician has been forced to accept the verdict of the voters on Election Day, but the people have never been able to satisfactorily safeguard their rights on Primary Day—and therein lies democracy's Nemesis. The future of democracy is in the lap of the gods. The people have exacted at a terrible price the Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, and rendered inviolate their sacred right on Election Day. The only bulwark between them and control of their government is the partisan-controlled nomination system. With it in their hands, they will be, for the first time in history, in a position to try out representative government first, I trust—and then, if that does not work satisfactorily, they should try a pure democracy as provided in the initiative, referendum, and the recall, before resorting to the more drastic



methods which I pray may never be found necessary to secure justice and liberty under law.

The direct primary or direct nomination is only an application of the same principles or safeguards within the party on Primary Day, at which time candidates are selected, as are employed on Election Day—*i. e.*, a secret ballot in a private booth on Primary Day to select candidates for the various offices, or independent nominations.

The convention system broke down. It gave us the boss. The boss system rendered public service an odious career, and made it a job instead of a mission—resulting in loss of respect for law, authority, and public officials.

The convention is useful for drafting a platform if it be drafted before nominations are made. The platform to a party is what the principles and character of an individual are to a candidate, and in both instances should be known before nominations are made. The people must have this information before they can make intelligent selection of candidates. The partisan says the direct primary makes two campaigns necessary, and thus is too expensive. If the candidate has proved qualifications as shown by his interest in public affairs, the expense of placing his name on the primary ballot is nominal, and in any event the public is not interested in that as there is always an aspirant for the office as good, if not better, waiting for the opportunity to serve in his place. It is service that the public wants. The public is not interested in fostering the fortunes of individuals as parties are. The partisan says that right men will not seek office through the direct primary system. In other words, the partisan says that the right man prefers to stand, hat in hand, before a boss and cravenly beseech him for the nomination, rather than ask his neighbors to sign his petition. He means that such is the case with the men now in public life. Surely it would not be true of those capable of restoring respect for law, authority, and public officials.

The boss system fills offices with the faithful of club meetings, picnics, dances, and with contributors of money

and influence to the system. The boss system places the renomination of a public officer in the hands of the boss. Who will such an official serve? The boss system places government in the hands of whoever controls the bosses of both parties. It reduces the control of government to a science—a simple matter—and makes democracy a farce.

The direct primary renders it possible to restore representative institutions, to restore public service to an honorable career, to restore respect for law and authority, and ultimately to save our democratic institutions.

Only those actively engaged in politics—partisans—object to direct nominations. With the power to select candidates taken away from the “machine,” substantially all of the usefulness of the “machine” to those exploiting the people through the “machine,” is taken away. The Direct Primary Law of this state was repealed preparatory to the carrying through of matters of great moment. Does anyone think that the members of the last Legislature would have voted for certain measures now the general law of the state if they had not known at the time that the Direct Primary Law would be repealed, thus leaving their renomination to the “machine,” and not to their constituents. Does this not apply to the renomination of the Governor?

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### SUPPLICATION

*By* MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

Life crowds upon us in the market place,  
And crushes back the starting of a tender wing—  
God grant us room again for blest remembering;  
God grant us space!

The vision dies too swiftly, and its bloom.  
Dear Lord, upon the altar of a fine desire,  
Let Thy four winds still fan the elemental fire—  
God grant us room!



# CANAL TOLLS AND AMERICAN HONOR

*By* CHARLES NAGEL

**T**HE proposed exemption of our vessels, engaged in coastwise traffic, from the payment of Panama tolls has given rise to renewed discussion. Indeed, in the heat of the argument, even the motives of the fair-minded have been challenged. I assume that in the progress of the discussion, every possible angle of the question has been covered. But at the risk of repetition, I shall endeavor to state a position which impresses me as entirely fair, and calculated to respect the just demands of every country.

I admit that upon some other points there may be considerable doubt about the correct interpretation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. But I submit that most of the confusion in the discussion of the subject of tolls has arisen from a failure to make clear to ourselves the reason and the effect of the proposed exemption. In other words, it is entirely possible, as it seems to me, to provide for exemption to our shipping, without in the least denying equality of treatment, or just and reasonable charges, to foreign shipping. And this in my judgment is precisely what the law of 1912 proposed to do and actually did do.

The language of the treaty is as follows:

"The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations, observing these rules on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect to the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable."

The discussion of toll exemption has generally turned upon the provision that there shall be no discrimination.

Some have contended that the United States, as the proprietary nation, is not in any respect to be classed as a nation controlled by the terms of the treaty. Others that the United States obviously is in all respects to be so included. Both of these contentions appear to me to be too broad; but in my view a further consideration is not necessary to a decision of the immediate question. Finally, some say that the coastwise service may be exempted, because we alone can regulate this service, even to the extent of excluding all foreign shipping from our harbors. Admitting the force of this argument, if it rested with the provision against discrimination alone, I can not believe that it meets the final requirement that "conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable."

The answer to the immediate question of exemption, in my judgment, rests with the language just quoted. It is with respect to this language that I propose to consider the proposed exemption of our shipping. The basic facts are these: We have constructed and we are operating the canal. The ships of all nations have the right to use the canal on terms of absolute equality. We have the right to charge tolls; but these charges must be just and equitable.

How is the justness or reasonableness of a charge to be determined? Obviously, it must bear a direct relation to the initial cost of construction, the present cost of maintenance and operation, and the service rendered.

Having all these factors in mind, it must follow that in fixing the charge of any one ship, we must take into account the services rendered to all ships. The cost of construction and operation is incurred for all the shipping which is accommodated. Therefore, a just and reasonable charge for one ship is predicated upon a fair distribution of the entire cost or toll among all ships that enjoy the privilege of the canal.

To exempt some ships, and to correspondingly increase the burden of other ships, would manifestly be unfair, and would to that extent defeat the guaranty of just and equit-



able charges. It can not be fair, just, or reasonable to protect ourselves from loss by charging some ships more because we have chosen to charge other ships nothing. Such a course would signify a flagrant abandonment of the fundamental rule that the charges imposed must be predicated upon the earning power for all services rendered. In other words, we can not save ourselves by unloading upon others to whom we have guaranteed just and reasonable rates.

But this does not mean that we may not exempt our shipping from the actual payment of tolls. In saying this I do not rely upon our peculiar control of coastwise shipping. On the contrary, I contend that we may exercise any policy we please with respect to all our shipping, so long as we do not thereby increase the burden of the ships of any other nation.

In other words, for purposes of ascertaining the reasonable rate, we must assess our ships, but we are under no obligation to collect the assessment. We have the right to subsidize our ships. This is a right which many of the countries interested in this question exercise for the development of their shipping. Indeed the measures adopted by other countries may in large measure determine our course.

We therefore would clearly be within our rights if we taxed our ships at the fixed rate, collected the amounts, and by way of subsidy, promptly returned the tax. Such a course involves solely a question of domestic policy; just as we may decide whether our ships shall be served by domestic crews or shall be built by union or non-union labor. Other countries have the same privilege. All countries that allow subsidies exercise this right in some manner or measure.

Granted, then, that having collected the regular toll, we may return it or any part of it as a distinct subsidy; where is the need for collecting it at all? Why not allow it straight? Nothing but bookkeeping is involved. The

amount and character of the subsidy remains the same, whether it be allowed without payment or be returned after payment. The essential question is not what we allow our ships, but what we charge foreign ships. There can be no ground for complaint, so long as the payment of tolls by foreign ships is governed by a rule which is common to them all and which, in determining the rate, has taken into account the cost or value of services rendered to our ships. To repeat, the question is not whether our ships pay anything, but whether foreign ships are compelled to pay any part of what our ships should have paid if we had not exempted them. It must, of course, be admitted that the case is much more clear and can be more persuasively presented if the toll on our ships is collected first and is afterwards returned in its true character as a subsidy.

I am of the impression that most of the discussion and indignation were caused by assuming that exemption from tolls to our ships resulted in discrimination and in hardship to foreign shipping. I fail to see any cause for alarm about the morals of our position. The tolls fixed by our government were predicated upon the rule which I now advance. Both the Senatorial indignation and the mysterious Presidential alarm were groundless, as I think an inquiry into the methods followed by our government will show.

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## REINCARNATION

*By* VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

Long-faded love lives on in some wee song,  
And fossil ages dwell in stalwart hills—  
Man finds new birth in life's unending throng;  
Dead sunlight lives again in daffodils!



## POLITICS AND THE SALES TAX

*By* ROBERT R. REED

**T**HE practical difficulty in securing the sales tax in this country lies in the fact that men either will not take the trouble to think the matter out as a practical problem, or that they dare not support it because it is a professed consumption tax and therefore politically unpopular. It is only fair to add that this difficulty has been increased by a seemingly inspired business hostility to the sales tax, and that this hostility seems to come very largely from semi-monopolistic interests which are beneficiaries of the highly graduated profits taxation because of its destructive effect on their competitors, and are opposed to the sales tax because the sales tax cannot be so readily shifted by an industry which is able to fix its retail price without regard to cost or competition. There are, of course, sincere disbelievers. Like Professor Seligman, they discuss the proposal fairly and their opposition is (or was) relative, not absolute.

The result to date is that the farmer and workingman organizations are playing into the hands of interests which, to put it concretely, and perhaps too strongly, wish to levy their own consumption tax on the public. It is this kind of opposition which has played up the commodities sales tax as a proposal to shift the burden of taxation from the rich to the poor. Its argument rests on two assumptions. The first is that our present income taxes fall on wealth. The second is that the advocates of the sales tax want to repeal or eliminate these taxes. Each assumption is politically popular and absolutely false.

For many years we have been developing a condition, in state and nation, where exaggerated promises and panaceas

are held out to the voters, even enacted into statutes, which somehow or other rarely accomplish or do what is declared. The higher surtaxes as they now exist are a political lie. Every lawyer familiar with their actual operation knows this. I have followed the income tax from its inception, both in Congress and in the Treasury, and also in my practice for clients. I find that these highest surtaxes rest on accidents—not on real income. The man of large invested wealth may escape them entirely. If he assumes them, he commands a price for his capital that relieves him of the tax.

The average business man whose profits come from risk and personal effort, the man who has made America, pays them at the peak of his earning power according to the accident of his profits. If he is successful, he may find several profitable ventures culminating in a single year. He makes one hundred thousand dollars; the next year he makes twenty thousand dollars; the third year he loses twenty thousand dollars. On a beneficial earning of one hundred thousand dollars in three years he pays a tax predicated on one hundred thousand dollars as a beneficial one year's income. He pays for the three years much more than the nominally high rates applicable to his real income, more than twice the tax of the man with a constant income of thirty-four thousand dollars a year. After long labor and sacrifice, the business man comes to the period of life where his past efforts bear fruit, when he hopes to succeed, to reap what he has sown in toil and self-denial. He finds a thirty per cent. to fifty per cent. income tax taking more than half of his surplus over current living costs—more than half of the earnings of a lifetime—of his potential capital.

When he asks his Congressman about it, he is told that these high taxes were intended for the millionaire—for the idle rich. The Congressman is very sympathetic when he learns at first hand the practical operation of the tax, but when you appeal to him at Washington he lets you know that the average voter still thinks these taxes rest on the



rich, and if he votes to reduce them he will or may lose his job.\* You may also find that the tax representative of some favored industry, opposed to the sales tax, has something to do with it.

The higher surtaxes running above thirty-two per cent. were producing less than ninety million dollars a year ago. Less than three per cent. of the total revenue came from these higher rates of incomes over sixty-six thousand dollars. Relatively few of those incomes represent great wealth.

May I add that sixty million dollars seems a high estimate for the current yield from these top rate surtaxes. This is about one and one-half per cent. of the total revenue.

In perpetuating this political lie and to secure this one and one-half per cent. of the revenue, the normal conditions of business are reversed. Great investment wealth which should and would take business risks is driven into hiding. The very rich class pretended to be taxed is protected and made exclusive—protected by being driven into safe tax-free securities, and exclusive because the rest of us are taxed to destruction if we have the ability and business opportunity and dare to take the risks necessary to make substantial profits.

It is the business and the individual, the workingman and the farmer, not investment or wealth, that suffers from the unproductive surtaxes, from the political lie which perpetuates them. Wealth is exempt; monopoly is favored by the restriction of competition and the slaughter of individual aspirants. Business halts, labor is unemployed, and farm products must be sold for less than a living profit.

So much for the higher surtaxes. If it is true that advo-

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\*There is in Congress, as elsewhere, a failure to fully appreciate the destructive incidence of the higher surtaxes on varying business profits. Members of Congress, reputed to be men of wealth whose properties are incorporated, urge the higher surtaxes with a splendid gesture, failing to appreciate their effects because in their own businesses they pay them only if, as, and when they distribute their income as dividends. Others, honestly obsessed with the excess profits fallacy, wish to limit the corporation tax on profits under eight per cent., not realizing that this discriminates heavily in favor of the incorporated investment of the "idle rich" and the constant secure income of the semi-monopoly as compared with the rising and falling profits of the average business corporation.

cates of the sales tax hope to see these highest taxes removed, it is not for the purpose of being relieved from their money cost, which few of us pay and the total of which is negligible, but to relieve business from their arbitrary effects from which all of us, and especially the workingman and farmer, are now suffering.

Manifestly, it is not a question of shifting the burden. In approaching the sales tax, we are considering, first, the need of more revenue, and, second, the source from which it may be obtained. There is only one way that adequate revenue may be obtained from the income tax, and that is by raising the normal rate and the so-called lower brackets. That is desired by no one, least of all by the Congressman who is studying taxation in terms of the next election.

A study of the actual revenue situation shows two things: one, that the income and excess profits tax is producing less than one billion five hundred million dollars for the taxable year 1921 instead of three billion and over which was produced by the same rates out of the income of 1919; the other, that, as the large revenue still derived from war salvage and back taxes disappears, we face a revenue deficit of approximately five hundred million a year. How is this revenue to be obtained? One of the leaders of the group of business opponents of the sales tax has voiced the following:

"We are going to come to a time when there will be a fluctuation in the revenue requirements of the government, and when that time comes if we shall have established a permanent system of taxation—and, incidentally, I believe the income tax is the real foundation of our revenue system, and it should always be considered as such and perfected as we may perfect it in the next few years—and then when we come to this point where we can stand a cut in revenue, all that will be necessary will be to shave down our rates."

In other words, the incomes of the country fall from heaven in a fixed amount and their distribution is ordained by nature. Our only concern is with the rate of tax to produce a needed revenue.



What we are facing today is a drop in the revenue yield of a tax on incomes far exceeding the decline in revenue requirements. This drop is induced not only by business depression, but by the fifty-seven varieties of avoidance under a tax system of accidents.

As against the kind of tax economics which I have quoted, if we can call it such, the advocates of the commodities sales tax propose a dependable base or foundation for Federal revenue. They suggest that there should be a low rate productive tax on a dependable source, and the source they have indicated is commodity sales. These constitute the most constant class of necessary transactions, transactions which vary least with industrial changes, which can be least readily avoided or fabricated, and the taxation of which will least disturb the normal freedom of industry. We do not propose this as an exclusive tax or as a substitute for anything except economic heresy and political cowardice. We do say that, given this dependable base tax, Congress can and should continue the income tax, and, as conditions permit, endeavor to make the whole tax system rest according to ability on the expenditures and income of the country.

With this base tax on all and the added taxes on incomes as they rise, we have at least in principle the ideal of taxation according to ability.

We have called the sales tax the honest consumption tax, to emphasize the political dishonesty of a tax nominally on wealth, which, in its necessary effects, throws not only its cost, but an added burden on consumption.

The kind of a sales tax is almost as important as the sales tax itself. We now have a system of so-called concentrated sales taxes, comprising a number of excise sales taxes on particular commodities, including tobacco, automobiles, cameras, jewelry, candy, carpets, and other quasi-sales taxes on motion pictures and other occupations. It is also proposed to tax sales of gasoline and sugar, and possibly electric light bulbs, etc. These special sales taxes may be likened to a large number of variegated little wagons, some of them

little go-carts, all of them carrying the tax paid by the consumer to the Federal government. In this procession of tax vehicles there is one which all of us recognize, the old reliable tobacco tax. There was another equally substantial one which is perhaps missed even more by the consumer than by the Treasury—the old alcoholic beverage tax. The advocates of the general sales tax desire to keep the tobacco tax, but instead of increasing the miscellaneous go-carts and dog-wagons known as special sales taxes, with their varying systems of administration, they wish to present to both the consumer and Uncle Sam a new motor truck that will carry the desired load in one trip and with one driver. They do not necessarily want to increase the load, but they wish to use one general and sufficient vehicle instead of a variety of little ones.

The commodity sales tax truck will stop at every door as do our other tax vehicles. Like the concentrated special taxes, it will take the tax-payer's contribution according to his own standard of ability, that of expenditure. Unlike some of the special taxes, it will carry the total contribution without mishap, evasion, overloading, or avoidance, right to the Treasury.

It is not intended that this general vehicle shall take from the consumer anything more than the tax on commodities purchased. The commodities tax would not apply to sales of real estate, to rent, or doctors' bills. These are different possible subjects of taxation. They cannot go in the commodities sales tax truck, and most of us believe that it is unwise and unnecessary to have a bunch of Fords running alongside, or to burden either the consumer or Uncle Sam with too many calls and deliveries when the desired load can be transmitted in one vehicle.

Many objections have been made and will be made to various all-inclusive tax proposals which go beyond the commodities sales tax and link it up with taxes on voluntary capital transactions and other forms of turn-over, or make it a part of a complete tax program which in their enthusi-



asm some gentlemen would present to Congress for enactment. The nearer we come and the closer we stick to the very simple proposal of a commodities sales tax, the more completely are all objections removed. This is the tax which has proved so successful in the Philippines, and, with the exclusion of retailers' sales and a number of specific exceptions, in Canada. It is not the tax which has proved less successful in other countries, such as medieval Spain, and recently in France, or in our own days of reconstruction after the Civil War. It is important, not only to the successful advocacy of the sales tax, but to its successful operation and permanence, if adopted, that we adhere to this simple principle, to the conception of the single vehicle carrying an honest load from the consumer to the Treasury. Whatever may be said for taxing things other than commodities, the fact remains that they are essentially different things and should not be included in our conception of a general commodities sales tax.

Practically all that has been said or can be said against the commodities sales tax was said most ably and effectively by a number of its opponents who appeared before the Senate Finance Committee in May, 1921. A review and discussion of all this adverse testimony has been prepared. The result is a demonstration of the inconsistency and interested character of much of the business opposition, of the sadly mis-informed character of the agricultural and labor opposition, and of the final fact that there is no objection to the sales tax other than that it is a consumption tax, which, in the opinion of Professor Seligman, is less desirable than additional specific taxes on a number of special articles, such as sugar and gasoline.

When this final fact is brought home to the farmer and the workingman, when they realize the futility and political hypocrisy of the pretended tax on wealth, we should see a definite reversal of their opposition to the most honest and least burdensome form of a consumption tax.

# NEW YORK'S EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

By HARRY B. CHAMBERS

**L**ITTLE is known, outside of educational circles, of the Department of Education of this, the greatest city, and of the problems that confront the Board of Education, the Superintendent of Schools, and others composing our great educational system. This lack of uniform knowledge is unfortunate, and greater sympathy, support and co-operation would prevail, and more intelligent and constructive assistance would be rendered, if the facts in question were disseminated. A visiting leader in the educational world, an outsider, has recently stated that the New York schools stir wonder. The magnitude of the problems and the handling of them amazed this educational writer. There will be practically a million children enrolled in the public schools of New York City this year, and they will cover the widest conceivable range of ability and non-ability, of the homes of saints and sinners, of the homes of culture and ignorance, of one hundred per cent Americans and one hundred per cent non-Americans.

As is befitting the largest city in the world, we have the largest educational system in the world. The school population of New York City is larger than the combined school populations of the five cities next in point of population to the city of New York. We have, as stated above, one million children; we have also twenty-five thousand teachers, over six hundred schools, and more than three thousand executive employees. This supervisory and teaching staff, and the administrative executives, constitute the finest personnel available in the matter of efficiency and love of the work. They are splendid men and women who are giving their lives to this work, modestly and efficiently, while



making great sacrifices because of that love for their work. Their inspiration is the responsibility that rests upon them to develop the future citizens of our country. Our government can never be stronger than our individual citizenship.

In laying the foundation for successful lives for our children we stress character, for financial success is more or less a chance, but with character properly founded one can be truly successful and happy in life.

We are now endeavoring to further stress the fundamental studies of English, spelling, and lower mathematics, in order that the spoken and written English of our graduates may be perfected so as to compare favorably with that of the graduates of any private school or college. We have had a survey made with regard to spelling so as to teach the proper spelling of words most commonly used. In addition to the above, we have special activities which have brought our system into prominence and helped to make it the standard of this country, if not the world.

In this city we have problems that do not confront other cities. We have a cosmopolitan population; we must assimilate and weld into our normal life children of foreign-born parents. These in spirit are one hundred per cent American, but in addition to educating them we must help to Americanize them, and, as aforesaid, give attention to character building.

We are working out the Junior High School innovation, which, we believe, has successfully passed the experimental stage. In this junior high school work we endeavor to gently bridge the gap between the elementary and high school life of the child. The first year in high school is the most difficult: the child has left his familiar surroundings, his elementary school life, where his weakness and his strength are known to his principal and his teachers, and, under new conditions and at some distance from home, he must begin school life anew. In the junior high school plan we may also eliminate an entire year of the child's school life, resulting in a great saving to the child and his parents

financially, and also benefiting the city of New York financially to a very substantial degree. We do this by having a ninth year in our elementary schools, teaching at the beginning of the school year much of elementary school work and a little of high school work, and then gradually decreasing the elementary and increasing the high school studies until at the end of the ninth year the child has unconsciously covered the first year of the ordinary high school curriculum; and when this plan is fully developed the high school course can be limited to three years instead of four.

Recently there was held at Chicago the annual meeting of the National Education Association, composed of delegates from all over the United States, and there our system stood out. A rather amusing incident occurred: one superintendent from a large western city proudly stated from the platform that his was a great responsibility and problem, as he had twelve thousand high school students; he was followed by Dr. Ettinger, our Superintendent of Schools, who calmly stated that we have ninety-two thousand high school students.

Our teachers go into the homes of crippled children, and into the hospitals and institutions where such children are, and give them their only chance for education and, in many cases, their only abstraction from pain. We have experts teaching the mentally defective, the deaf and dumb, and the blind, teaching open-air classes, cardiac classes, and industrial and placement work. We teach Americanization and English to foreigners. Our annual budget is scientifically prepared under a separate staff of experts presided over by the School Commissioners, the members of the Board of Education, amounting annually to eighty million dollars. We have a new school building programme under way involving an expenditure of eighty-five million dollars. We have a scientific promotion and pension system for our employees.

The Board of Education is composed of seven members responsible for conducting properly the above activities.



They do not sit in secret executive sessions, but as a Committee of the Whole, surrounded at every meeting by the leading educational writers of this city, and that means this country, where all problems are openly discussed and acted upon, and the meetings are open to those of the public generally who may be interested in educational matters. The result is that all members gradually become experts, not only in one given educational activity or department, but in the system as a whole.

On the occasion of the presentation to the Legislature of the so-called Meyer Bill, which, by the way, we understand will not be passed, the writer expressed the following views on these important questions, realizing the fact that the educational system of the city of New York, conducted by the Board of Education as at present constituted, is a state function:

"I believe that the present system is one of the best that could be devised for our city, and that it is efficient in all its lines of endeavor.

"Notwithstanding the fact that the Citizens' Union, the *New York Herald* and other newspapers and organizations which are not pro-Hylan have taken the position that the present membership personnel of the Board of Education should not be disturbed, it was sought in this bill to substitute in their place a board of fifteen members (not to be appointed by the Mayor, who is chosen by a majority of the people of the city itself, with a fixed individual responsibility as to the personnel of his appointees) but to be appointed by the members of the Board of Regents. This was urged upon the ground that the Board of Regents would be non-political, and this in face of the fact that the Board of Regents is as political as can be, as its members are appointed by a political party caucus which might be controlled by a minority political power as far as the city of New York is concerned. Furthermore, I am of the opinion that the smaller board of seven is preferable to the larger board of fifteen, as the seven members must all be

workers, whereas with fifteen we would probably go back to the old executive sessions, and many appointees to an honorary position of this kind, without compensation, would not take the work seriously, but regard the position as a toy or as a means for social advancement. Large business corporations, such as the Board of Education, obtain better results with a smaller board of directors, and the Board of Education might well be termed a great business organization and the seven members the directors thereof.

"At the present time, as to our school site selections, we have the supervision of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and rightly so, as this eliminates errors, mistakes, malfeasance and nonfeasance. While the Meyer Bill would enlarge our powers and give us full control, yet we do not seek this sole control, but believe it to be for the best interests of the city to have dual control and responsibility. Were we seeking these great additional powers we would be subject to great criticism, but instead of so seeking we are endeavoring to maintain the present system.

"As to full financial control, this is an open question. The present members did not seek added powers. It might well be said that as the Board of Estimate and Apportionment must raise the necessary funds, that Board should have something to say as to the expenditure thereof, within proper limitations, as, otherwise, the situation might lead to extravagance, especially with an unpaid Board of Education that cannot possibly give all its time to this great work. The Meyer Bill would practically provide an automatic amount. The amount in one year might be more than needed, and be extravagantly expended. On the other hand, in another abnormal year such as this year, under such business and economic conditions resulting in a much larger school attendance, an additional amount might be required, and there would be no means of obtaining the same; whereas, at present we can go to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and that Board has never yet refused a proper request of this kind, and cannot do so, as



the citizens of this city will not countenance any curtailment in the education of their children."

What might and should be accomplished, however, would be the provision of an elastic annual amount by constitutional amendment, removing the two per cent limitation as to school funds. This method, however, cannot be provided for in the Meyer Bill, but must be in the form of a constitutional amendment. The Meyer Bill would provide only ten billion dollars for new school buildings, while we have at present a greatly needed building programme involving eighty-five million dollars. Furthermore, the Meyer Bill would subordinate to the position of clerks the present Board of Associate Superintendents and make the Superintendent of Schools a czar. This should not be. The Board of Associate Superintendents, as at present constituted, forms an admirable body for conference, advice and action, and the members of that Board are of national fame in educational circles.

An elective Board of Education has been suggested for New York City, but this would involve more practical politics than any appointive system in a city such as ours, and is not advisable. The cry of "politics" in our school system is nothing new. On examining the newspaper files we find that for years past this has been continually asserted, yet under such so-called politics in the Board our system has advanced so as to become the greatest in the world and the standard—and this being so, let us have more of the same kind of politics.

New York's school children use six hundred and seventy-two thousand, one hundred and seventy-three packages of writing paper in a year. If these were piled one on top of another they would make a pile one hundred and eight times as high as the Woolworth Building. The ninety-three thousand six hundred and forty-two dozen composition books they fill with literary efforts in a year would make a pile twenty-three times as high as the Woolworth Building. They use one hundred and one thousand three hundred and

eighty-four reams of drawing paper, which if placed in a pile would reach a height of fifty-six times as great as that of the Woolworth Building. Their thirty-six thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven dozen writing pads would tower thirteen times as high as the Woolworth Building. Their forty-four thousand five hundred and fifty-nine dozen memorandum books would make a pile eleven times as high as the Woolworth Building.

The average supply and equipment budget for the years between 1906 and 1919 was one billion three hundred and thirty-three million one hundred and fourteen dollars. The budget for 1906 was one million three hundred and sixty-seven thousand, five hundred and sixty-five dollars.

Coal to heat school buildings cost an average of five hundred and thirty-five thousand one hundred and seventy-four dollars per year from 1904 to 1917. After the war, fuel prices sent the totals sky high, but the tonnage remained about the same. About one million text books are supplied each year. The ink the children use in a year costs about one thousand five hundred dollars.

Lest all these figures alarm tax payers, it should be said that the cost of supplies for one child for one day of the present year, in the grades from the kindergarten to Eight, B, will be about eight-tenths of a cent, or one dollar and sixty-seven cents for the year. The cost per high school will be about two and three-tenths of a cent a day.

From the standpoint of dollars and cents alone, the following statistics demonstrate the value of educational achievements:

"In Massachusetts the average person goes to school seven years; in Tennessee the average person goes to school three years. In Massachusetts the average income is two hundred dollars per person; in Tennessee it is one hundred and sixteen dollars.

"In the United States as a whole the average college graduate earns two thousand dollars a year, the average



high school graduate one thousand dollars, the average elementary school graduate five hundred dollars.

"Each day spent in high school is worth twenty-five dollars to each pupil, each day spent in college fifty-five dollars. This is more than the average boy or girl can earn by leaving school and going to work.

"Only one in a hundred of our people is a college graduate, yet thirty-six of every one hundred Congressmen have been college graduates, while fifty per cent of our Presidents, fifty-four per cent of our Vice-Presidents, sixty-eight per cent of our Supreme Court Judges, and eighty-seven per cent of our Attorney-Generals have had college degrees.

"There is a book called 'Who's Who in America.' This book contains the names of persons who are well known because of prominent activity. The person who cannot read and write has one chance in one hundred and fifty thousand to get his name into this book; the grammar school graduate, one in four thousand two hundred and fifty; the high school graduate, one in one thousand six hundred; the college graduate, one in one hundred and eighty; the honor student in college, one in three.

"Does education pay? It does."

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### CITY STREETS

By ELINOR C. WOOLSON

With long shafts of yellow light  
The early sun  
Flashes down  
Into the grimy streets—  
Like a powerful magician  
Scattering pearls of beauty,  
Scattering gems of prism colors  
That glisten  
Against deep dark canyons  
Of shadow.

# FOCH'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

By COMMANDANT DE MIERRY

*"Paris, March 7th, 1922.*

*Mr. Percy Peixotto,  
2 rue des Italiens,  
Paris, France.*

*Dear Mr. Peixotto:*

*I have submitted to Marshal Foch the letter which you were kind enough to write me yesterday and I have asked him if he will consent to enter into your plans. The Marshal, as I indicated to you at the time of your last visit, has made an absolute rule never to write anything, either for French or foreign magazines or newspapers, and in spite of the great pleasure which it would give him to write himself of his impressions of America, he is not able to depart from this rule without danger of being carried too far from his self-imposed line of conduct.*

*However, I add that Commandant de Mierry is sufficiently intimate with the Marshal to know his ideas, and you may be assured that the article which he has written and which you have been good enough to be interested in, is an exact reflection of the impressions of Marshal Foch.*

*I am certain that you will understand the major reasons which oblige the Marshal to decline, with great regret, your proposition.*

*I also thank you for so amiably putting yourself at my disposal, but I did not wish to take up your valuable time and oblige you to come to my office without the possibility of obtaining the Marshal's decision, now long delayed.*

*With regrets, and kindest regards, dear Mr. Peixotto, and assuring you of my highest esteem,*  
*(Signed) WEYGAND.\**

\*General Weygand was Chief-of-Staff of the unified command of the Allied armies, serving under Foch from the time the latter took command to the end of the war.



**W**HAT memories—what impressions did Marshal Foch carry away from his visit to the United States? Many times has this question been asked us since our return to France by our American friends in Paris, and because in responding, they have enabled us to relive unforgettable days, we have been pleased to be so interrogated.

Our memories—they cling entirely to the reception that was given us over there, and which surpassed all that the imagination can conceive.

The Marshal was not yet in sight of American land when American warships came out to salute and escort him. When at Quarantine he left "The Paris," which had brought him from France, and got aboard the tug superbly decked with flags which was going to convey him to New York, a magic spectacle awaited him. Manœuvring about the Statue of Liberty, aeroplanes pierced the air in all directions; mingled with the noise of their wings were patriotic airs and the acclamations of many people, who, impatient to see Marshal Foch, had come out on boats of all sizes to receive him at the entrance of the bay. On the whole, under a brilliant sun which made the white façades of its skyscrapers sparkle, New York seemed to be awaiting the hour of manifesting its enthusiasm, and in effect it was in a silence almost complete and restrained that Marshal Foch, landing at the Battery, was received by General Pershing, the Governor, the Mayor, and the civil and the military authorities of the state and the city. But scarcely had he taken a few steps on American soil when the people took possession of him and carried him along in the frenzy of their spontaneous, unanimous and enthusiastic demonstration. How can one forget these one hundred thousand persons, assembled at the Battery to welcome him upon his arrival on American soil and to see him? How can one forget the tremendous gala procession filing through the streets of the great city in the midst of an innumerable and ardent crowd which thronged the pavements and the win-

dows of the highest buildings, through the fairy-like avalanche of white paper and serpentine which fluttered from everywhere! Echoing the salutes of the guns, to the ringing of bells and the strident call of fire whistles or automobile horns, a tremendous clamor, which came like an avalanche or an earthquake, escaped from human breasts: "Vive Foch! Vive la France!"

Everywhere—in all of America—in the middle-west as in the east, in the west or the south, there was, during all the weeks, the same enthusiasm, the same warmth of feeling. No matter what the weather, whether the sun shone, the rain or snow fell, all would be there by the thousands—men, women, the old, children, to cheer him whom America was awaiting to receive as the greatest and most illustrious of her children.

In all the cities where he stayed, as in the smaller stations where his train stopped, there would be a unanimous reception, a deification without end, all wishing to see him, to touch his garments, to kiss his hands. They scarcely knew how to *fête* him, how to express to him their feelings. Here would be flowers; there, fruits which they would throw from full hands into his carriage. Young and old cheered him and hour after hour waved American and French flags or multi-colored torches. He would pass under arches of triumph in magnificent parades of military or scholastic formation—many in sumptuous uniforms.

After President Harding, who, with his customary simplicity and cordiality, received him in the imposing frame of the White House—after the officials of the government at Washington had congratulated him upon his success and his work, the Governors of the states that he visited and the Mayors of the cities where he stopped, celebrated his glory in enthusiastic terms.

In their huge buildings of sober and harmonious lines, with full heart, the universities received him for whom they had prepared valiant soldiers. Many great men had graduated from these—many more, students, had fallen on



the battlefields of France for the great ideals which by pen and by word they had professed and defended. It was in the name of these ideals that they warmly welcomed the conqueror of the great war, and that, rendering an eloquent homage to his glory as chief and to his qualities as man, they bestowed upon him the most distinguished titles of honor they are capable of giving.

Mothers who bore upon their hearts the sacrificial gold star forgot sorrow and the mourning in their souls to salute him who had rendered their sacrifice gloriously fruitful.

Great associations, chambers of commerce, the Knights of Columbus, the Elks, the Y. M. C. A., and many more, such as the Society of Engineers, the Bar Association of New York, received him with banquets and reunions where they expressed with warmth the generosity of their feelings.

Veterans of previous wars bowed with respect before the conqueror of the greatest of all wars. Factory workers, bare-headed, saluted him. Indian chiefs offered him their most precious possessions—and at the same time did not a certain King of the Carnival abdicate in his honor the prerogatives of a royalty as attractive as it is ephemeral?

The children wished equally to participate in the demonstrations of which he was the object. How can one forget the touching attitude of these little ones, who by thousands, under the sun, the rain or the snow, awaited on the pavements of the cities or in the stations, the passage of him about whom they had heard so much in the schools? How can one forget their youthful cheers, their cries of joy, the ardor with which they sang the Marseillaise? How can one forget the charming grace of those among them who approached Marshal Foch to present him with flowers, or to address compliments to him? How can one forget the magnificent gift which they made him, presenting to him at the foot of the statue of Lafayette in Washington a sum of five hundred thousand dollars made from their savings and pin money for the purpose of constructing two schools

in the devastated regions of France? Nothing touched more closely the heart of the Marshal than this new generosity of the little Americans for the unhappy children of his country.

What can one also say of the enthusiastic welcome of the American Legion—the legion which since victory had unceasingly begged its illustrious Generalissimo to come to visit the United States, and who, finally seeing its generous desire realized, knew how to prepare for him a magnificent reception? Alone assuming the direction, the organization, the charge, and all the responsibility of the trip, it constituted, under the presidency of Mr. Alton T. Roberts, a reception committee which performed marvels; it is not possible to imagine a more regal voyage, from the smallest details to the most elaborate receptions.

To a cordiality of comradeship that had already been proved, the members of this committee knew how to combine a tact and a method which rendered particularly easy the accomplishment of a journey of more than twenty-six thousand kilometers in forty-five days. It was a difficult task. By the spirit of its method, its intelligence and its devotion, they accomplished it to perfection, and those who were witnesses of it or who enjoyed it are unanimous in this opinion.

Conceived under such auspices, the reception of Marshal Foch by the American Legion could not have been other than it was—cordial, warm, triumphant.

The Marshal had seen at work on the battlefields of France these valiant American soldiers, commanded by leaders among whom the remarkable spirit of organization had succeeded in creating from all elements, with a prodigious rapidity, a military machine of vast dimensions—firm and perfectly under control. He knew the worth of these soldiers, their splendid military qualities, their heroism written in letters of gold on the starred banners with the immortal names of Château-Thierry, Saint-Mihiel, the Argonne and the Meuse! What joy for him to find them



again, after that hard and patriotic labor, toiling at home at works of peace, remaining faithful to the noble principles that inspire and rule their association, and, by virtue of the same, remaining devoted servants of their country.

Then, also, what can one say of the demonstrations on their part of which Marshal Foch was the object? Wherever he went, in the cities where he stayed, as at the least stopping of his train, the American Legion with its bands and flags was there to welcome him. It marched before him with a perfect discipline, bearing and order, as witnessed at the imposing parade organized in the streets of Kansas City the first of November on the occasion of the third annual convention.

It was an unforgettable spectacle—that of fifty thousand members of the Legion, who, having come from the furthest points of America, passed that day, in the midst of the frantic ovations of an immense crowd, before the leaders of the Allied delegations, at the head of which was Marshal Foch and his glorious brother-in-arms, General John J. Pershing. It was a spectacle which bore witness at the same time to the vitality of the American Legion and to the ardor of the sentiments with which the memories of war bind together the American people.

In organizing these military demonstrations and in effecting the participation therein of the regular army and the National Guard, the American Legion rendered a brilliant homage to him who had conducted it to victory. In the meetings which it gathered in his honor and to which came thousands of people, it knew how to express to him in the most enthusiastic terms gratitude and admiration. How can one forget the ovations which welcomed him in these majestic gatherings—the speeches of vibrant eloquence which were addressed to him—the gifts of all sorts which were offered to him? It was an intense emotion which swept these enormous gatherings, which made hearts beat, and united in an ardent communion those who once

had offered their blood for the greatest of causes and for him who had made them win.

So, everyone—the American government, the American Legion, the American people—with a unanimous warmth, gratitude and admiration, surrounded the General, who in those days of agony had had to carry on his shoulders the heaviest responsibility that a man has ever borne—and who held in his hands the destiny of the world. In truth, does not therein lie the profound significance of the enthusiastic welcome which they gave him?

By the demonstration of these feelings, all of America left in the hearts and souls of those who witnessed them, intense, moving, and imperishable memories. Equally mingled with these memories are profound impressions.

Rapid as was the journey of the Marshal, it sufficed, however, to bring out and make appreciable to those who took part in it, the essential qualities which mark the American nation; the energy which is at the base of her history and which has assured her prodigious development—the activity which in every section develops unconsciously and with almost illimitable perspectives—the strength which finds its most marked expression in the numerous worthy associations, religious or national, which grow greater each day—the liberty to which individual efforts are loyal only to the extent of the general good—finally, the tolerance, of which the American constitution is the striking example, being wise enough to respect legitimate independence, and at the same time, being strong enough to maintain particular interests in the common good. Based on the loftiest sentiments and aspirations of conscience, of human soul and heart, such qualities cannot fail to make the glory of a country.

Nothing in America is being neglected in development along the broadest lines. Centers of art, of science and of patriotism, the universities are forming a youth equally enamored with intellectual pursuits and physical activities. By one, it acquires necessary familiarity with culture; by



the other, it is assured of the balance of the faculties, qualities of strength, energy, and decision, and the taste for enterprise which are the offsprings of activity and progress. Thus prepared and trained, American youth is armed for the struggles of life, and is able to satisfy the need for action which is innate in every American. What a vast world lies before it!

In a country of easy distances, of vast horizons, in a young and enormous territory, where initiative does not meet either with disapproval or obstacle, what resources are offered! The richness of the soil, the fertility of which compares to the most fertile regions of our old European world, and which fosters all growths from those of northern countries, to those of the tropics, the richness of an under-soil where coal, iron, copper, silver, petroleum abound—these are the sources of a prosperity already enormous. However, this prosperity is far from having attained its highest development—magnificent perspectives are still before it, in the agricultural world, which calls with new arms, as well as in the mineral wealth of all kinds that is being discovered every day—and so a future full of promise lies before the American nation—she will come to realize it—her past guarantees this.

Of this past, she is justly proud. Did it not make her glory, not long ago—and do not her ambitions of today and her strength of tomorrow rest on it? The strength of the United States lies in the struggle which she participated in and gained in winning her independence. Her more recent past was lived in the generous and united impulse, which, in spite of difficulties of all sorts, threw her into a crusade to save the liberty of the world. In entering wholeheartedly into this crusade, the American people remained faithful to these traditions, to these sentiments, to this need for an ideal which they carry in the depth of their hearts, and which will not let them be indifferent to that which is noble, generous, disinterested. When causes of charity, humanity, and of moral progress are in peril, they enter the

lists as their ancestors of 1777 and their sons of 1918 did. Their horizon is not limited by material or egoistic interests; if a cause is just, what does it matter whether or not it is American? Such a thirst for ideals, such a passion for noble ideas, shall bring them inevitably yet closer to that other champion of the Ideal—France. From the first hour, France and the United States have been bound together by ties henceforth indissoluble. France was present at the cradle of American liberty. She threw the weight of her heart and of her armies in the struggle to bring America victory, and from that day America swore an eternal love for France. She has kept her word; when the afflicted time of trial fell on the country of Lafayette and of Rochambeau, listening to naught but her heart and her ancient oath, she cast herself before shaken humanity, and by the voice of her most illustrious soldier, threw to the astonished world these words, which expressed all: "Lafayette, we are here!"

One hundred years after—America has written off the book of her heart a tremendous debt of love—she has paid generously. She paid in every way, by the blood of her soldiers, as well as by the charity of her children, by the admirable devotion of her women, who gave the best of their care, and of their youth to relieve the frightful miseries of the war—by the activity of her industries and the work of her people. The debt paid, love does not diminish. Just as to her ideal, America remains faithful to her memories. Her love for France, born in the Revolutionary War, is a part of her patrimony; she guards it, she develops it, she transmits it from generation to generation, she seizes every occasion to express it.

Following their common and idealistic mission, the two nations remain the defenders of Liberty. It is this truth that America so highly and so happily affirmed to Marshal Foch in the marvelous welcome she made him. The object of such demonstration, the Marshal, who came to pay a debt of gratitude and thanks to America for her aid during the war, in reality contracted toward her a new and immense debt.



From his visit to the United States, Marshal Foch carried away unforgettable memories—profound impressions. Above all, he felt beating the ardent and generous heart of a Great People.

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### PARIAH

*By* FRANK ERNEST HILL

I know not where the olden beauty goes,  
Save that on still November afternoons  
She walks in silence deeper than the moon's  
Among high, naked trees where no wind blows.  
There only is there room for her repose  
There, or by hills unwalked, or guestless dunes  
Where life's a ghost of laughter, talk, and tunes  
Blown through far doors that momentarily uncloze.

Elsewhere the world is engine-driven wings,  
Spuming of steel-finned dolphins shouldering seas,  
The sough and shrill of trains in thinning trees,  
Devouring dredges, hundred-storied light,  
The clash of crowds, the flare a furnace flings  
Booming against the ledges of the night.

## AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

**O**NE does not need to be what used to be called an Independent to be convinced of the utter incapacity of the leaders of the Republican and Democratic parties. The average observer comes away from Washington these days with a feeling of hopelessness over the brainlessness and sheer stupidity of the Republican chieftains, who do not seem to have the slightest conception of what the country is thinking of or what it needs, but who are busy telling each other that no matter how much the country criticizes and resents the acts of Congress, the next house cannot be Democratic.

The fact is, however, that the next house certainly will be Democratic unless some extraordinary activity on the part of the Democratic leaders should suddenly call the attention of the country to the fact that it is about to jump from the frying-pan into the fire.

Up to a few weeks ago it hardly seemed possible that even the stupidest Democratic leader would not have seen that inasmuch as the country was anxious to punish the Republicans for their cowardice, unfulfilled pledges, selfishness and laziness, the wise and politic thing was to let the voters wreak their vengeance without let or hindrance. Up to a few weeks ago, it was impossible to conceive that such shrewd politicians and men so keenly ambitious as B. M. Baruch, Bainbridge Colby, and William G. McAdoo would have allowed the party in which they are supposed to have great influence to bray again about the principles that were settled by millions of votes in 1920, but Governor Cox's speech at the national Democratic dinner, marked as it was by the activities of the irrepressible Tumulty, showed that the country will not be allowed, in all probability, to punish the Republicans as they should be punished, but will be obliged again to vote on an issue that has been dead now pretty nearly two years.

Governor Cox's statement of the "madness of 1920" would



be amusing if it were not so insolent, and if it were not typical of the line of thought of a superficial but aggressive class of men of somewhat limited intellect who are filled with an admiration for the American people and Democratic institutions when the majorities are on their side, and are filled with despair over the failure of the same institutions when they are voted out of office and favor. As a candidate, Mr. Cox seemed an exceptionally dull and aggressively mediocre man, but his speech about the "madness of 1920" and his puerile attempt to assume leadership of his party, would indicate that only an author of the *Dunciad* could do him justice in a *Coxiad* that would call for the super-powers of a modern Pope.

If there were more evidence of an active understanding of what the country needs, and less twaddle about her duties to Europe, and less desire to rush into the chaos of European political affairs, many Republicans would view with calm the possibility of a Democratic Congress, even though such an event would bring about a chaotic condition, in all probability, in the business world.

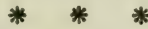
What is evident from Governor Cox's speech is that if a Democratic house should be elected it would devote itself not to an attempted solution of our economic problems, or the settling of our domestic difficulties, but would center on the affairs of Europe, which while unquestionably germane in the matter of world re-establishment are not the things that are close to the heart of the American people at the present time.

No party ever had a greater opportunity for constructive criticism than the Democratic party has at the present time, but not a voice cries out in the wilderness and only a Cox brays from the marshes.

\* \* \*

If one wanted further evidence of Democratic chaos, one would find it in the attempt of Senator James Reed to corral the Wilson following in Missouri by a letter of approval written to him by Mr. Wilson in 1913. Senator Reed is a

strong man, if not always a conservative or a temperate one, and one would have expected that he would have had the courage to make his campaign on his record of the last three or four years rather than to win out at the primaries through the assistance of a very polite note written long before he made his bitter warfare on the pet scheme of his party leader. If he was as right in his fight on the League of Nations as he thought he was, it was evidence of a weak character to bring out a commendation that Mr. Wilson was so quickly able to repudiate. There will be very few who will not say that the repudiation was not deserved, for a man who has among his weapons of attack as virulent a tongue as Senator Reed has, must not expect that he is going to be dealt with gently by those whom he has fought and those who have shown in the past that they want none of him or his works.



"The Bootlegger's Bride"—a drama of manners in three acts—will be produced next year at a prominent Broadway theatre, and if not next year, the year after or some year soon. It is customary to refer to the conditions one sees about one every day as a farce—the fact is that it is a tragedy. All the talk about lawlessness and the criminal classes means nothing when officers of the law are themselves engaged in breaking the law, not only frequently, but daily.

New York City is rum-mad, if we may judge by what the papers print, which is probably but a chronicle of one-thousandth part of the actual happenings. Only the other day a prominent "reformer" of New York State, Ex-Senator Elon R. Brown, was caught bringing twenty-six cases of Scotch whiskey into the University Club of the city. The morality of this lies between Senator Brown and his capacious stomach, but what is one to say of a University Club where the standards of morality and culture were once upheld? The Eighteenth Amendment was designed to do away with the saloon. What a pity if, in the removal of one evil, the vulgarities of the saloon are to pass to the once respected college club!



## DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

*AS IT SEEMS TO TWELVE AND EIGHTY-SEVEN\**

“**M**ITCH MILLER” is a rather interesting book by Edgar Lee Masters, but it is not the type the average boy of today likes. The boy of today likes a much more exciting book than “Mitch Miller.” But books that are exciting very often are not good books. The better writer will write a quieter book. Because it is quieter does not mean that it will have no exciting parts though. This is also true of girls and their books.

In many ways “Mitch Miller” is the Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn type of book. But that is to be expected, as “Mitchie” and “Skeet” try to copy Tom Sawyer in every way possible. “Mitch Miller” is as a whole very amusing, and something is continually going wrong. However, this only makes it the more interesting and amusing.

In the first few pages Bob Pendleton or “Shadder,” as the boys call him, is a little too stiff even for a “sissy.” Mitchie is a true boy, but very imaginative. Skeet is like a boy who has never been with other boys much, but is not that kind of boy either because a boy that had not been much with other boys would be very imaginative, and Skeet certainly is not that, for he had hard work to keep up with Mitchie in imagination.

It would be well for any boy to remember the talk Mr. Miller is supposed to give to Mitchie and Skeet, even though it is in dialect.

The death of Mitch Miller is very sad and pathetic, but he could not have gone very far wrong with the big boys before getting into trouble.

Mr. Masters writes in a very interesting way. Even though his writing may not have enough life, as a child would say, he holds one’s attention.

If more boys would read books of this sort and learn to like them, better men for America’s future would be produced.

—VIRGINIA PAYNE. *Aetat*, 12.

**W**HEN I was a kid I believed in Santa Claus. I saw him with my own eyes in his red suit and his white beard. He gave me a present on Christmas Day. I shall never forget. When I grew to the age of youth they told me that Santa Claus never had existed; that it was only Uncle George dressed up in a hired suit of clothes who made us kids think he came down the chimney.

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\*“Mitch Miller,” by Edgar Lee Masters. The MacMillan Co.

When I got into the eighth decade of life I came to the conclusion that "they" were wrong, and that Santa Claus was real. It has come to my mind, too, that he is not only real, but that he beats the great ones of this earth in that they all die in time, while he goes on living. It looks to me as if Mr. Masters, who wrote "The Spoon River Anthology" and this book of boyhood, "Mitch Miller," was of the same opinion.

Think of Alexander and Caesar and Luther and Napoleon all dead and gone; yet Robinson Crusoe and D'Artagnan and Tom Sawyer and Hamlet go on living just as vividly as ever. It is not only the young who dream and have faith and imagination. Fortunately some of the old ones, even some of the middle-aged, get something out of life besides business and play, food and sleep, success and failure. When that something disappears from our land then we shall have no more nation, no more happiness, no more hope.

What a thing it would be at this moment for the Russians, and even some of the other peoples of Europe, if they could have the faith and the confidence of "Mitch" and "Skeet"! How quickly the rate of exchange would become normal; how soon trade would start up; how suddenly the starving would be fed and the poor in heart and in pocket-book take a new lease on life and go at it again!

I should be very miserable at my age if I did not know that Santa Claus comes down the chimney, even if that chimney is in a flat and has no flue whatever. As it is, I sit and smile; and shall continue to do so to the end.

—LUCAS LEXOW. *Aetat*, 87.

### A DON JUAN OF THE PITS\*



NOVEL without a heroine, a story without a plot, the tale of a young, blond miner of England's Black Country—such is Francis Brett Young's most recent book. Abner Fellows, the hero, is first introduced as a youngster knocking about in Halesby, an English coal and steel town. Very quickly the story passes to his adolescence and the troubles arising from it. His stepmother, a girl of his own age, gradually transfers her affections from his father to Abner. His sense of true honor, which comes to him from the soil, rather than from his ancestors or his environment, makes this distasteful to him and he takes the high road to Wales. There, as a laborer, the attraction which he has for women leads him into one miserable experience after another, until—but we shall not spoil the reading for those who would enjoy a good book.

In spite of its *local*, an American public misses nothing in going to this story. There is a bit of accent in it, but a glossary will not be required.

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\* "The Black Diamond," by Francis Brett Young. E. P. Dutton and Co.



There is something about Mr. Young's style that reminds one very much of that of Hardy. But it is, nevertheless, somewhat more Gallic. He does not write for the squeamish, and those who would shrink from a full recital of the workings of the passions of a miner and laborer had better not read it. He writes to teach no moral, nor to preach a doctrine, but treats the reader to a plain, good story, well told.

—GABRIEL S. YORKE.

### THE DELUSION OF THE STRIKE\*

**T**WO interesting and instructive works—"The High Cost of Strikes" and "War-Time Strikes and Their Adjustment"—the former by Marshall Olds, and the latter by Alexander M. Bing, are worthy of conscientious reading and careful consideration by the American people. This comment applies specifically to business men, corporation executives, labor leaders, and members of every labor organization in the United States.

Two thoughts flashed through my mind as I read Mr. Olds' work: Is the statement true of a western publicist to the effect that seventy-five per cent of our people are unthinking? The second thought was, what would the families of labor union men think if they could read this work which recites that eight hundred and five million, eight hundred thousand dollars was lost in wages through strikes in 1919? That in the same year two billion five hundred million dollars was lost to production by those strikes? The volume speaks of the high cost of union labor administration, and relates that the American Federation of Labor and its subsidiaries "have collected hundreds of millions of dollars from the workers. Yet as far as is known, it has never re-invested one cent of these hundreds of millions of dollars of the workers' own money in any of the physical equipment that is absolutely necessary to realize its own theories as to the workers' self improvement." There is an interesting chapter on the factional fights between rival union leaders and labor unions.

There is a paragraph about Brindell which is illustrative of recent developments through official investigations:

"Brindell, the drug clerk, became almost overnight, Brindell, the millionaire labor czar, to whom thousands of workers paid two dollars to ten dollars a week for the mere privilege of working, at whose command ten thousand men would quit work and give up their pay on any merest sham of a reason—primarily because of his particular cleverness in handling human nature—in bluffing and cajoling and fooling his followers."

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\*"The High Cost of Strikes," by Marshall Olds. G. P. Putnam's Sons. "War-Time Strikes and Their Adjustment," by Alexander M. Bing. E. P. Dutton Co.

Isn't this evidence that the western publicist is pretty nearly right when he proclaims that seventy-five per cent of our people are not thinking people, and does this not specifically apply in this case? This also reminds me of the will of the late John Mitchell, dated August thirtieth, 1919, and filed in the Surrogate's Court at White Plains, showing that this labor leader whose average salary during his lifetime was not over two thousand five hundred dollars a year, and yet his estate in bonds, notes, and stocks, aggregated two hundred and thirty thousand, one hundred and sixty-six dollars. This instance is recalled by Mr. Olds:

"The case of the notorious 'Umbrella Mike,' boss of an electrical workers' union, who testified that he had saved three hundred and fifty thousand dollars out of a salary of fifty dollars a week in six years, is well known. This phenomenal ability to save money did not, however, keep the jury from sending him to jail." When will the families of our labor union members resent this frightful exploitation at their expense?

The author wants to know what the American people are going to do to protect themselves from the many fearful strikes. He points out that under the leadership of Governor Allen, the State of Kansas has established a system of industrial courts having complete jurisdiction over industrial disputes that involve public interest. The decision of such courts is final, and strikes in such cases are punishable as crimes. Why not establish a Federal court with similar aims and purposes at Washington? Mr. Olds believes that labor must obey the law, and adds:

"Just as railroads, traction companies and trusts, instead of using the primary special privileges and exemptions which the public had granted them for its own good, along normal lines to serve the public interest, merely used these primary special privileges and exemptions as a basis and excuse for obtaining or assuming more and more special privileges and exemptions, and developing further and further outside all the restrictions of ordinary law till their whole system became both lawless and opposed to the public good; so has organized labor used its primary special privileges and exemptions in exactly the same way, and to exactly the same end."

Mr. Olds has been a laborer—on a farm, as assistant in a railroad repair shop, as a dock walloper, as working boss of a gang, and as an assistant machinist. In the phrase of the day, he knows the ropes. What of the women and children in a labor union family? How many of these good women have complained in years gone by, of the horror with which they received word from the head of the household that he must go on strike at the command of his labor boss? Women want to keep up the home. They cannot keep up the home on a hazardous and irregular pay envelope; they want to pay their bills every Saturday night, they want to keep their children in decent clothes, in a decent home. Oh! how many of these good women have wistfully told how they feared that almighty



word, used by union labor leaders and their followers—the word “scab!”—this to keep the members in line. If union labor followers want to continue to fill the pockets of their leaders, making them millionaires while they struggle on—why, that is their own affair.

The second work, “War-Time Strikes and Their Adjustment,” by Mr. Bing, tells of the mediation commissions and the industrial conflicts, and their relation to the government during World War days. It is a valuable contribution to the great labor problem. Felix Adler, in the introductory note, speaks highly of the work.

—EDWARD G. RIGGS.

### THE SCIENCE OF CITY-MAKING\*

**T**HE author of “The Ideal City” is a former mayor of a western city who is now teaching city government at the University of Kansas. He has both an academic interest in his subject and practical experience respecting it. The book is a simple and descriptive statement of the scope and functions of the typical American city with illustrations of good practice and interesting achievement taken from any American city. It is compact and without the flight of imagination that the word “ideal” in the title suggests. It should be useful as a reference for city officials and as a textbook in teaching civics.

Mr. Fassett has a wholesome conception of a city. He believes that what any city can do, all can do. His method of encouraging progress is to cite precedent rather than to preach precept. Occasionally the ex-mayor emerges to put some potential enemy of the people on its guard, but there is no parade made of the author’s own achievements, which, judging from the fine spirit and discernment of his discussion, must have been of the sort which his book will inspire in others.

“The Modern City And Its Government” is a more ambitious essay in comparative municipal government. Its author, William P. Capes, occupies one of the important strategic positions in the field of municipal betterment. For a number of years he has been the executive of the Mayors’ Conference of the State of New York and director of the New York State Bureau of Municipal Information. He is, consequently, in close touch with the operation of many important cities and a co-worker with officials of cities of diverse types. What Mr. Capes has to say on city government merits attention. In the present book, the author is chiefly concerned with the problem of general organization. He discusses the federal, commission, and manager forms of city organization in ample detail, and formulates a suggestive outline of charter essentials. Fifteen charts showing the organization of cities large and small furnish excellent illustrations of this part of the text.

The book is not altogether technical, for there is something of the passion

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\*“Assets Of The Ideal City,” by Charles M. Fassett. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.  
“The Modern City And Its Government,” by William P. Capes. E. P. Dutton and Co.

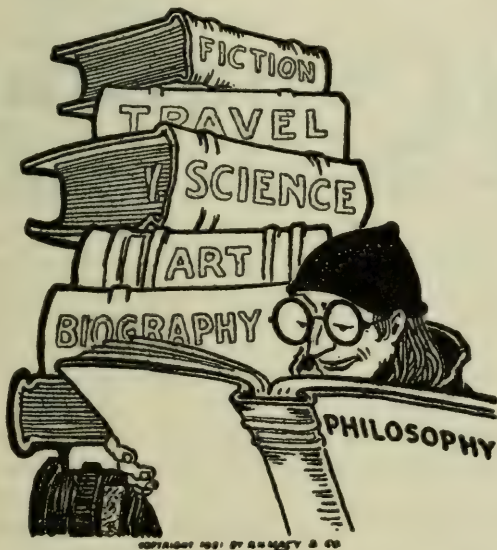


of the reformer in Mr. Capes. He outlines the elements of the well-governed city in a manner to interest the lay reader. Not being dogmatic, Mr. Capes prefers, to the mere statement of his own conclusions, to quote the dicta of other authors where opinion and criticism are used to supplement or clarify his descriptive text. He leads an impressive array of authorities to conquer the possible doubts of his readers. Mr. Capes is authority enough and one cannot but wish that he had spoken more freely the convictions and judgments regarding this vital matter of city government which his experience has enabled him to formulate.

For Mr. Capes, the ideal city is no mere composite of expedients tried out by other cities. He will build the ideal city in your town or mine through the co-operation of interested citizens and capable officials working with competent tools towards a definite objective. Citizens must be alert, officials trained, and the city rightly organized to make good government possible. "The Modern City" is devoted to explaining how these requisites may be attained. It is a studious book for those who take government seriously.

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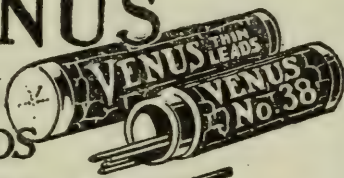
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- "An Introduction to the Theory of Relativity," by L. Bolton. E. P. Dutton Co.  
 "Mexico and Its Reconstruction," by Chester Lloyd Jones. D. Appleton Co.  
 "The Hope of the Future" by Edward E. Eagle. The Cornhill Publishing Co.  
 "Marooned in Moscow" by Marguerite E. Harrison. George H. Doran Company.  
 "The Chino-Japanese Treaties of May 25th, 1915" by G. Zay Wood. Fleming H. Revell Company.  
 "The Twenty-One Demands" by G. Zay Wood. Fleming H. Revell Company.  
 "China, the United States, and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance" by G. Zay Wood. Fleming H. Revell Co.  
 "Envy, A Tale" by Ernst von Wildenbruch. Four Seas Publishing Company.  
 "The Playground of the Gods and Other Poems" by Elizabeth Huntington. Four Seas Publishing Co.  
 "The Gate of Remembrance" by F. Blight Bond. Oxford Blackwell Co.  
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 "Europe—Whither Bound?" by Stephen Graham. D. Appleton and Company.  
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 "The Latest Thing" by Alexander Black. Harper and Brothers.  
 "The Dragon in Shallow Waters" by V. Sackville-West. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 "The Black Diamond" by Francis Brett Young. E. P. Dutton and Company.  
 "Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama" by Barret H. Clark. Stewart Kidd Company.  
 "Six Short Plays" by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
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# The Forum

JUNE 1922

## FRANCE, THE GOOD MILCH COW

By STEPHANE LAUZANNE



SWISS writer recently made the following observation in regard to France, one with which every Frenchman will concur:

"France," he stated, "is, after all, a good nation. She reminds me of the milch-cow of our mountains. When she is beaten, she works silently in order to pay the war-indemnity imposed by the victor. When she has paid up her indemnity, she continues to work in order that she may lend her money to all sorts of people, who renounce their debts at the very first opportunity. When her land is invaded, she offers 1,500,000 lives for victory; and then, having gained it, she goes to work to rebuild her ruins and to pay the debts of the conquered, who arrange their affairs so that they appear more hapless than France, and more to be pitied."

This is the exact truth! In 1871, France was defeated. Although the entire war was fought on her soil, and not a single German home was destroyed, France, for a campaign that lasted about six months, was obliged to pay Germany \$1,000,000,000. She made no outcry. She did not fill the



world with her clamors, nor did she endeavor to go into bankruptcy in order to pull down the pillars of Europe about her head. She paid the billion dollars (which today would be worth at least three times as much) in less than two years. Then, continuing to work and save, she generously lent her money to foreign countries for foreign enterprises. She became, in a way, the banker of the world. In 1914, she was the creditor of Russia for almost \$4,000,000,000; she had lent more than \$1,000,000,000 to Turkey; and she had also lent money to Hungary, to Spain, to Brazil, to Argentina, to Canada, and even to two or three American railroad companies. She owed nothing to anybody beyond her frontiers. Her foreign debt was represented by a zero.

Then came the World War. Her territory was invaded. It was on her territory that the nations of the world fought the most terrible war ever recorded, lasting four years and three months. It was her territory that had been sacked, trampled under foot and ravaged.

When the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, there was on one side the vanquished, Germany, and on the other the victors, France and her Allies. But, on the territory of the vanquished not a single inch of ground had been damaged, not a factory destroyed, not a house demolished, nor a single window broken. Germany was materially intact.

On the other hand, the victorious nation is left in a condition so terrible that it defies imagination. Seven of her departments, equal in area to the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island combined, have been razed, leaving nothing but a hulk. These seven departments were among the richest of France. They represented one-fifth of her total capital. Out of five billions received in taxes, this part of France had paid a billion in 1913. These seven departments were the kernel of her industrial organism. They produced 94% of her wool, 90% of her iron, 70% of her sugar, 60% of her cotton goods, and 55% of her electrical energy. They contained 400 miles of

railroad, which as a result of the war had to be rebuilt entirely. These seven departments contained, besides the principal coal mines of France, one-third of the total coal production of France, all of which have been destroyed. They were not destroyed by shell or fire, but coldly, scientifically, systematically. Two hundred pits were flooded, and tons and tons of débris were thrown into them in order to make it utterly impossible to work them. It took eighteen months just to pump out the water; and the mines at Lens will not get back to their pre-war production until about the year 1928.

However, the Allies, who were victorious, convened and deliberated for six months, deciding three things:

First, that Germany will not be obliged to pay the cost of the war that she had premeditated, that she had wanted, and that she had declared. The cost was enormous. For France alone, it had amounted to 280 billion, 658 million francs (\$56,132,000,000 at par) from August 1, 1914, to June 30, 1919.

Second, that Germany shall pay personal damages; that is to say, the pensions of widows, orphans and wounded.

Third, that Germany shall pay material damages; that is, for the devastation of France and Belgium.

A Reparations Commission, composed of one French, one British, one American, one Belgian and one Italian representative, was appointed to estimate the total of damage committed by Germany, and to see that she paid.

The Reparations Commission (where France, which is the principal victim and therefore the principal creditor, has only one vote out of five) gets to work. After two years of study, it figured the total of damage done to France at 218 billion francs (\$43,600,000,000 at par). But, at the conference that took place in London in May, 1921, on the instance of Mr. Lloyd George, it was decided that Germany's total debt to the Allies should not, under any circumstances, amount to more than 132 billion gold marks (\$33,000,000,000). It was also decided that of this sum, France was to have 52%, or about 68 billion gold marks



(\$17,000,000,000). This, of course, represents a considerable reduction on the bill of damages fixed by the Reparations Commission. France cannot use gold marks to rebuild her devastated regions, or to pay her war-pensions; she has to have francs. At the rate of exchange current April 1, 1922, sixty-eight billion gold marks amounted to something like 180 billion francs, or a reduction of almost 20% on the bill of Reparations Commission. If, as is very probable, the franc continues to rise in value, the exchange value of the 68 billion gold marks will rise in consequence, and the actual sum due to France will further diminish. If the value of the franc returns to par, the 68 billion gold marks will only represent 85 billion francs. The reduction consented to by France is thus actually one-fifth of the original, and it is possible that it may yet be reduced by three-fifths. How many creditor nations are there who, after a terrible war, had consented to such reductions to the benefit of the debtor nations—and these their erstwhile enemies?

But let us see how much of the 68 billion gold marks (\$17,000,000,000) constituting her share of the damages, France has received today—and how much she will receive in the future.

The peace treaty stipulated that the first money Germany paid would be applied to reimburse America and England for the amount spent to feed Germany after the Armistice; it represented about \$1,000,000,000. Then the peace treaty stipulated that the money to be paid later would be applicable to the cost of maintaining the armies of occupation on the Rhine, which amounted on March 1, 1922, to almost \$1,200,000,000, not counting American expenses. Finally, the treaty stipulated that Belgium would have a right to priority for devastations to the extent of \$250,000,000.

The result of all that is very clear. On March 1 of this year, Germany had paid little more than \$1,500,000,000 both in goods and money, but as that sum was absorbed first to reimburse America and England for what they had spent to feed Germany, then to pay part of the costs of the occupa-

tion of the Rhine, *France has not yet received a single cent of German money for reparations or pensions.*

That is enough for the past. Now let us speak about the future. It is certain that France will not receive a single cent either in 1922, or 1923, nor probably even in 1924. Perhaps she will receive, according to the agreements of Wiesbaden, raw materials and supplies, but she will not receive an ounce of gold. All the money collected during the next two or three years will be absorbed to pay the costs of occupation and the Belgium priority claim. Only in 1925 will the first money payments for reparations be made to France.

Yet France cannot permit her villages to remain in ruins, and she is forced to repair burned factories, devastated fields, flooded mines, to pay pensions to widows and orphans in France and to advance money which Germany should have paid. The sums thus far advanced amount to about \$6,500,000,000, according to the average exchange of the last three years.

We are, therefore, today witnessing the most extraordinary spectacle: France, with seven of her richest industrial departments devastated and destroyed, found \$6,500,000,000 to dress her wounds, reconstruct her villages and pay pensions to widows and the disabled, while Germany, absolutely intact, without an inch of her territory destroyed, with all her factories in full working power and able to dispose of all her productive forces, has paid only \$1,500,000,000. Never has a victorious country been forced to make such terrible efforts, never has a vanquished country escaped at so cheap a price.

"But," many people contend, "Germany has been crushed economically. She has been reduced to beggary. She has nothing. And where there is nothing, God Himself loses His rights. Germany can't pay!"

This is a gross inaccuracy. Germany has not been reduced to beggary, because, in 1921, she spent *nine billion marks* just to build homes for her workers. Germany isn't



crushed economically, because she is reconstructing her merchant marine with amazing rapidity. From January 1st to August 31, 1921, the German ship-yards have built no less than 55 boats having a displacement of from 2,500 to 12,000 tons. Two of these had been baptized, respectively, *Ludendorff* and *Hindenburg*—a striking example of German mentality! Germany has still some reserves, since the stocks quoted on the German Exchange, which on December 31, 1919, were valued at 48 billion marks, on December 31, 1921, were quoted at more than 300 billion marks.

Germany can pay if she wants to. Germany can pay if she raises her taxes to at least the equivalent of those with which the French and British tax-payers are burdened. The tax in France per capita is actually \$45.62, while in Germany it is only \$13.88. Sugar, in France, is taxed at the rate of 50 francs the hundred kilos; while in Germany the tax for one hundred kilos is only 14 marks. A railroad trip of sixty miles, in France, costs \$1.75; while in Germany it only costs 38 cents.

Germany can pay the 17 billion dollars that she owes France in damages, as she has been given seventy-five years to do so. She *can pay* if she *wants to*; but she *does not*. She prefers to go bankrupt rather than pay her debts. She would rather go to ruin than pay. She is hastening down the road to bankruptcy with joy. She is going voluntarily and with all her energy.

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### TIME

By LE BARON COOKE

Yesterday is a ghost,  
Today is a process,  
And Tomorrow—a dream.

## WILL GERMANY ABSORB RUSSIA?

*By* J. ELLIS BARKER

**T**HE rise of Prusso-Germany is one of the miracles of history. A few centuries ago, Prussia was one of the smallest and one of the poorest countries in Europe, and Berlin was a wretched village. Modern Germany has grown great by successful war and conquest. The Germans, and especially the Prussians, are a proud and stubborn people. It is only natural that they do not consider their defeat as final, that they wish to regain the great and dominant position which they held in 1914. History teaches us that every great defeat is followed by a war of revenge unless a nation is so utterly weakened as to make another great war impossible. Among the nations of Europe, Germany stands first in numbers and in natural wealth. The spirit of the people is not broken. That may be seen by the attitude of its intellectual leaders and of the press. In due course the verdict of 1918 will certainly be challenged.

The greatness of Prusso-Germany was created by German predominance over the Slavs. In the middle ages Germany proper ended at the River Elbe. East of that river dwelt the heathen Slavs. German feudal adventurers settled in the Slavonic lands beyond the Elbe, enslaved the native inhabitants, converted them to Christianity and civilized them. They ruled them with the utmost cruelty, raised powerful armies, and conquered with these other Slavonic lands and Germany proper. Their task was greatly facilitated by that submissiveness which is so characteristic of the Slavs.

Previous to the great war, the vast majority of Germans were expansionists, but they were divided into two schools.



The feudal nobility, the descendants of the men who had conquered old Prussia, were in favor of expansion by land. They wished to extend Germany's rule over the Slavs, and they were opposed to commerce, industry, and expansion oversea which brought Germany into contact with democratic nations and made the people dependent on imported food and raw materials. On the other hand, the commercial and industrial inhabitants of central and western Germany scouted the idea that Germany should remain self-supporting and pressed for expansion oversea. The feudal Conservative Party voted for many years against subsidies to the merchant marine and against naval expansion. It changed its attitude very reluctantly owing to the pressure brought upon it by William the Second.

Germany's most influential men have proclaimed unceasingly that the country was not defeated in battle, but was starved into surrender by the blockade. The champions of a self-supporting Germany are teaching the people that Germany would have won the war had the traditional policy of Prussia not been abandoned, and they are pointing out that Germany can easily recover all she has lost and can rise to greater power than ever before by resuming the traditional policy of expansion eastward. The commercial and industrial classes, which were formerly opposed to the acquisition of further Slavonic lands, have changed their opinion for they recognize that the value of the Russian market to German commerce and industry is greater than the value of the oversea markets.

Russia is by far the largest connected state in the world. The Russian Empire of 1914 comprised nearly nine million square miles. It was larger than the United States, Canada, and India combined. It was twice as large as the whole continent of Europe. It was forty times as large as the German Empire. The widely held belief that Russia is an ice-bound and naturally poor country is erroneous. Like the United States, Russia extends through all climes except the torrid. Moscow and Riga in the north lie in the same

latitude as Glasgow and Copenhagen. Kiev and Charkoff in the center are no farther north than Frankfurt-on-the-Main and the Isle of Wight. Odessa and Rostoff lie in the same latitude as Venice and Lyons. The southern Crimea has the same position and climate as the Italian riviera. Tiflis, Khiva and Baku lie in the same latitude as Constantinople, Naples, Lisbon and Washington. Southern Turkistan has the same position as southern Italy, Athens, Tunis, and Los Angeles.

The natural resources of the country are very vast and varied. In the north Russia has the largest and probably the most valuable forests in the world. In the center is by far the largest agricultural plain of the world. The vast country is opened up by numerous huge and easily navigable rivers. The gigantic northern forests, of which a large part has not even been explored, can furnish a superabundance of excellent timber. In the intermediate zone Russia can raise the largest harvests in the world. Notwithstanding her primitive agricultural methods, Russia produced before the war fifty per cent. of the world's rye, thirty-three per cent. of the world's barley, twenty-five per cent. of the world's oats, twenty-two per cent. of the world's wheat, etc. She had in 1913, thirty-three million eight hundred sixty-three thousand horses, fifty-one million three hundred fifty-five thousand cattle, seventy-three million nine hundred sixty-two thousand sheep and fourteen million two hundred thirty-two thousand pigs. Russia's agriculture was carried on in the most primitive manner. In Siberia cultivation and settlement were restricted to a narrow belt along the one and only railway. The production of timber, foodstuffs and animals may easily be doubled and quadrupled by introducing improved methods of cultivation and by opening up the country by means of good roads, railways and canals. In the south Russia produces an abundance of corn, rice, cotton, jute, tobacco, tea, oranges, peaches, grapes, etc.



The mineral resources of Russia are considerable. She has large quantities of coal, iron-ore, copper, zinc, petroleum, salt, gold, platinum, etc. The production of all these has increased at a very rapid rate during the last few decades. The last expansion of Russia's agriculture and industries has made possible a similarly rapid increase of her population, which has grown as follows:

|           |             |
|-----------|-------------|
| 1762..... | 19,000,000  |
| 1796..... | 36,000,000  |
| 1815..... | 45,000,000  |
| 1835..... | 60,000,000  |
| 1859..... | 74,000,000  |
| 1897..... | 129,209,297 |
| 1913..... | 174,099,600 |

During recent years Russia's population has increased by almost three million per year, while that of Germany has increased by only eight hundred thousand. During the last hundred years previous to the war Russia's population has quadrupled. It is not inconceivable that it may quadruple and more than quadruple during the next hundred years, provided the country enjoys peace and good government. Russia can yield a super-abundance of food and of the most important raw materials required in war, among them cotton, wool, oil, copper—and the country is the greatest potential reservoir of man power.

The war and the revolution have terribly weakened Russia. Millions of men have died. Agriculture and industry have utterly decayed. Railways and other public works have been destroyed. The country has been divided into a number of self-governing states. However, the great resources of Russia are still there. Under a good government, progress would be resumed at a greatly accelerated speed and the miseries which the people have suffered will make them all the more ready to submit themselves to a strong and able government, whatever may be its character and form.

As stated in the beginning of this article, the great characteristic of the Slavs is their submissiveness. Hence they have always readily submitted to native and to alien tyranny. The Russians lived under the yoke of the Norman Varagi from 862 to 1054—under their own princes from 1054 to 1238—and under the Mongol horror from 1240 to 1462. Since then they have patiently obeyed alien rulers, the Ruriks, the Romanoffs, the Holstein-Gottorps and the Bolsheviks. When the Bolshevik nightmare has come to an end the Russians will probably be found ready to obey almost any government imposed upon them either from within or from without. Herein lies Germany's great chance of dominating, and evidently absorbing, Russia.

It would be only natural if Russia should become a German possession because that country has in modern times continuously been ruled by Germans and has, therefore, become thoroughly used to German predominance and to German sway. Russia had been an Asiatic country up to the time of Peter the Great. That eminent man wished to Europeanize the country and he attracted to Russia able men from the west. As Germany was nearest at hand, Germans practically monopolized the more important positions of the state. The Russian rulers made it a habit to marry Germans. Alexis, the son of Peter the Great, and all the Czarinas and Czars who succeeded Peter, excepting one, married Germans. The princes and the nobility followed the example set by the rulers. The court, the army, the bureaucracy, the universities and Russian society became Germanized. Among the cabinet ministers of recent times were von Plehve, Sievers, Korff, Reutern, Budberg, Bunge, Lamsdorff, Witte, Zaenger, Schwartz, Bark, Roediger, Langhoff, Fredericks, Stuermer. Among the army corps commanders at the outbreak of the great war were Generals Eck, Adlerberg, Rennenkampf, Schwank, Sievers, Evert, Geismann, Krusenstern, Rausch de Traubenberg, Gerngross. The German character of modern Russia was advertised in the name of the capital



Petersburg, and the new towns surrounding it, such as Kronstadt, Peterhoff, Oranienbaum, Schlüsselburg and others. The Russian universities and Russian intellectual life were dominated by Germans. A very large part of Russia's business was in German hands. Up to the war Russia was, rightly considered, a German colony, a disguised German protectorate. More than two million Germans were supposed to live in the country.

The Russians have been severely injured by the nations of Europe. The monarchists and the liberals complain that Europe has deserted them. The revolutionaries complain as loudly that Europe has been hostile to them. America has abstained from intervention in Russian affairs. On the other hand, Americans have aided the starving people with lavish unselfishness. Sentiment should draw Russians of all classes and of all parties towards the United States. However, sentimental considerations may be defeated by more powerful factors. In the opinion of many Russians, Germany has done the greatest harm to their country. Ever since the time of Peter the Great the German monarchs have pursued the policy of encouraging the absolutism of the Czars. Thus Germany was held largely responsible for the sufferings of the people. During the war the Germans strove to bring about a revolution in Russia, and the success of the Bolsheviks was largely due to German action. Nevertheless, Germany seems likely to regain her old ascendancy in the near future.

Russia has always lacked a sufficient number of highly trained, able men for the management of her administration, her industries and her commerce. During the war, and especially during the rule of the Bolsheviks, tens of thousands of the ablest Russians have disappeared. Russia will be far more dependent on foreign manufacturers, merchants, engineers, chemists, doctors, foremen, and skilled workers than in the past. While Russia has a superabundance of ordinary workers and a great scarcity of skilled men, Germany lacks common labor and has a superabund-

ance of skilled men who have passed through her numerous universities and technical schools. The United States, the British Empire and France can spare only a few men for Russia. The vast possibilities of the Republic, of the British Dominions, and of the French colonies absorb all, or nearly all, the skilled Americans, Englishmen and Frenchmen. Besides, only a few Americans, Englishmen, and Frenchmen speak the Russian language and are acquainted with Russian conditions. In Germany, on the other hand, hundreds of thousands of people speak Russian fluently and are intimately acquainted with that great country and its needs. In order to strengthen their hold upon Russia and to ensure that Germany should occupy the first place in Russia's reconstruction, various institutions for the study of the Russian language and of Russian affairs have been created in Germany. Some eminent Germans have gone so far as to advocate that Russian should take the place of Greek and Latin as a compulsory subject in the schools.

Russia wants rebuilding. It wants not only gigantic quantities of rails, rolling stock, machinery, etc., but wants, before all, tens of thousands of foremen who are able and willing to work in Russia at moderate wages. These foremen and other skilled workers can only be supplied by Germany and they will not unnaturally rather order German goods than British or American goods. Nevertheless, vast quantities of non-German goods will have to be sent to Russia. Only the United States can provide the vast quantities of rails, locomotives, trucks, agricultural machines, etc., which will be needed. However, the distribution of all these will necessarily be effected by German merchants, agents and commercial travelers who thus may skin off the cream of the business.

Relations between Germany and Russia will become more and more intimate, not only because Germany alone can furnish the skilled men familiar with the Russian language and with Russian affairs, but also because Russia and Germany can best supply one another's needs. Russia pro-



duces superabundance of food and of raw materials, but she lacks manufactured goods. Germany, on the other hand, produces a superabundance of manufactured goods, but lacks food and raw materials. The exchange of Russian surplus goods against German surplus goods is, therefore, natural and logical. From the interdependence of these two neighbor nations may spring a more intimate connection between the two. Commercial treaties will establish a mutually profitable partnership, and out of Russia's economic dependence upon Germany will grow a political dependence. Economic influence leads to political influence. That is universal experience. Russia's administration will fall once more into German hands and gradually that great country may become a German dependency. In the past German influence has predominated in Russia, largely because of the propinquity of the country. Germany has stood in a similar relation to Russia in which the United States stands to Canada. The business men in Breslau and in Berlin have a great advantage over the business men in London, Birmingham, Manchester, New York, Chicago, and Pittsburg. In dealing with Russia the German statesmen have a similar advantage over the statesmen of England, France, and the United States by being nearer at hand. Besides, they are thoroughly familiar with Russian affairs owing to the frequent intermarriage of Germans and Russians. It is true that Russia and Germany are no longer direct neighbors. Poland and other independent states have arisen on the western frontier of Russia. However, it remains to be seen whether these new states have sufficient vitality to retain their independence. Both Russia and Germany are hostile to the small countries which separate them. Poland and the other countries are economically dependent upon the Russian market. Possibly Russia's desire to regain the lost territories and the wish for independence on the part of the new states, may be reconciled by the rise of a Russian federation of states, patterned on the American model.

In books, pamphlets, articles, and speeches too numerous to mention, German expansionists have demanded the creation of a greater Germany stretching from the Rhine to the Bering Strait, and from the North Pole to the borders of Persia, India and China, from the North Sea to the Pacific. A Russo-German Empire may conceivably arise, and it may prove a very serious danger to the peace of Europe. The Russians have hitherto proved as wax in the hands of conquerors. Their national character has not changed. No other nation in the world would have patiently borne the misrule of the Czars and of the Bolsheviks. If the Russians were given a good government and administration, the population of the country should double and treble very speedily, its wealth should increase amazingly, and its military power should become almost irresistible. A Russo-German Empire would dominate the two most populous continents of the world.

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### MITIGATION

*By* HELENE MULLINS

When I have had enough of grief,  
Weariness overcomes me  
And I sleep.  
Ah! how good it is to forget  
For a little while . . . !  
But the moment I regain consciousness,  
I know, from the sudden sharp twinge of pain  
Which seizes me when I stir,  
That my soul has been lying awake all night,  
Suffering.



# JOURNALISM AS A PART OF COLLEGE

By H. F. HARRINGTON

“**I** KNOW what news is; I used to be a newspaper man myself,” replied a manager of a great hotel one morning after a reporter had thanked him for steering him into an excellent first-page story.

The remark is eloquent with meaning. Many men who sit in places of responsibility proudly acknowledge their erstwhile association with the journalistic profession. Almost every important calling has recruited many of its best workers from the newspaper office. The list includes directors of advertising, secretaries of chambers of commerce, publicity men, private secretaries, confidential advisers, advance men, free-lance writers, college instructors, trade journal editors, the whole range of positions which have to do with an institution's relationship to the public.

The other day I examined the list of former students of mine who had completed a course in journalism and found niches for themselves in the distant towns. While a substantial percentage of them is in active newspaper work, (at least for a time) an amazing proportion has swung into allied vocations. Of these, publicity and advertising, berths which offer satisfactory compensation, have attracted the greatest number of college-trained youths. This state of affairs is enough to make any instructor of journalism ponder, indeed impel him to re-shift his entire working philosophy on the function of his teaching and the rewards that should accrue to the newspaper worker.

The first thing that comes to me as I view the exodus of young newspaper workers from the “local room” to the shop and office is the conviction that wages offered by reputable journals must be made more adequate if the best

talent is to be attracted to reporter's jobs. Many young fellows, gripped by the fascination of "chasing" news and coining it in hot, flashing sentences for waiting readers, are satisfied, for a time, to accept the day's excitement and novelty as a contribution to their pay envelopes. Many newspaper offices are overstocked with "cubs," learning the trade with happy-hearted bravado, on a slender wage. They work serious injustice upon more mature men, better equipped to handle the news, but disqualified because of these enthusiastic, care-free amateurs. Too many half-baked dabsters are today being entrusted with important news stories; too little attention is being given to the raising of salaries high enough to attract and keep men trained to see life clearly and to write the story with intelligence and understanding, if not with the "jazz" and flash of their younger brothers.

In months past I have received many letters from managing editors asking for college-trained reporters and deskmen. Not a few of these editors list fifteen dollars and eighteen dollars a week as the wage they are willing to pay "beginners." I have been answering these requests with the reminder that college seniors, who have specialized in journalism, are able to command higher wages, and are worth more money. I have suggested that the woods are still full of twelve-dollar and fifteen-dollar reporters, and that in many cases these "cubs" are not worth a higher salary; but that trained men, endowed with intellectual and technical capabilities, are worth forty dollars and fifty dollars a week as they begin work on self-respecting newspapers. I am of the opinion that all teachers in journalism in colleges and universities—not in high schools—should insist that employers pay reporters and editors what they are worth to the other allied professions, or else take the consequences of immaturity and cheap-jack labor.

One of the agencies that has already proved its usefulness in raising the standards of the journalistic profession is the American Association of Journalists, fostered by St. Louis



newspaper workers, under the able direction of Richard L. Stokes, dramatic critic of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. While in no sense a trade union, it has brought the wage grievances of the newspaper folk to the attention of employers, and is doing a fine service in making the practice of journalism more permanent and more highly valued, so that men of education and promise remain in this responsible calling. It is hoped that when newspaper proprietors respond to the call issued by the association for a general inventory of working conditions that some system will be devised for the fuller recognition of journalistic talent, and that some ethical code of performance be adopted for the future guidance of members of the craft.

Another encouraging sign of the deepening professional consciousness on the part of newspaper practitioners—in line with bonds of organization already established among their brethren in the advertising and circulation departments—is the recent announcement that prominent metropolitan news executives had met in New York to form the American Society of Newspaper Editors. The purpose of this society is “to promote acquaintance among its members, to develop a stronger professional *esprit de corps*, to maintain the dignity and rights of the profession, to consider and perhaps establish ethical standards of professional conduct and management, to interchange ideas for the advancement of professional ideas and for the more effective application of professional labors and work collectively for the solution of common solution of problems.” To this declaration were signed the names of eminent directing editors of representative papers throughout the country.

I grow weary of the oft-repeated remark that courses in journalism are still so experimental and graduates of departments in journalism are still so untried that it is difficult to forecast the influence of professionalized training upon tomorrow's newspaper and tomorrow's reporter. My own feeling is that college-bred newspaper men are winning sure recognition as the days go by, and they are already

receiving a higher working wage because of their worth and efficiency. It is only as adequately educated men and women find welcome and recompense within the newspaper fold that standards of constructive journalism will be raised, and waning confidence of readers in the daily press reaffirmed.

Just now, however, I am concerned not so much with the main product of our journalistic and college laboratories—the preparation of men and women for actual newspaper work—as in some of the by-products which may be found equally valuable, quite apart from the entrance of young people into the trade of writing. I believe we may justify our work by this larger definition of the student's equipment for living.

The reporter's ability to adapt himself to conditions is a by-product not to be minimized. It is this quality that makes him valuable in many quarters, quite distinct from journalistic pursuits. I heard an official on the governmental vocational board express his faith in newspaper men as clerks and executives because, he said, they get the point easily, and quickly master the situation. This man employs as many capable newspaper men as he can tempt away from their offices. The very business of digging out news cultivates resourcefulness, originality, swift decisions, and a certain independence that makes for efficiency. I have noticed these qualities grow in timid and unimaginative students as they respond to the challenge of the news quest, and match their intellects against all but insurmountable odds. They learn to strike out for themselves, to adapt themselves to actual conditions, to put zest and dynamics into everything they do. These things become a part of their equipment for the future.

It is an interesting commentary on the worth of journalistic training when a hard-headed business man frankly admits that the best sales letters produced in his office are the handiwork of men and women trained in news presentation. A friend of mine writes: "They get the nub of the



proposition into the opening paragraph (I suppose you newspaper people call this 'lead') and they seem to have the knack of building interest after the attention has been secured. And generally the letters are concise, chatty, and productive of results." He might have added that these very qualities are bred in the atmosphere of a well conducted newspaper office and by a course in journalism.

Another by-product of our teaching is the broadening of intellectual horizons made possible through a college education. Not only should we insist that the student show a familiarity with the march of events as recorded in newspapers and periodicals; but we also believe that a goodly share of this knowledge may be acquired in the process of finding and recording news. News-gathering, at heart, is applied interviewing, and information thus secured in turn may irrigate the reporter's receptive mind. Many of our estimates of the world come by way of cultivated informants; the reporter has equal opportunity to learn of men and their affairs as he moves about in a living world. To this fund of liberalizing information he needs to add the rich store of knowledge contributed by textbook, general reading, and classroom lecture. The reporter is generally better informed on what is going on in campus and town than his more circumspect brother; often he has a keener insight into the human significance of history than his more studious comrade. I think we need to insist, however, that all our students know as much as they possibly can, to urge them constantly to browse and to learn, not to be satisfied with mere technical skill in writing for print, but only with that broader accomplishment of adequate knowledge which alone can sustain them in the exacting business of chronicling and interpreting the news.

A third by-product is that which may be only developed by contact with people, the art of association, an art which cultivates the amenities, develops good manners, breeds tact and courtesy. These are personal accomplishments that mark the cultivated gentleman; they should mark the

reporter's dealings with men and women he approaches as an agent of a news-collecting enterprise. The newspaper is judged by the men who serve it as reporters and editors; there is no more important duty resting upon the college than that its graduates shall be men of clean tongue, agreeable presence, and stimulating personality. A few reporters, I regret to say, are boors and vulgarians (may their tribe decrease!) with slight regard for a promise and with scant respect for authority and news sources. Their vocabulary is often as tinctured with profanity as a fish-monger's, their methods in gathering news as antagonistic as those of a pert book canvasser or an arrogant census collector. They do not add to the good reputation of the newspapers employing them.

College training should cultivate the decencies and the moralities, as well as the crafts. It should implant a spirit of honesty and fair play, nurture a zeal for the accurate statement, develop a passion for truth, crowd out the shady practices of the picture-snatcher and the porch-climber, build a wholesome respect for law and order, insist on ethical standards in the conduct of one's life and business. These qualities will find their way into the making of a newspaper if they exist in the hearts and minds of the men behind the newspapers—in the men of the colleges who are to be the reporters and editors of tomorrow. This by-product of ethical and moral soundness is one of the most important which may issue from the laboratory of our courses in journalism.

A fourth by-product of journalistic courses is the vitalizing of formal methods of composition by opening up an avenue of expression through print; likewise the development of an appreciation of the true function of the newspaper. I wonder if many teachers of English composition have not cut their cloth too exclusively from the pattern of the "literary" student. He is a joy to every instructor because he has warmth of imagination and verbal dexterity—but what of fifty other less imaginative students already



ticketed for the office, the factory, the shop, and the store? These are the men and women who need daily drill in the simple art of telling simply what they know. They must learn that words and sentences are their tools of expression, to be handled every day intelligently and skilfully. They must learn to know the true function of writing, the conveying of information for the benefit of someone else.

I believe writing for a newspaper puts incentive into the heart of the young scribe, and saves his style from becoming turgid and his task from becoming dissociated from life. Young people are destined to read the daily paper. It is not our business as teachers to decry this growing habit, but to dignify it with a new purpose. The old Greeks had their bards, the middle ages their wandering minstrels, the Elizabethan era its roving bands of players, Queen Anne her pamphleteers. All were news purveyors, the reporters of their times. Today the daily newspaper is the great interpreter of American life. It is a chronicler, teacher, expositor, exhorter, companion. In its enlarged sphere the newspaper conveys information, furnishes entertainment, constructs opinion, arouses sympathy, mirrors the daily adventures of the human family. It is on terms of intimacy with all men. It is an *Odyssey* in the present tense.

What a grievous mistake to ignore the newspaper and the magazine simply because they are new and up-to-date! It is time that many people banish the idea that all good English prose and poetry has been written by men long since in their graves. We need to emphasize the fact that great books, plays, and verse are being produced today by living men and women. Reading of the newspaper, alive with the actual, has already proved a remarkable stimulus to the study of many high school and college subjects, notably English and history. It brings a quick sense of reality, and has vitalized the whole business of acquiring and using information. But the fireside critic offers violent objection to the newspaper as a repository of undesirable, often sordid news items, unsuited, he says, for indiscrimi-

nate reading by young people. The objection is a valid one. That is precisely the reason impressionable students need some guidance in their selection of news. Let the instructor in journalism take advantage of the reporter's native zest in the daily paper and attempt to cultivate in him a discriminating taste. He is to read the newspaper in the future more than ancient history or physical geography, and now is the time to acquaint him with its materials and its methods of presentation. This is one of the by-products that will prove of inestimable value in the years that lie ahead.

The task of teaching the principles of news-gathering and news-writing is surrounded by handicaps and shortcomings. There is no gainsaying this fact. Work on a college newspaper cannot hope to present the challenges in news treatment afforded by a large city newspaper office. The wage incentive is not present, nor is it possible to reproduce the driving urge of a city editor intent on getting "clean copy" in the shortest possible time, irrespective of a reporter's feelings and thin-skinned sensibilities. The spur of competition and the bogie of being "scooped" are not as omnipresent in the college hall as in the throbbing local room of a metropolitan daily.

But many of the things the reporter needs to know can be acquired in a course in journalism. He may learn approved methods of collecting and writing news and building headlines; he may sense the necessity for accuracy and punctuality in getting things done; he may build up an ample mental and ethical background that shall serve him well in the years of service that await him.

The university is called upon to bridge the chasm between his academic pursuits and his work-a-day job. Principles that underlie performance are uncovered more easily in the class-room because they find their root in personal experience, and are evolved in situations and assignments designed to awaken appreciation of them. The functional quality of writing, its obligation to convey thought that others may



read and heed, and the zest which comes with discovery and expression on the part of the reporter become as real as hands and feet and as peculiarly personal. Principles so developed will be remembered because they are associated with the reporter's halo of experience. They are by-products of the day's work.

Students learn the value of their work because it is seen and appreciated by their fellows in the form of printed information. They have written about people they know, and of actual situations and happenings that have leaped across their horizon of experience. The larger reservoir of their daily lives has been tapped; their sentences flow like an unloosed stream. The spur of other college courses may be that of making a passing mark; instead here is the impulse to write on familiar things, and to share in the daily comradeship of street and town through the medium of the printed page. These reporters look for no greater reward than the expression of their joy in their work, for without pleasure there is no profit. The arid plains of their scholastic lives have been irrigated by a constantly renewing interest, namely, the invitation to seek and to find, and finally to write. And in the daily performance of their duties, under the watchful eye of a sympathetic instructor, they discover that precept and principle have become living presences.

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### REFLECTION

By EDITH ELLA DAVIS

Slow comes the night  
Laying its darkness down outside the window pane.  
And then the inky glass returns my picture as I write.  
Some visionary wonder  
All of myself yet not of me,  
And I who won't believe in ghosts  
Draw fast the curtain.

## SIR WILLIAM WATSON

*By* ARTHUR SYMONS

**W**HY, I have sometimes asked myself, did not Pater say the right words on a writer greater than Mérimée—George Meredith? I imagine that he never admired his novels enough to try his hand on a subject not quite his own. Certain books, I confess, ought to have been launched at the British Philistine, like David's one convincing pebble, straight to the forehead. I confess also (my own fault it was in regard to Meredith) that to write about Carlyle, Swinburne or Meredith, without unconsciously reproducing some tricks of manner, is a feat of which any man might be proud.

"The Egoist" is a wonderful book, and in its elemental comedy it challenges Congreve and even Molière; but in the elemental tragedy of certain parts of "Rhoda Fleming" and "Richard Feverel," he challenges Webster, or almost Shakespeare. Yet the uncouthness that disfigures certain pages in "Richard Feverel" is a mere after-taste of Arabian extravagance. It is a new kind of uncouthness that comes into prominence in "The Egoist"—that exaggeration of qualities which one sees in the later works of men who have a pronounced style, even in the case of Browning. No prose writer of our time has written finer or viler English than Meredith. It is a mistake to treat him as if he were stylist first, and novelist afterwards, as Flaubert might almost be said to be. Meredith is a conscious artist always—as conscious as Goncourt, with whom he may be compared for his experimental treatment of language, his attempt to express what has never been expressed before by forcing words to say more than they are used to say. Sometimes they give his message, but ungraciously, like beaten



slaves; sometimes the message seems to go astray. That is why Englishmen, forgetting triumph after splendid triumph of style, will sometimes tell you that Meredith cannot write English, just as Frenchmen gravely assure one another that the novels of the Goncourts are written in any language but French.

That astonishing little volume, "Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside," published in 1862, has never received anything like justice except at the hands of such a fellow-craftsman as Swinburne. While I for one cannot but feel that Meredith works more naturally, with a freer hand, in prose than in verse, that poem of "Modern Love" seems to me among the masterpieces of contemporary poetry. It is the most distinctly modern poem ever written. There has been nothing like it in English poetry: it brings into our literature something fundamentally new, essentially modern. Side by side with this super-subtle study of passion and sensation, we have the homely realism of "Juggling Jerry"—a poem which can only be compared with Burns' "Jolly Beggars" for triumphant success in perhaps the most difficult kind of literature.

So far I quote from an old article of mine, which was answered by William Watson. Here is part of his answer, printed in *The Academy*:

"Now I should like to ask, what has the British Philistine done that he should have a book shied at his head in the way Mr. Symons thinks desirable? As regards Meredith, it seems to me that the British Philistine has been most exemplary in what he would call the discharge of his duty. He has tried his very best to read Meredith, and has failed; or he has read Meredith, but has failed in the attempt to enjoy him. I fancy, however, that when Meredith's devotees speak of the British Philistine, they really mean the vast majority of the public, and it seems to me a little absurd, that because there is an author whose writings the public are comparatively indifferent to, it should be constantly assured that the only person not in the least responsible for

such indifference is the author. Other writers have achieved popularity before Meredith. Perhaps the best proof of the futility of trying to convert people into an attitude of admiration by 'aiming' a book at them is afforded by Meredith's novels themselves. They are, in Mr. Symons' sense of the word, 'aimed' at the British Philistine, if ever novels were. He has been pelted through, I do not know how many, volumes—but have the missiles converted him?"

I leave all these questions unanswered, as they deserve no answer, after Time's verdict on Meredith. Now, what was, and is, the place of Sir William Watson in literature? The difference between literature and what is pre-eminently literary may be clearly illustrated on examination of his poems. No poems written in our time are more literary. They come to us asking to be received on account of their legitimate lineal descent from earlier poets, from Wordsworth and from Matthew Arnold for instance. "If," says the writer, frankly—

If I be indeed  
Their true descendant, as the veriest hind  
May yet be sprung of kings, their lineaments  
Will out, the signature of ancestry  
Leap unobscured, and somewhat of themselves  
In me, their lowly scion, live once more.

Many of the poems are about poets, or about books; some are purely critical. And they are indeed, as they profess to be, in the tradition; they strike no unfamiliar note to any ears acquainted with the music of English poetry. Their range is limited, but within it they exhibit an unquestionable mastery of a particular kind of technique. Few lines are bad, all are careful, many are felicitous. Every poem has a certain neatness and order about it. The spirit of the whole work is orderly, reticent and dignified. Nothing has been left to chance, or to the appeal of lawless splendors. An artist has been at work. At work on what? At all events, not on the only really satisfactory material for the poet—himself. Watson tells us that he has chosen the best of himself for giving to the world:



I have not paid the world  
The evil and the insolent courtesy  
Of offering it my baseness for a gift.

Well and good; but has he, in choosing among his selves, chosen really the essential one, base or not base, ignoble or not ignoble? He has chosen the self that loves good literature, thinks estimable thoughts, feels decorous emotions, and sets all this into polished and poetical verse. That is enough for the making of literary poetry, but not for poetry which shall be literature.

Watson, in his study of the great writers, seems never to have realized that what matters chiefly, what tells, is not the great phrase, but the personality behind the phrase. He has learned from many writers to make phrases almost as fine as those writers have made; his phrases are never meaningless in themselves, and they can be exquisite in their form. But the phrase, coming with nothing but its own significance behind it, a rootless flower, deriving no life from the soil, fails to convey to us more than an arid, unsatisfying kind of pleasure. There it is, a detached thing; to be taken, you may say, for what it is worth; only, live words will not be so taken. Compare Watson's "Ode to Autumn" with the "Ode to Autumn" of Keats. The poem is one of Watson's best poems; it is full of really poetical phraseology. But the ode of Keats means something in every word, and it means Keats quite as much as autumn. Watson's poem means neither autumn nor Watson; it represents Watson setting himself to describe autumn.

Take his "Hymn to the Sea." It is a long piece of exultant rhetoric, very finely imagined, full of admirable images; the most beautiful similes are gathered and brought together to represent the sea's multitudinous moods; but when the poem is finished, and you have admired it at leisure, you do not feel that this poet loves the sea. The poetry of Byron is assailable on many sides, but when he

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\*"Europe—Whither Bound?", by Stephen Graham. D. Appleton and Co.

wrote those too rhetorical lines, now hackneyed almost out of recognition, beginning—

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!  
he wrote out of his heart, as nearly as he could, and the lines, faulty as they are, have remained alive ever since. Mr. Watson's verse is very much better verse, but will—

Grant, O regal in bounty, a subtle and delicate largess,  
come back to men's lips as often, or for as long a time, as those faulty lines of Byron's?

In his "Apologia," Watson replies to those who have complained that he has brought nothing new into poetry—

I bring nought new  
Save as each noontide or each Spring is new,  
Into an old and iterative world.

And he asks—

Is the Muse  
Fall'n to a thing of Mode, that must each year  
Supplant her derelict self of yesteryear?

But he declines to see that the new thing which every generation rightly asks of every new poet is by no means "mode," or empty fashion of writing, but the one essential thing, personality, which can never be twice the same. The reason why you will not find any two poets writing in the same way is that every genuine poet has to express himself in his own way, whether it be by offering his own "baseness for a gift," like Villon, or by building a new heaven and a new hell, like Dante. The maker of literature puts this new thing into his work, in the mere act of making it, and it stands out, as plainly as his signature, in every line he writes. Not to find it is to have fallen upon work which is but literary, "books made out of books." Walt Whitman thought that such "pass away."

In that "Apologia" from which we have already quoted, Watson indignantly denounces those who think "all Art is cold" if "an ardor not of Eros' lips" is in it, and he attempts to indicate that state of vision in which man may know—

A deeper transport and a mightier thrill  
Than comes of commerce with mortality.



Does he then,

In silence, in the visionary mood,

reach this ecstatic state? If so, it has left no impression on his poetry. In his poetry there is no vision, only speculation about vision; no ecstasy, only a reasonable meditation. He speaks of God, "the Whole," the "cosmic descant," and the large words remain empty. In such poems as "The Unknown God" and "The Father of the Forest" we seem to have been taught a lesson, read out in a resonant, well controlled voice; nothing has been flashed upon us, we have overheard nothing.

And, indeed, of how little of this poetry can we say, in the words of Mill's great definition, that it has been overheard! Its qualities, almost, though not quite, at the best, are the qualities of good oratory. Watson began by writing epigrams, admirable of their kind, with a more lyric nineteenth century handling of the sharp eighteenth century weapon. The epigram lies at the root of his work—that is to say, something essentially of the quality of prose. He is a Pope who has read Keats. Oratory or the epigram come into his most characteristic passages, as in the well known and much admired lines on the greatness and littleness of man:

Magnificent out of the dust we came  
And abject from the Spheres.

Now that, striking and effective as it is, is an antithetical ingenuity which a really fine poet would have gone out of his way to avoid. It is oratory, not poetry, and it would make good oratory, for there point has need of all its sharpness; oratory is action.

It is through this oratorical quality of mind that Mr. Watson's style, though so ordered and measurely, often leaves an impression of having been deliberately heightened above the level of ordinary speech. The great things in poetry are song at the core, but externally mere speech. Think of some actual, anonymous Elizabethan song, and then read the piece which Watson has called "Song in

Imitation of the Elizabethans." It is not merely that he has not captured the exact note of the period, but rather copied the note of a later period; such lines as

Idly clanged the sullen portal,  
Idly the sepulchral door,

are not direct speech, and can therefore never become pure song. They are dressed in poetical phraseology, which is a very different thing.

It is curious to find this quality in a writer who is in every sense so critical. Behind a great deal of Watson's work there is the critical intelligence, not the poetical temperament. "Wordsworth's Grave" is written in discipleship to Matthew Arnold, and it is not Arnold when he is at his best—the Arnold of "Sohrab and Rustum" and "The Sick King in Bokhara"—that Watson has approached, but that half poet, half prose writer who wrote the *Obermann* poems. The foundation of those poems is prose, and a great deal of their substance is no more than rhymed prose. But at times the poet flashes out, transfiguring material and form for the moment, before he drops back into prose again. Watson's work is more on a level; he neither falls so low nor rises so high. But, even more than with Arnold, the substance of it is criticism, and the thinking and the style suggest the best kind of prose. Set the poem, with its finely chosen epithets and phrases—"Impassioned quietude," "Thou wast home," "Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest," "the frugal note of Gray," and the like—beside Pater's essay on Wordsworth, and you will find many points of resemblance, and not only in the echo of "impassioned quietude" from Pater's "impassioned contemplation." Compare it with Matthew Arnold's essay on Wordsworth and you will again find many points of resemblance, not only in detail, which would not matter, but also in the whole way of approaching and handling the subject. Does the rhyme bring in any essential difference between specimens of fine prose and this poem, so well thought out, so



poetically expressed? There lies the whole question, for if it does not bring such a difference, can it be accepted as poetry, as an adequate kind of poetry?

Criticism, though it may find place in a poem (as in Shelley's Letter to Maria Gisborne) can never be the basis of poetry. Pope tried to turn the current of English poetry into this narrow channel, but the sea-force soon had its way with the banks and dykes. Watson has tried to revive that heresy; he has disguised its principles under new terms, but it remains the same heresy. Poetry is even less a criticism of thought than it is a "criticism of life," it must be at all points creation, creation of life, creation of thought, if it is to be poetry in the true sense.

It is to Wordsworth, among many masters, that Watson tells us that he is most indebted. Wordsworth is not always a safe master, and it is apparently from him that Mr. Watson has accepted the main principles of his blank verse. Wordsworth's blank verse was more often bad than good; it was bad on principle, and good by the grace of a not infrequent inspiration. At its best, it is not among the great specimens of blank verse, or not for more than a very few lines at a time. It is without vitality, it is without that freedom in beauty which can come from vitality alone. Watson has learned from Wordsworth that it is possible to write grave and impressive lines, sweeping up to fine perorations, in which the pauses are measured, not by the vital pulses of the mood, but by a conscious, cultivated method. Some of Wordsworth's blank verse "The Prelude," though in itself tame and inefficient, takes hold of the reader through a personal warmth which makes him almost forget that he is reading verse at all. But we never feel personal warmth in Mr. Watson; he succeeds or fails as an artificer, and as an artificer only.

It is probably not too much to say that there is not a cadence in his verse which has not been heard before. By what miracle it is that out of the same number and order of syllables no two cadences of Shakespeare and of Browning,

of Keats and of Herrick, of Crashaw and of Blake, can be precisely matched no man knows or will ever know—least of all the poet himself. He writes what comes to him, and he may work on his writing until hardly a word of the original stuff remains; and with all his care, or in spite of it, the thing turns doggedly into his own manner of speech, and comes to us with a cadence that we have never heard before. He may have read much or little, and it will make barely an appreciable difference. The music that is not learned in books comes from some unknown source which is as variable as the sea or the wind. Music learned from books, however much beauty may be breathed into it by the singer, keeps the taint of its source about it. It is by such music that the literary artist, not the artist in literature, is known.

William Watson's "Odes and Other Poems" is remarkable for precisely the qualities which have distinguished his work since the time when, in "Wordsworth's Grave," he first elaborated a manner of his own. That manner has some of the qualities of eighteenth century verse—its sobriety, its strictness, its intellectual and critical interests; and it also has certain of the richer and more emotional elements of the nineteenth century revival of the Elizabethan passion, and splendor. The reader is reminded of Gray, of Wordsworth, of Matthew Arnold, at moments of Keats and of Rossetti. In spite of occasional and unaccountable blemishes, Watson's work is, in the main, the most careful work of any of the younger poets. Nor is it lacking in poetic impulse. It does not seem to us that this impulse is a very strong one, or one of special originality, but it is there, undoubtedly; and Watson's verse, unlike that of most of the people now writing, justifies its existence. Take, for instance, these opening lines from the ode "To Arthur Christopher Benson":

In that grave shade august  
That round your Eton clings,  
To you the centuries must  
Be visible corporate things,  
And the high Past appear



Affably real and near,  
For all its grandiose airs, caught from the mien of Kings.  
The new age stands as yet  
Half built against the sky  
Open to every threat  
Of storms that clamor by:  
Scaffolding veils the walls,  
And dim dust floats and falls,  
As, moving to and fro, their tasks the masons ply.  
But changeless and complete,  
Rise unperturbed and vast,  
Above our din and heat,  
The turrets of the Past,  
Mute as that city asleep,  
Lulled with enchantments deep,  
Far in Arabian dreamland built where all things last.

The grave and equable sweep of this verse, so unlike most of the hot and flurried rhyming of contemporaries, has the excellence of form which gives adequate expression to a really poetic conception. Watson takes a very serious view of things, except in a few attempts at satire or playfulness, which are not quite fortunate either in idea or in execution. He has the laudable desire to enter into competition with the great masters on their own ground. And the result is by no means ludicrous, as it would be with most people. Only it is a little as if the accomplished copyist were to challenge comparison with the picture which he has, after all, copied. Work done in the manner, and under the influence, of previous writers may indeed, under certain circumstances, attain the virtue of originality; but only under certain circumstances. Chatterton, for instance, was original only when he copied, or when he fancied he was copying; Keats was absolutely himself even at the period when his form was entirely imitative. The personality of some men can find no home in the present, can wear no dress of modern fashion; can express itself only by a return to the ways of speech of an earlier age. But this sort of spiritual nostalgia can only become effective when it is a very deep and individual instinct, and not merely a general literary sympathy. Watson has learned more from his masters than he has brought to them. We have read his latest book with real appreciation of its many admirable qualities, but, on closing it, we have no more definite idea

of Watson himself, of what he really is, apart from what he chooses to express, than we had before opening it. And yet the greater part of the book, in one sense, is quite personal. He tells us what he thought of Stevenson's "Catriona," how he felt in Richmond Park, and of his friendly regard for one or two estimable men of letters. But the real man, the real point of view, the outlook on life, the deeper human sympathies: what do we learn of these? There is, indeed, one poem, among the finest in the book, in which a touch of more acute personal feeling gives a more intimate thrill to the verse—the poem called "Vita Nuova," of which we may quote the greater part:

O ancient streams, O far-descended woods  
Full of the fluttering of melodious souls;  
O hills and valleys that adorn yourselves  
In solemn jubilation; winds and clouds,  
Ocean and land in stormy nuptials clasped,  
And all exuberant creatures that acclaim  
The Earth's divine renewal: lo, I too  
With yours would mingle somewhat of glad song.  
I too have come through wintry terrors —yea,  
Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul  
Have come, and am delivered. Me the Spring  
Me also, dimly with new life hath touched,  
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;  
And I would dedicate these thankful tears  
To whatsoever Power beneficent,  
Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought,  
Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth  
Into the gracious air and vernal morn,  
And suffers me to know my spirit a note  
Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream  
And voiceful mountain,—nay, a string, how jarred  
And all but broken! of that lyre of life  
Whereon himself, the master harp-player,  
Resolving all its mortal dissonance  
To one immortal and most perfect strain,  
Harps without pause, building with song the world.

But this poem stands alone in the volume as an expression of very interesting personal feeling, the rest being mainly concerned with generalities.

Like all Watson's volumes of verse, these "Odes and Other Poems" contain some excellent literary criticism, conveyed in the neatest and briefest fashion possible. In



fact, Watson's verse is only too full of sane and measured criticism—an excellent quality no doubt, but hardly one quite compatible with poetry of a high order. But how fine, how exact, how discriminating, is this piece of criticism, for instance, in verse!

Forget not, brother singer! that though Prose  
Can never be too truthful or too wise,  
Song is not Truth, not Wisdom, but the rose  
Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wisdom's eyes.

It was in the epigram that Watson first did finished work, and his most typical work is certainly to be found in forms more or less akin to the epigram; in the sonnet, for example. There are so many good sonnets in this volume that choice is difficult; here is one called "Night on Curbar Edge":

No echo of man's life pursues my ears;  
Nothing disputes this Desolation's reign;  
Change comes not, this dread temple to profane,  
Where time by aeons reckons, not by years.  
Its patient form one crag, sole stranded, rears,  
Type of whate'er is destined to remain  
While yon still host encamped on night's waste plain  
Keeps armed watch, a million quivering spears,  
Hushed are the wild and wing'd lives of the moor;  
The sleeping sheep nestle 'neath ruined wall,  
Or unhewn stones in random concourse hurled:  
Solitude, sleepless, listens at Fate's door;  
And there is built and 'stablisht over all  
Tremendous silence, older than the world.

The breadth of phrasing here is noticeable; and it is by such qualities as this, as well as by the careful accuracy with which every note is produced, that Watson is distinguished alike from older men of the type of Alfred Austin, and from younger men of such varying capacities as John Davidson and Yeats. If he has not the making of a great poet, he is already an accomplished poet; and if he does not possess the highest qualities, he possesses several of the secondary qualities in the highest degree.

Watson's "Ode on the Day of Coronation of King Edward the Seventh" is a fine piece of verse writing, and can hardly fail to remind the reader of great poetry. It is constructed with care, it flows, it has gravity, an air of

amplitude, many striking single lines, and its sentiments are unexceptionable. When we read such lines as these:

All these, O King, from their seclusion dread,  
And guarded palace of eternity,  
Mix in thy pageant with phantasmal tread,  
Hear the long waves of acclamation roll,  
And with yet mightier silence marshal thee  
To the awful throne thou hast inherited——

we feel that this is at least workman-like work, written by a man who has studied great masters, and who takes himself and his art seriously. There is not an undignified line in the whole poem, nor a break in the slow, deliberate movement. Watson has style, he is never facile or common. He has frequent felicities of phrase, but he subordinates separate effects to the effect of the whole, and he is almost the only living writer of verse of whom this could be said. His ode is excellently made, from every external point of view. Yet, after reading it over and over, with a full recognition of its technical qualities, we are unable to accept it as genuine poetry, as the equal of the thing which it resembles.

Great poetry is not often written for official occasions, but that it can be so written we need only turn to Marvell's "Horatian Ode Upon Cromwell's Return From Ireland" to realize. Watson looks instinctively to public events for his inspiration, and there is something in his temper of mind and of style which seems to set him naturally apart as a commentator upon the destinies of nations. He has never put any vital part of himself into his work; he has told us nothing of what he is when he is not a writer. All his utterances have been themselves official, the guarded statement of just so much of his own thoughts and feelings as he cares to betray to the public. His kind is rather critical than creative, and it was by his epigrams that he first attracted attention. His technique is so accomplished that he seems very often to be thinking only of what he is saying, when it is evident, on a closer examination, that he is thinking much more of how he is saying it. For the poet who concerns himself with public events this might seem to be a useful part of his poetic equipment. Court ceremonies demand



court dress. Undoubtedly, but the art of the courtier requires him to forget that he is dressed for an occasion, to forget everything but the occasion. Throughout the whole of his coronation ode Watson never forgets that he is celebrating an important ceremony. His costume is perfectly adjusted, he wears it with grace and dignity; his elocution, as he delivers his lines, is a model of clearness and discreet emphasis. Everything that he says is perfectly appropriate; good taste can go no further. But the occasion itself, the meaning, the emotion, of the occasion? That does not come into the poem; the poem tells us all about it.

Now look at Marvell's ode, and forget for the moment that it is a masterpiece of poetry. What a passion fires the hard, convincing thought! How the mere logic holds the attention! Every word lives, and the cadences (creating a new form for themselves) do but follow the motions of the writer's bright, controlling energy. It is impossible to read the lines aloud without a feeling of exultation. In Watson's ode there is not a breath of life; what is said—admirable and sensible, and at times poetically conceived as it is—comes with no impetus from the mind that has conceived it coldly. And it is to be noted that, though thought and expression are fitted together with great skill and precision, the expression is always rather above the pitch of the thought. Take these lines:

O doom of overlordships! to decay  
First at the heart, the eye scarce dimmed at all;  
Or perish of much cumber and array,  
The burdening robe of empire, and its pall;  
Or, of voluptuous hours the wanton prey;  
Die of the poisons that most sweetly slay;  
Or, from insensate height,  
With prodigies, with light  
Of trailing angers on the monstrous night,  
Magnificently fall.

There we find expression strained to a point to which the thought has not attained. In other words, we find rhetoric. Weight and resonance of verse do but drag down and deafen that which they should uplift and sound abroad, when, instead of being attendants upon greatness, they attempt to replace it.

## THE TRUISTIC LACK IN OUR EDUCATION

*By* DAVID GOLDBERG

**W**HEN the European first met the American face to face, mind to mind, and heart to heart, as it were, as a fighter on the battlefields of Europe, as an arbitrator in its occupied regions, and as a dispenser of immense free-will offerings to its hungry, he was puzzled by the strange psychology of the American, which appeared to him as if combining two opposites, the ideal with the material, low motives with generous impulses. For in pre-war Europe, America's reputation had been fixed as the land of crass materialism, the land whose national symbol "U. S." had been contracted to designate the dollar sign. They observed, in pre-war Europe, that we in America have too many millionaires and too few celebrities in the fine arts. They observed that our most noteworthy accomplishments lie in the direction of technical improvement and mechanical perfection; that we have the finest and fastest moving trains, the tallest skyscrapers, the best equipped observatories and laboratories, and possibly also the most skilled engineers and surgeons. They observed, in fine, that we possess a very imposing utilitarian equipment, but that we have to go to them for philosophers, literateurs, and artists. They, therefore, concluded that it must be that the sole interest of the American lies in making living easy, comfortable, and commodious, but that he has no interest in exploring the hidden recesses of life itself and fathoming its depth. They put us down as a nation of crass materialists.

But a personal and intimate acquaintance with the American as he revealed himself overseas, forced upon the European a revision of his fixed notion as to the quality and



temper of our youth. It is unfortunately true that the most repeated American slogans are the slogans relating to "business" and "prosperity." But it seems, upon scrutiny, that these slogans represent, not the intrinsic and heavy traits of the American, but rather his superficial and light traits, which break out on the surface because of their lightness, as bubbles of air break out on the surface of water. This the Europeans have seen for themselves.

For in Europe, if one's sole ambition is the making of money, part of that very ambition is to *keep* the money made, whereas the American spends his money even with greater ease than he earns it. They have seen how generous and how lavish the American has been with his dollar while over there, and they could not help realizing that, were the dollar so dear to him as it was reputed to be, he could not have been so lavish and so careless with it. Also they have seen this: Every European nation that entered the world war, went into it with the expectation, and even with the express stipulation, of some material reward, in the form of indemnity or territorial acquisition. Since the armistice, these nations have been wrangling with one another concerning the division of the spoils of the war and have thus kept the world's wounds open and bleeding. The Americans alone have paid their own way to European battlefields, have paid some one else's way over there, without the expectation and stipulation of indemnities or territorial acquisition, and since the armistice, while others have been engaged in driving hard and bloody bargains over dismembered nations, the Americans have been feeding half of Europe out of their pockets, with no thought of remuneration; Is the American a crass materialist? Is he living for the sake of the almighty dollar? How could one part so freely and so generously with that which it has been one's sole object to acquire?

Yet, the observations of the European concerning the *outstanding* features of American civilization are unfortunately true. They are features of high technical and

mechanical perfection; they testify to a passion for comfort, for ease and commodity, but they do not testify to a deeper spirituality and an ethical appraisal of life. It is as if our civilization had lacked the cultural element, the fineness and nobility—the soul. Our city councils and our chambers of commerce are overwhelmingly concerned with good roads projects, with irrigation projects, and with every other project that concerns the material well-being of a city; they are only superficially concerned with cultural problems of the city, with schools, libraries, museums, and institutions of fine arts. Instructors are employed at criminally small salaries virtually precluding their devoting themselves whole-heartedly to the profession they so love, while the endowing of libraries is left largely to private philanthropic initiative. And needless to say, an American municipality would not subsidize opera, drama, or a conservatory of music. Again, our Federal government has every department necessary for the conduct of the country's business, but it has no department for the conduct of the country's education. It has no department of education!

Thus, a discrepancy is existing between the actual and potential American, between the American who is a big-hearted humanitarian and capable of high idealism, and the every-day American as reflected through his institutions and cultural achievements. This discrepancy cannot be charged to the pliable and susceptible American youth, nor to the American school teacher, who, as a rule, is an idealist of the highest order. But it can be charged to a faulty conception of the purpose of education itself, and a faulty curriculum in consequence of that faulty conception. It would seem as if our present-day school curriculum is designated to keep the fine impulses of the American youth in abeyance rather than stimulate them into expression. It would seem as if the motive of American education is utilitarian, and not at all truistic.

The ideal education is motivated by both utilitarianism and truism. The utilitarian side of education furnishes us



the instruments of comfortable living, while the truistic side of education supplies us with the sense of the value of life itself. It supplies us with the good taste of comfortable living, so to speak. The utilitarian furnishes our civilization its gloss and veneer; the truistic brings out its intrinsic value, its inner worth. For the fulness of the life of a nation, both the utilitarian and the truistic must be emphasized in the right proportion in its system of education. That is a truism.

It is therefore proper that the curriculae of the elementary schools should be designed with a view to equip the pupil with a rudimentary practical knowledge of the world he lives in, his immediate world. He must be taught, above everything else, how to read, write, and spell his country's tongue, and he must be taught United States history, civics, and geography. Should he go no further in his studies, he will at least be endowed with an initial equipment that will enable him to elbow his way to mediocrity. It is proper, in other words, that utilitarianism should be the dominant motive of the lower school curriculum. But should utilitarianism continue to be the dominant motive of the high school and college curriculae?

Is it serving the better ends of education to say, as it is being said now all over the country, that we must teach Spanish in our schools, only because we are doing business with Mexico and South American countries, but that we need not study Latin or Greek, because these are dead languages, not French or German, because with the former we are doing but little business, while with the latter we have been at war? Is it true that we would enhance the value of our education by eliminating from the curriculae everything that is classical, because we have left the classical age far behind us? And is it true, as it is being said now all over the country, that we ought to eliminate studies in philosophy and even literature, excepting English literature, in order that more time might be utilized for practical studies?

An editorial article on the theme "Better English Week," published in one of the leading southern dailies, has this to say, among other things:—

But the one great lesson we should all learn this week is the place of our language in the American schools. Think of the time that has been worse than wasted trying to force the native full-blooded American to study foreign languages in our free American schools: Think of the lessons, the time and the energy the nerves that have been consumed right here in our own country trying to foreignize Americans, instead of Americanizing foreigners!—Where would we be today as speakers and writers and thinkers, if all the time that most of us spent in college on foreign and dead languages had been spent on going deeper into the beauty of our own loved language? There are high school students all over the country who can conjugate the verbs in several languages but cannot write a letter in English that one could scarcely read.

Mark the diction of him who advocates discarding all foreign languages that more time might be spent "on going deeper into the beauty of our own loved language." Note particularly the last sentence. Is it all very practical?

We are doing injustice to the great American youth in that we deny them access to studies which, while not of practical utility, are nevertheless of incalculable value, because they tend to deepen our life and sweeten it, to soften its sordidness, and give it the touch of the ideal, the true, the good, and the beautiful. It may be that there is no market value for ethics and philosophy, that we cannot cash the theories of Spinoza, Kant, William James, and Henri Bergson. But if what these men have thought out for us has done no more than point out the complex and intricate side of life, even the hidden and the mysterious—and has engendered in us a desire to think out life, not merely to function it; if it has stirred up our own latent thinking capacities, so that, in a moment of elation and depression, we may retire in solitude of mind and contemplate, just contemplate ourselves, our joys and sorrows—is there any market value comparable to that? Is there a cash remuneration commensurate with the satisfaction derivable from the ability to think out a thing? And what preparation do our high schools and colleges afford us for that? They over-



emphasize the practical and under-emphasize the ideal. They are motivated by utilitarianism, but not by truism.

Boys and girls, like men and women, may be divided into two main categories, the practical and the idealistic. It is largely the temperamental equation of the youth that determines his bent of mind. Those of a practical bent of mind will not take readily to classical studies, and those of an idealistic bent of mind will not take readily to the practical studies. But both types of mind are indispensable to the collective or social mind of the nation. An ideal system of education is conceived, with a view to serving, ultimately, the collective or social mind through the proper unfolding of the native endowments of the studying youth, be these endowments of the practical or of the idealistic quality. In continental Europe they have long ago grasped the significance of this, and their system of education provides for two types of high school, corresponding to the two types of pupils. They have what might be termed, a high school of sciences, and a high school of arts. The curriculum of the former leads the students with a practical bent of mind into the higher technological institutions where they qualify for the engineering professions. At the same time, the curriculum of the latter leads the students of the idealistic bent of mind into the university where they qualify either for the academic chairs, such as history, philosophy, and philology, or for the classical professions of law and medicine. Both of these, as finished products, blend and serve *admirably* the nation. In effect, the European system of education is highly economical, as it eliminates largely the waste that results from forcing unpractical studies on the practical mind and practical on the unpractical mind. Its main value, however, lies in that it assures European civilization of a cultural quality which American civilization lacks. A European is not afraid that study of a foreign tongue will deduct from his knowledge of his own tongue, because he knows that the study of a foreign tongue alone can give one a sense of language. The reason why we are so steeped in

slang and colloquialism is surely not because we were asked, in our high school days, to study Latin and French—but because the study of these was not sufficiently insisted upon.

We ought to have more regard for the cultural aspects of education than we have now, and emphasize the truistic as well as we do the utilitarian. We ought to create the channels for the development of our artistic potentialities so that, at some future time we shall be as self-sustaining in artists as we are in scientists. We ought to have a national curriculum for our higher institutions of learning, especially for the professional institutions, and we ought to have a Federal department of education. All this for sake of Economy and Truism.

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### PRAYER

By JOHN GIRDLER.

Just this I ask,—an eye to see  
My neighbor's woe; a heart to share  
His grief with honest sympathy  
If this may help his cross to bear.

I also ask a ready hand  
That I may raise him if he fall;  
A loaf if he be needy, and,  
An ear to hear him if he call.



# THE MAGIC OF MODERN INDUSTRIALISM

*By* JOHN CANDEE DEAN

**T**HERE is a prevailing custom among certain popular writers to condemn modern systems of production by calling repetition work soul-destroying, and an utter negation of human nature. According to R. Austin Freeman, man was progressing fairly well until the middle of the eighteenth century, when he discovered that power could be applied to machinery and made to do his work—then he began to degenerate.

Among other writers who wish to return to what may be called medieval methods of production is John Galsworthy. He says:

“Before the industrial era set in, when men used to make things by hand, there were some sort of artists \* \* \* Now they press buttons. They don’t make completed articles, they work with machinery, so many hours machine driving per day, the total result of which is never a man’s individual achievement.”

He points back to the fifteenth century when art was a part of the workman’s interest, and such exquisite architecture as that of the Cathedral at Seville was produced, so beautiful that the workmen were inspired with joy in their employment. It happened that the Canterbury Cathedral was begun even earlier than that at Seville, but its construction covers much of the same period; it was not completed until early in the sixteenth century. Architecturally, it compares very favorably with the beautiful Seville Cathedral.

We have very good historical records of labor conditions of that period. Slavery existed in the strictest sense in Saxon times, and did not die out for centuries thereafter. At the time of the building of the Canterbury Cathedral,

slavery still survived as a punishment of criminals and vagrants. In fact, the fierce provisions of the statutes of Edward the Sixth were not repealed until 1597. The statute of Elizabeth (1562) regulated wages, punished refusal to work, and prevented the migration of laborers.

The following regulations of labor under the Elizabethan statute continued in force for about two centuries: Hiring of common labor was generally by the year, and any unemployed person was bound to accept service on pain of imprisonment. Mechanics were paid by the day or week. From March to September they were required to begin work at, or before, five o'clock in the morning and continue work until between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. In the winter, they were required to work from dawn to dark. Wages were set at less than a penny an hour. One penny was deducted for each hour absent from work. Laborers were practically all illiterate. Comment on these conditions is unnecessary, as no sensible person wishes to return to an industrialism of darkness, ignorance and inhumanity.

We hear much cant regarding the debasing influence of commercialism, and some assign wealth and luxury as potent causes of the decay of nations and the fading of the arts. The truth is that no nation has ever been pre-eminent in art, science, literature, and general culture that did not first excel in commerce. Commerce leads the way, and all arts, all professions, all culture follow.

Talleyrand said: "They who did not live before 1789 knew not the sweetness of life." They who now rail against commercialism were born too late, they are social misfits. Since people cannot live without commerce, they must, at least, be forced to recognize its necessity. Many of this modern gentry belong to a class of fickle changelings and discontents who are unable to adapt themselves to established social environments, and therefore propose to have the environments changed to fit themselves. They blame others for their own social predicament and attack those



who have the knowledge and foresight to succeed under the established social order of things.

Arthur Pound, a writer on this subject, accuses science and invention of expanding the physical powers of man through machinery, without dilating his soul. He also charges the employers with limiting the education of employees. He says: "It seems that their goal is education for production." His remedy is government control of the machinery of production, and he remarks:

"The people of the earth look to governments to set up a moral control over machine use: this instinctive turning to state for relief is sound to the core, since states are the only grouping of humanity, strong enough to harness the iron man to the chariot of human wellbeing."

It may be said that next to the United States Steel Corporation, our government is the largest manufacturing organization in this country. In its arsenals, navy yards, armories, printing offices, etc., the latest automatic machinery for rapid production is employed. The iron man is now as much hitched to the chariot of human wellbeing in private works as it is in government works. Does it not sound foolish to propose government control of self-acting machinery? Are not steam engines, gas engines, electric motors, harvesters, etc., automatic machines? All industrial progress is toward greater automaticity in machinery.

Eli Whitney, by his genius, became the progenitor of the present American industrial system. He graduated from Yale in 1792, and in 1798 secured a profitable government contract for manufacturing firearms. He at once devised a new system of rapid and accurate reproduction of the parts of a gun, which could be assembled without refitting. His system of standardization and reproduction of parts included the division of labor by which each man worked on but one part. Earlier he had invented the cotton gin which automatically picked the seed out of cotton. The first little model of this iron woman could remove the seeds from fifty pounds of cotton a day. The living slave woman

could pick the seed from only one pound of upland cotton per day. Now one cotton gin will automatically do the work of thousands of human hands. By this invention America prepares a fibre that clothes the world, and she now supplies about two-thirds of the world's cotton. The invention of automatic mechanical devices for rapid production have equalized human opportunity for intellectual advancement, and released millions of workmen, living and unborn, from exhausting cheerless drudgery by substituting arms of steel for those of flesh and blood.

Many popular writers who criticize self-acting machine production appear to have no practical knowledge of their subject. During the Civil War we had the same system of automatic productions that we now have, but not so highly developed. Armories had their gun parts drop-forged. Milling, profiling, multiple drilling in jigs, etc., were practiced then as now. Parts were produced by the thousands ready for assembling into the finished guns. The writer of this article is no novice in the art of production with automatic machinery. He was for many years a workman in a large manufacturing plant, and passed through a long familiar contact with machinery. Looking back over many years of interesting work in passing from workman to designer, employer, and finally to principal, he can say that those years of humble machine operation were among the happiest of his life. He never had that envious hatred of foreman and of employer which today poisons the minds of inferiors. Youth, ambition, and determination to acquire a liberal education, combined with optimistic hope of a final competence, sustained his spirits in the game of life.

Listen not to those who strive to stir up discontent by saying that with our modern factory system and self-acting machinery, there is no chance for a workingman. There never were greater opportunities for advancement than now. If the workingman's lot is hard, do not blame society, but see if his trouble does not arise from his own mistakes. The common man too often lays the fault of his bad condi-



tion on others. The wise man lays the fault on himself. America has always been a country where the working class is most favored. The high scale of wages paid here has been the chief incentive to invent automatic machinery for rapid production, and thereby enable the employer to pay high wages, and foster the spirit of equality.

Man's progress during the past one hundred years has been chiefly scientific and industrial. Pure science always precedes applied science. Modern industrialism has arisen from applied science, largely through the substitution of thermal power for vital power, and especially by the application of chemistry to the industrial arts. Four men made the chief discoveries in pure science from which the industrialism of the past century has developed. They were Lavoisier, Faraday, Bessemer and the unknown chemist who discovered that steel is a combination of carbon and iron. Bessemer invented the process of making chemical steel, which gave us the age of steel. Lavoisier was the father of modern chemistry. Faraday, the great chemist and physicist, invented the electric motor. It was only a rotating wire, but it involved the fundamental principles of electric motors and dynamos. These inventions gave us the industrialism of the electro-chemical age in which we now live.

The invention of steam, electric, and other thermodynamic motors, instead of having a degenerating effect on workmen, has raised them from servile human machines to tenders of machines which perform their work more accurately and perhaps a thousand times faster than could be done by hand. The hand and the mind of the workman are mechanically set free. The illiterate man of earlier times could not have had the desire for intellectual freedom that the masses now possess. Mechanics sometimes suggest improvements in their machines to increase output, especially where the piece work system is employed; they are eager for betterments which reduce effort and increase earnings. This is human nature. It is related that when

one of Watt's early engines was put into operation, a bright boy was employed to open and close the admission and exhaust steam valves. To relieve this tedious service, he attached cords to the working-beams which pulled the hand levers, thus opening and closing the valves at proper intervals. Thereafter all engines were made self-acting.

In all works, where there is repetition production, there must be many highly skilled tool makers and machinists to adjust and repair the machinery. It should not be assumed that all workers possess the capacity to become skilled artisans. The world is full of incapable workmen who are unable to acquire the skill for doing anything but simple manual labor. These may operate some simple self-acting machine, but they can get no higher. Some of them may be very intelligent in other directions, but are incapable of acquiring manual dexterity, and often unable to understand simple mechanical principles, such, for instance, as to how a canal lock works, to say nothing of the principles of thermodynamics. The highly skilled are always the most in demand, since they are few. Boys will no longer serve as apprentices because they can find employment as "handy boys" on certain machines at three times the wages of apprentices. They do not know that the most capable of those who "serve their time" become tool makers at more than double the wages of "handy men," and if they escape the caste of labor unions, are in line for promotion to foremen, superintendents and managers.

In Mediterranean countries the writer has seen women spinning with the ancient distaff, with hanging spindle, and has wondered how many thousand of such women spinners would be required to produce the quantity of thread now spun by one man tending automatic ring spinning frames. It is marvelous to see the work of automatic textile machinery in modern factories where rows on rows of highly developed automatic machines of superhuman ingenuity reduce labor and attendance to a minimum, and rapidly convert raw material into finished cloth. The mental activ-



ity required is a thousand times greater than that of the distaff spinner. Man himself is an automatic mechanism. By his god-like creative faculties, shown in his automatic machinery, he mirrors himself.

It must not be overlooked that within sixty years the hours of factory labor have been reduced from seventy-two hours per week to forty-four hours. This change has been produced mainly by the development and use of improved automatic machinery. Owing to the advance in wages, the employer cannot afford to permit physical drudgery which hand work formerly involved; he therefore provides small cars and trucks for moving parts, and supplies pneumatic hoists for lifting heavy pieces in and out of machines. The factory operative now has sixteen and one-half hours out of twenty-four of freedom from labor, not including holidays, which are increasing in number. This leisure should be of more value to him than his wages. The world of learning is open to all through books, and many eminent men have shown that the highest culture may be attained by self-education.

The genius of success is work; the man who will not work more than eight hours a day will not get anywhere. Discontent never made a man out of a two-legged lazy creature. That is why so many men are miserable. Notwithstanding a common belief to the contrary, money and brains are generally in partnership. It is seldom that capital is separated from ability, and then it is only a temporary status. The saying "a fool and his money are soon parted" is quite true. It is not money that people love, but the power which money gives them. The love of power is universal, and even the most incapable people desire to possess and exercise it. The great majority of the inferior-minded are capable of doing only what they are now doing, viz., operating automatic machinery, paving streets, digging sewers, picking cotton, etc. These are our unfortunate unskilled laborers who drift from one job to another. While they play a useful, important part in our civilization, very

few of them possess the skill and judgment necessary to elevate them to higher positions. Promotions in life depend more on the gray cortex of the brain than on opportunity. The more that brains are mingled with the effort the higher the pay.

Much information on this subject has been gathered from the intelligence tests made on nearly two million men entering the army during the great war. Cornelia James Cannon has given us startling information regarding these tests. We are shocked by the revelations regarding the lack of intelligence shown by enlisting men. In the effort to sift out the mental defectives not qualified for military service, it was found that a much larger proportion of low-grade intelligence must exist than has heretofore been suspected. Mrs. Cannon states that if a moron is defined as a high grade feeble-minded person, with a mental age of from seven to twelve years, forty-seven and one-third per cent. of those drafted for service would be classed as morons. Employers are aware that men of inferior intelligence become useful employees, and even those classed as morons are successfully engaged in simple repetition work on automatic machines, which require no complex mental processes. They thus lead harmless, simple, useful lives, but we cannot by statute make the lazy equal to the energetic, the insignificant equal to the capable, nor the feeble equal to the powerful. Some assume that general higher education would correct the inequality of intelligence. It is doubtful whether any larger per cent. could successfully complete college courses than are now taking them. The differences in ability to absorb education are as great as the differences in natural intelligence itself. Where there is natural incapacity educational processes are of little avail.

The first great step upward from barbarism toward civilization was made when copper was discovered. From the invention of tools and implements, there arose the arts of the sculptor, the lapidary, and the architect. The possession of metal weapons gave dominant power to nations.



The production of metals, and the manufacture of metal products is still the basic element of power and progress of nations. The most powerful nations today are those that have great resources in metals and their manufacture, especially in iron and steel. To attain and hold this power, greater and greater automatism in tools and machinery has been necessary. Every tool or machine ever invented by man has been more or less automatic. Man is the tool-using animal, and the nearer his tools approach perfect automaticity, the easier his progress. He is now reaching for the potential energy of atoms, revealed by radioactivity. If this energy is ever secured, it would revolutionize the world's mechanical power. Sir J. J. Thomson estimates that the atomic energy in an ounce of chlorine is about equal to the amount of work required to keep a large ocean steamship running at full speed for a week.

In Russia we have a demonstration of what the abolition of private industrialism and capitalism leads to. H. H. Keely, an American engineer, went to Russia in 1919 to determine the possibility of rehabilitating its manufactories. Recently he has returned, and written an article telling of the conditions in factories now controlled by the Soviet government. Factories in Moscow which are equipped with automatic machinery, designed by Americans, stand idle, because the workmen know not how to operate them. Many of these machines have been ruined through ignorant attempts to run them by men who cannot even read drawings. The manager of the factory has not power to discipline or discharge men without the consent of a committee of workmen who have authority over him. Certain days the manager must do hard physical labor with a gang of men on the theory that all must share in physical labor. Under such conditions successful production is impossible and unthinkable. Mr. Keely says:

"There has been no appreciable production in the past four years, and the consumption has been largely at the expense of the pre-revolutionary supply. The Bolos have

stolen from their predecessors locomotives and transport equipment, telegraph and telephone, clothing, automobiles, tools and factory equipment. And now as the end is reached, starvation and nakedness are inevitable."

It was our inventive talent in devising automatic machinery, and our genius for organization of great industrial enterprises, that gave us the resources and credit for loaning the Allies ten billion dollars, and for supplying them with munitions, which saved them from defeat. It is the same peculiar character that makes it possible for us to pay more than double the wage rate of European manufacturers, and enables us to successfully compete with them.

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### REMEMBERED LOVE

By J. CORSON MILLER.

Within the flitting song-life of a leaf—  
Swept far along dim alleys of the mind—  
With all the unleashed ardor of the wind—  
Blow cluttered flakes of music; even as brief  
As sun-caught dew upon a harvest-sheaf,  
When Summer in her girlish gown goes blind,  
And we wear proud solemnities, and bind  
Youth's fading tresses with our treasured grief.

Upon these gallant dreams that died, 'tis just  
The dark should cast its mantle of repose;  
The glittering censer swung is cloaked with rust,  
One flickering candle crumbles to its close.  
Old incense-draughts of joy have burned to dust—  
O love that bubbled like a rain-kissed rose!



# PROSPERITY AND TAXATION

By OTTO H. KAHN

**B**USINESS has been getting better of recent months. It is generally agreed that we have definitely turned the corner and are on the ascending scale. Yet there is still a good deal of unemployment, and considerable discontent, restlessness and maladjustment. "Normalcy" has not yet returned. The very buoyancy on the Stock Exchange and the unprecedented absorption of bonds is in part caused by the fact that the typical American spirit of bold, new, pioneering enterprise is not at work on its former scale, having been crippled by faulty taxation, and that, therefore, funds are flowing into speculation and investment rather than into industrial activity.

The best way to analyze and scrutinize the meaning and nature of a change in heretofore existing conditions is to ascertain what elements differing from those formerly prevailing have entered into the situation. What, then, are the elements which have affected our economic and social and political development in the recent past? Leaving out of account factors of minor importance, I think the principal ones are the following:

The War.

The Peace Treaties and our attitude towards Europe largely resulting therefrom.

Taxation.

Woman Suffrage.

Prohibition, or rather the particular application of that principle in the Volstead Act.

(1) As to the war, while of course the huge destructiveness and profound upheaval of so appalling a calamity needs no emphasizing, yet the war has been over for three and a half years, and, moreover, the extent of its harmful-

ness to this country, from the strictly economic point of view, can easily be exaggerated.

(2) As to the Peace Treaties, it would be difficult to find a parallel in the history of treaty-making, to the faultiness, wrongheadedness and harmful effects of these instruments, from the point of view alike of the victors, the vanquished and the world at large. What can be done to mitigate the world-wide damage thus caused, and particularly what we can do toward that end, is a problem of great complexity. We hear it said that if we had entered the League of Nations, our influence would have been effective in ameliorating conditions in Europe and thereby, incidentally, to aid our export trade. I fail to see the basis for, and logic of, that contention. The inability of Europe to settle down arises primarily from the conditions of the Peace Treaties, and these conditions cannot be modified under the provisions of the Covenant, except by unanimous consent. Events have shown clearly enough that such unanimous consent for adequate modifications is not obtainable, at least not yet.

Our Government has made plain, tactfully and discreetly, but unmistakably, its views and attitude as to what ought to be done to ameliorate conditions in Europe and I do not see how it could have been more effective if it were one of the forty or so nations that compose the League of Nations. The agitation to attribute part of the responsibility for the existing unsettlement, dispeace and quarreling to our absence from the League of Nations, seems to be little more than an attempt on the part of those responsible for the fatal faultiness of the peace treaties to unload upon others the blame for the consequences which were bound to spring and did spring from those baneful instruments.

As to our export trade, it is too often forgotten that, while it shows a heavy shrinkage from the war years and the two years immediately following, yet even in the year of depression of 1921 our exports aggregated in value almost twice our average exports in the pre-war years of 1913 and 1912.



However valuable a part of our industrial and commercial activities is our export trade, it is not in its shrinkage that the primary cause of our long continued depression must be sought.

It remains none the less true that, both from self-interest and as a humanitarian duty, we are called upon to do everything we consistently can—without tying ourselves to, and entangling ourselves in, the political affairs of Europe—to aid in bringing about the tranquility and recuperation of that continent, including Russia. And, if we will but bend our mind to it and go at the task in that courageous, clear-headed, straightforward, fair-minded way which characterized our conduct of the Washington Conference, we can do a great deal to accomplish that “consummation devoutly to be wished,” more than any other nation and probably more than all other nations together, while yet remaining within those traditions and wise limitations which deep-seated national instincts and popular opinion justly prescribe.

Leaving the matter of taxation as the last item of discussion, I come to

(3) Woman Suffrage. While I did not join in any active steps to prevent the coming of that reform, I admit that I was not favorably inclined toward it. I also admit that I now believe that it has vindicated itself. I believe that, to the extent that it has been a factor thus far, it has been an element for good and that the hope is justified that it will prove an element for more good and a valuable and much needed influence in our politics.

(4) Whatever we may think of Prohibition, I believe the fanatical application of that principle as expressed in the Volstead Act goes much too far and is both practically ill-judged and morally harmful.

(5) The last among the items which I have enumerated as the principal elements of difference between the present and the pre-war period is taxation, and in the faulty policy and methods of our taxation scheme I see the greatest single immediate influence for direct and wanton harmfulness to this country and to all its people.

Prior to the war the annual expenditures of the Federal Government were approximately One Billion Dollars. They are now about Four Billion Dollars, and even with strict governmental economy can probably not be reduced materially below that sum for a number of years to come. That is a vast increase, yet the burden is not really an excessively heavy one in proportion to the nation's wealth and resources and could be borne with relative ease if it were properly adjusted. As a matter of fact, it is grossly maladjusted. For many years prior to the war, America prospered under a scheme of taxation which sat so lightly on everybody that the subject of taxation was one of but slight general concern. If it has now become one of our major problems, a matter of universal complaint, unceasing discussion and grievous burdensomeness, the reason is to be found far less in the increased revenue requirements arising from the war than in the stubborn adherence to a faulty system and ill-judged methods of taxation.

I favor, and have always favored, the principle of a progressive income tax, but like every other principle, however sound, it must be applied within the rule of reason and with that discrimination which takes account of practical considerations and consequences. We have applied that principle with vindictive unreason. We have turned a rightful theory into a measure of economic violence. The result is writ large in effects hampering and troubling to the country and gravely burdensome to all, but particularly to those who were crudely intended to be the beneficiaries of that theory, *i. e.*, the plain people. It is an old and sad truth that the effects of economic blundering by governments are always felt most by those least able to protect themselves.

And, at the same time, by reason of their very extremes, the high surtax rates have defeated their own purpose, or rather that of their advocates. They have ceased, more and more to be productive. According to the latest published official figures, they have produced but one-third, approxi-



mately, of what they produced in the first year of their existence. The country is afflicted with all the hampering and troublous consequences flowing from the operations of a Draconic statute, without even gaining the advantage of the revenue that was supposed to result from it. I have personally no doubt that surtaxes imposed at a reasonable rate would produce a larger revenue than do the excessive rates now in force. As the rate of surtaxes is lowered, the aggregate amount of income subjecting itself to taxation will be largely increased. A decrease in rates will bring an increase in volume.

I am convinced that unless and until the glaring errors of our taxation policy are remedied, America will fail in attaining that degree of prosperity and accomplishing that measure of general well-being which are open to a nation in whose domain abounding natural resources are coupled with racial qualities that in the past have found conspicuous expression in zest for work, daring enterprise and broad-gauged achievement.

The social and economic welfare of the country is inseparably connected with the welfare of its industries. The return to normal conditions of industrial activity is, at the moment, our most urgent national need. It cannot be accomplished, I believe, without a wise and courageous revision of our tax laws.

I should like to address the following few questions to all those who, untaught by the test of the past four years, still cling to the ill-conceived and nationally detrimental system of taxation which was inaugurated in the stress, and to meet the exigencies, of war and is no more fitted to be perpetuated in peace than any other war measure:

(1) Has any one, any calling, or any section of the country been benefited by a system which was meant by its promoters to place the principal burden of taxation upon a small minority of the people? Has not, on the contrary, that burden, translated into higher costs, diminished supply of capital, reduced enterprise, decreased employment and

freakish maladjustments, fallen heavily upon all the people, more heavily indeed than would have been the case under a system less based upon political opportunism and make-believe?

(2) Do you know that our surtax rates are still the highest in the world, that is to say, that no other country has thought it wise and safe to penalize success and discourage enterprise by imposing surtaxes rising as ours do to fifty per cent? Yet, the revenue needs of some of these countries are far greater, proportionately, than are ours. If none of these countries, in the extremity of their needs, has followed our example, does not this consensus of the economic judgment of the civilized world carry some weight, and does it not indicate that we have gone to an unscientific, unwise and harmful extreme?

(3) Is it not a fact that the problem of raising in times of peace so large a sum as Four Billion Dollars by taxation, is an entirely new one to us and that we have no precedent to guide us in its solution? If so, is it reasonable to think that we have found the best solution right off, at the first attempt, in the revenue measure enacted in the midst of war, and to adhere, as we have done, generally speaking, to the economic conceptions underlying that measure? Ought we not rather, while retaining the principle of progressive income taxation, to do some prudent, carefully circumscribed and responsibly sponsored experimenting in order to ascertain through the test of actual experience what is the best and most advantageous and least burdensome way all round to raise the revenue necessary for the conduct of the Government? And if so, ought not the first such experiment, simultaneous with a reasonable reduction of the surtaxes, be the introduction of a sales tax, the principle of which is endorsed by a majority of the business men of the country, which has been advocated by leaders in both political parties, which is so simple of application and collection, so exceedingly small in its individual incidence, and so easily recalled if no longer wanted, that it cannot possibly involve any noticeable hardship upon any one?



## No. 202.—AN ANTI-PROHIBITION ODE

By WILLIAM BULLOCK

**W**HEN I choose to take spiritous liquor I go to a certain drugstore. There, if the clerk is new and doesn't know me, I say, "I'm No. 202." The clerk hands me pad and pencil. I write my name as I write it on my bank check; when the clerk finds it corresponds to my signature, under the B's in his red record book, he asks, "What do you want?" I state my preference. It may be an importation of Scotch mist, or of Champagne sunshine, or of the dew of Kentucky; but, whatever the varying stimulant I desire, I receive it, pass over the extortionate legal tender demanded, and another lawless transaction is closed.

Lawless, I say, but lawless in what way? Do you see me when I go forth with that full bottle, or bottles perchance, sneaking like a thief? Nay, nay! When I walk down Broadway with my loaded flask on my hip, I hold my head high in exaltation, in pride of possession, in mood to lord it over my less lucky fellowman; I, the lawbreaker, experience no shrinking feeling of guilt at all; instead, I thrill with the ardor of an act well done and quitted.

Why should this strange fact be so? I have never been convicted of any crime. I have never been charged with one; never have I rested under so much as suspicion of wrongdoing. Far from that, in my circle I enjoy reputation as a respectable, even God-fearing man, just as respectable, just as God-fearing, as are my neighbors and friends.

It seems apparent then that in the case of my law-breaking, under No. 202, there must be an extenuating circumstance. There is! I have broken only a man-made law. In doing that I have fulfilled a higher law—an omnipotent law which grants to me, to you, to the highest

and the lowliest among us, the right to order and arrange, to live his own life according to his individual choice. If I am wrong by indulging my appetite, if I am a frail child of error by resorting to the subterfuge of No. 202, that is something between my Maker and me. Never—no, not by all the laws that ever were decreed—is it a case between me and legislators presuming to fit me out with morals.

If I had the spirit of a Crusader, or of a Prohibitionist, I should rally all my acquaintances around No. 202. I should have them inscribe it on their banner, and go marching on. But they, like myself, have lived so long in meek submission to narrow-minded busybodies that they refuse to be nagged into revolt; and besides they have numbers of their own.

Moreover, the drugstore named is in one of the most eminently proper sections of our metropolitan community; close by one of our churches it is; with elders and deacons of that edifice of light down in that book, and with well-used numbers. But what of that? This drugstore might have been picked from any city or town in our fair land.

Yes, and in its back room, in the midst of its disguise of paregorics, pills and poisons, foregather men who agree their freedom has been assailed, but who, had they lived in an earlier day, would have cast aside words and asserted their independence with healthy fierceness. Not too much to picture them doing in another time by arrogant law-makers as did rougher, readier men at the Boston Tea Party, or as the Barons, strongly righteous in their cause, did to John at Runnymede, or to imagine them a tramping host, singing that battle hymn which sounded the knell of Louis. Is autocracy dead? No, my friends. It prospers, it is written on the Scroll of Laws of our beloved land.

No. 202 has led me to much reflection. It has a definiteness prompting thought. It is a concrete fact in which a lot is summed up. It typifies something. It stands for a truth which is older than our republican institutions, which would remain were we to awake tomorrow and find our



civilization wiped out. Before our civilization Nature was, and so hereafter. A trite saying, but in view of our Prohibition fanatics, how pertinent!

I can see the sponsors and advocates of sobriety, chastity, all the virtues, by legislation, curl their lips, smile superiorly, and loftily inquire what Nature has to do with it. Well, Nature had a lot to do with the founding of this republic. Nature has had a lot to do with every step men have taken in the path of freedom. Nature has been kind to us all, to Prohibitionists and hypocrites even.

She welded this old earth of ours, the stars, the moon, and the sun above. In her own good time she mixed her elements again, and produced *us*; gave us our life's breath, made us to creep, to stand erect, to walk. Then Mother Nature made us a gift of the whole round earth; and in making this wonderful gift laid down one law, as manifest and eternal as eternity itself. The place where Nature wrote that law was on men's hearts. Man has given many interpretations to that law, but it always remains the same. Man, too, has struggled and died through the ages, and will so struggle and die again, for that law. What is that law?

Let our Prohibition overlords read the Declaration of Independence—that document without which there would be no Constitution. They will find Nature's law written in plain English there. And how does it read?

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all *men* are created equal: that they are endowed, by their Creator, with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Certain inalienable rights! From my Creator! Have I equality? Have I liberty? The equality that was mine has been taken away. The liberty that was mine has been invaded and denied by tyrants decreeing that I shall not live by my will, but by theirs.

Here the matter of the law itself enters in. The easy phrase in our mouths in this regard is, "Law and Order." These two, "Law" and "Order," are one and indivisible.

"Order" stands for the peaceable freedom in which it is our wish to live. "Law" is the means by which we bring this end about. In his early state man knew no laws; new and remote settlements today organize and progress by mutual enforcement of a few laws, so founded in clear truth and justice that they do not require to be written down.

But we have need for various laws under our present-day complex system; this need first made itself felt when the world came into possession of what are generally known as property rights. These property rights have meant many things: land, crops, herds, houses, railroads, telephones, man himself, to name a few. The great injustices of history, likewise the great rebellions, can be directly traced to and laid against property rights. The human itch for profit, for greedy grasping, for exploiting the people, for wringing from them the uttermost cent, was true in the dawn of history and is true today.

"Law" has been the favorite and surest method to this oppressive end. It took a fight to upset the "law" holding the world in serfdom; it took a fight to refute the "law" that one man could be a king and all other men his vassals; it took a fight to end the "law" which legalized slavery. Since law began men have been fighting down one form of enacted slavery only to see another law striking at them, seeking to rob them of their born privilege of freedom, to put their necks under a yoke. Law is one of our prime necessities, but it will bear watching.

Tyranny wears many cloaks. Prohibition is one of them. Like the Johns, the Georges and the Louis' of history, it seeks to justify and inflict itself by "due process of law." The most soul-stirring fights ever waged by man have been against due processes of law. The Prohibitionists forget.

It has taken No. 202 to wake me up, to stir my blood, made sluggish by the sing-song din in my ears that I, with all my countrymen, must be "law abiding." Very well, but let the law first behave itself.

The law is just as strong as its weakest edict. What is this



that has made me a proud law-breaker? What is this that has caused my friends and myself to plume ourselves, to be objects of envy, when we own and can offer certain beverages to our guests in defiance of law? Something has gone wrong; somehow or other the law has over-ridden itself, brought itself from high and wholesome respect into disdainful, flaunting contempt.

We must face these issues. They won't—they can't—be evaded; they can't be slighted, they won't be solved, by shrinking from giving offense. We owe a debt to ourselves; we owe a debt to the Prohibitionists. Let in the light!

At times I fear for the republic. We legislate for the weak, and glory in this further defiance of Nature's laws. We have no legislative advocacy of the strong. Somebody arises to say, "That's the way it should be." And I say, "There it goes again."

Throughout the uncivilized animal kingdom the law of the survival of the fittest holds; it holds in business; our lawgivers and their reform masters have taken out exclusive patent rights on a new rule of their own. What matter if the race be handicapped? What matter if only the flabby emotions of prudes and sentimentalists are smoothed the right way? Hurrah! for the misfits. This is their day! Let's improve on Nature for the vitalizing and upbuilding of our womanhood, of our manhood, of our generations unborn! Perpetuate them, the puerile, the weak, the unfit!

We are surfeited in this day with laws. I maintain we are cursed with legislation. We read that the German printing presses are turning out a billion paper marks a day. This harvest of folly is equalled by the mills in our legislative halls grinding out "laws."

Our lawmakers are as despots over us. We elect them for one purpose, and they enact another. We permit them the final say, save when they bump their wilful heads against that ironclad idiosyncrasy—the Constitution. Are we afraid to rule ourselves? Must we regulate our comings and goings by and from the scattered dust of ancestors, gone

this century and a half from our complicated world? Well, if we must be protected against ourselves, there's our safeguard—the Holy of Holies—the Constitution—and look what has happened to it! Unhappy we, abject citizens! Ground down by two unbending, implacable forces. One the echoing of dim, distant voices; one the absolutism declared against us by reformers, risen to power.

We are supposed to be grown men. We are supposed to be freemen. But the same restraints we contended with in childhood, and which retarded us later, now are infesting us on all sides. Our present Congress has before it 15,000 bills—15,000 new laws hanging over our heads. What party platform that we, the people, approved contained them? Our State Legislatures are passing 40,000 additional laws a year—3,000 a month, 110 every twenty-four hours! All save a small fraction of this grand total are “don'ts.” Don't! Don't! Don't! Citizens, did I say? Rather weaklings, slaves in our day, baring our backs to the whip.

Our young country took to legislation as if it were a play-thing. It has become a fever in our blood and bones. It has grown and bloated itself to the inevitable end, the inevitable liberty-destroying climax. We see legislation gone mad in the so-called Volstead Act. All our laws made a mockery! And we suffer under it! Where the soul of Patrick Henry, of Nathan Hale, of George Washington!

There is another aspect: Paternalism in legislation is a hateful thing. It is vicious and odious. It strikes at my manhood and yours. It shifts from my shoulders the splendid responsibility of my personal well-being. But no matter what our legislators and our Prohibitionists dictate, we will continue to stand in our own well-worn shoes. That's the American way.

Man is at his best fighting his battles single-handed. If my fight is drink, the fight won't be won by someone trying to take it away. In the first place he can't take it away; in the second the only fight worth winning is the one of my



own making. It's so simple the Prohibitionists can't see it—a man must play his own fiddle or the crowd won't listen.

No, I don't want any legislator or Mr. Volstead regulating my personal affairs. I don't want him to do my thinking for me. I don't want him fighting my fight for self-mastery. I don't want him wishing on me his private code of morals. I want him to do just one thing—let me alone.

Whole nations have been stopped short in the upward path by pedantic cant such as the Prohibitionists preach. The self in man can't be brought into subjection without decay, first in the individual and then in the mass. Before our stage of man's laborious progress to the light, religions, ordering what men must think, dulled and stifled creative literature, the finest product of a real civilization. Mohammed set his doctrinal tyranny upon the Hindu and the Turk. He gave them the uplift of Prohibition, enduring to this day. Will our contemporary Mohammeds please look at them, hold them up to us as a frightful example?

The Prohibitionists pretend to high purpose and honest dealing. How much better are they than we everyday Americans, who refuse to pry into our neighbors' and strangers' houses? Let us observe them. We have been unmindful of important facts.

Those who would constrain us to put on their standards of morality ought to come to us with clean hands—spotlessly clean. At every turn the Prohibitionists oppose themselves to a referendum. If they are of high purpose and honest, with the courage of their convictions, why don't they want this nationally vital question threshed out, why don't they let the majority decide?

When the Prohibitionists went it alone they created a hardly perceptible ripple. They polled a steadily diminishing vote the three last times they put forward a Prohibition candidate for President; they were doomed to fade from view like the Silverites and the Populists. They sought escape from their dilemma; they stopped short their

hopeless independent party activity, and resorted to political intrigue.

They took stock of the two great political parties. They said, "We'll belong to neither." But they bargained with both, played them off one against the other; they weren't even middle-of-the-road politicians; they were tricksters, trimmers, sandbaggers. They made capital by raising the bugaboo they held the balance of power. In their eyes, there was one and only one problem affecting this nation. They waived all other considerations, if only candidates of every stripe would pledge themselves to them.

Thus they contrived to conjure their minority into a majority. But not—no, never—in the popular vote. They didn't count votes out in the fields and in the cities where you and I go about our daily tasks, believing that nothing to harm us, to shackle us, can happen in our Albanys and our Washington. It was in these latter places the Prohibitionists assembled their votes—votes not obtained by an issue squarely and honorably presented to all the people, but by sharp practices, by stealth, by foxy cunning, by the intimidation of self-serving politicians, coveting office by hook or by crook.

The Prohibitionists further burrowed and crawled into power when our attention was wrapt in the war; they took a mean advantage of us when our minds and hearts were in France. They knavishly tacked a Prohibition rider onto a War Bill. A War Bill, of all things! They were seeking to slip in at a back door again. And they did!

These are the bare, superficial facts. The full account is a shameful record—shameful because chicanery, double-dealing, deception and fraud were and are being practiced by reformers, pretending to be actuated by the purest and noblest of motives. No, the Prohibitionists' hands are not clean!

I believe there is not one among us who does not think that too much drink is a bad thing. But who am I to say to you when the dividing line is crossed? Who am I to



say to you that because your brother drinks to excess, you yourself shall not drink at all? Who am I to dictate to either yourself or your brother what your personal life shall or shall not be in any manner, shape or form?

Oh, but the Prohibitionists know much better than that. They have gone at it pell-mell, but they have it much better. They're so sure about it that we daring to oppose them are heretical blots on the earth. Make way! Make way! They've started an inquisition of their own. They've put a whole nation on the rack. They won't believe with Galilelo that the world moves.

I'm not against these reformers asking me if I won't be reformed. They are free to their notions. Let them bring me their arguments, and I will listen. But don't let them try to compel me. They came by their reform ideas living in a free country; let it still remain free. If they have a free choice, is not the same inherent in me?

But that does not suit your Prohibitionist. He has a creed of his own; a creed for all men, whether they will or no. His creed knows no fair play. He's the Great Know-It-All. He leaves me no choice; his is a compulsory creed. He comes to me, and, without asking, seeks to stuff his nostrums down my throat. But he won't—let him do his worst—I'm No. 202.

The exact place where law may step in and say "Don't!" to me is when I get unruly and interfere with my fellow-man. That is liberty. That is freedom. When law goes further and takes license with my personal liberty it is not law, but a usurper. And that is the exact place where it becomes my duty to protest, and if protesting is useless, then to fight. Our Prohibitionists and our lawgivers have trampled upon and over-stepped this boundary line. This line is the advance trench of a free people. It was at and across this line, with outraged people going forward, that the battles have been fought bestowing on us our blood-soaked, blood-sanctified heritage of freedom.

A certain wise man counselled moderation in all things.

The drunkard met with his own sure punishment from society and from Nature for his excess. I respectfully submit that the Prohibitionist is indulging himself to the same excess; making of himself quite as much of a pestering nuisance as the drunkard—to the Prohibitionist anathema. Yet there the similarity presents itself, and persists.

Law must be based on truth. Prohibition is based on false pretense. If it is reasonable for the Prohibitionist to legislate me not to drink, may I not likewise legislate for him to drink a quart a day? "What an immorality!" I hear the pious fellow say. But, if I recall, it's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways.

Preservation of personal liberty is imperative at all costs. Individual independence is quite as important a matter as national independence. For if you have not the first you never can have the second. Only by free individuals can we gain and maintain a free nation. Do our Prohibitionists know what they are attempting to do?

I should like my Prohibition friends to direct their thought to the fact that the tendency of law has been to grow lenient. Their tendency is a growth in severity. Not so long ago the penalty for stealing a sheep was the hangman's rope. In this enlightened day your Prohibitionist would commit me to jail for getting drunk in bed. No, my crime is worse than that. If I have so much as the scent on my breath, if I season my soup, burn it on my holiday pudding, have one drop inside or out, anywhere about my person, I'm a culprit and the jail waits.

Who shall tell me what to drink? Your Prohibitionist? Let him step forward. I have "laws" of my own up my sleeve. And here they are, contexts and whereases in handy form:

1. Be it enacted that the Constitution of the United States be amended to prohibit the use of salt.

The need for this reform is pressing; statistics proving that weak-willed over-indulgence in this mineral, lavished about by Nature with the same prodigal hand as alcohol, has caused many deplorable cases among our people of salt rheum.



2. Be it enacted that the Constitution of the United States be amended to prohibit the use of onions.

The need for this reform is obvious; statistics proving that a considerable number of our citizens are totally unable to overcome a craving for this common vegetable, with the result that husbands and wives have been separated, families broken up, and whole communities, in fact, given to bickerings and revilings; all because of the unreasoning appetite which seizes said considerable number of our citizens at the mere sight of onions, and further because of the mistake made by Nature in imparting to aforesaid onions an odoriferous taint of a peculiarly permeating and pungent quality.

3. Be it enacted that the Constitution of the United States be amended to prohibit eating.

The need for this reform grows apace; statistics proving that many poor unfortunates among our population shock the sensibilities of the refined and temperate; demean and bloat themselves to ungainly proportions, and frequently die sorrowful and untimely deaths; all due to unappeasable voracity and rash excesses when at the table.

4. Be it enacted that the Constitution of the United States be amended to prohibit the use of air.

Argument here is useless; statistics proving that air is necessary to life; and that, despite and notwithstanding, the Eighteenth Amendment, the Anti-saloon league, Mr. William H. Anderson and Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson, our citizens will continue to imbibe stimulants exceeding one-half per cent alcoholic content, therefore it were better they were all dead.

I think of our Prohibition brethren as I do of the balky mule, that has a head to contain one thought and no more. Build a fire under the mule, or twist his long ears, and he forthwith forgets to balk. The process of twisting Prohibition ears is urgently called for, and, if I know my countrymen, will soon begin.

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### TEMPTATION

By RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

To stand upon a mountain-side  
 Descending sheer to ocean wave,  
 Gives me the feeling that I ride  
 The most satanic of all ships  
 Whose helmsman ever came to grips  
 With many a seaman's grave.

Something within me bids me leap  
 Into the sea that sings below  
 Its lullaby of endless sleep;  
 But something higher than myself  
 Draws me back from the dizzy shelf,  
 Whispering gently: "No!"

## THE "RIGHT" TO GET DRUNK?

By WILLIAM H. ANDERSON

**T**HAT personal liberty ends where public injury begins is not conceded by those whose perversion of an academic notion of a fictitious personal liberty is such that they seriously claim that a man has a right not only to drink moderately, but even to drink until he becomes a brute, if he so desires, so long, they insist, as he does not injure anybody else.

It is noticeable, however, that these men do not contend that a man has a "right" to BE drunk in a public place. That would be too ridiculous to maintain seriously. Generations of men in various lands have consented to the right of others, through the law, to interfere there to protect *their* actual "rights." But are a man's own wife and children less valuable to the State than other men's wives and children; and are safety and peace less of a concern of the State in homes and factories than on the streets? If a man has no "right" to be drunk where some people are, he has no "right" to be drunk where any person is. If he has no "right" to be drunk where anybody else is, he has no "right" to be drunk anywhere even by himself, because while drunk he may go where somebody else is. Mere toleration of private debauchery establishes no vested right of private debauchery.

It is a criminal offense for one to drive an automobile while in an intoxicated condition, not because serious injury has already been inflicted upon anybody, but because it may be. It is the potentiality that counts in the eyes of reason and the law. And the same rule applies to intoxication. One may not transport explosives at will, no matter how careful one promises or intends to be with them. Alcohol is social dynamite. A man steeped in it is a social bomb-



shell, liable at any moment to explode in crime or some act which, while not a crime, may do serious injury to others. And when it is allowed that the State has a right to interfere with public intoxication, it follows inescapably that the State has a right to interfere with *all intoxication* if it desires to do so. Most of the fanatics who put a so-called personal liberty above the welfare of the public, the right of society to protect itself and its weaker members from that which is injurious and even to protect the individual himself from the consequences of his own folly (and these are the only actual fanatics today on the liquor question) do not want to be put in the position of upholding their "right" to get drunk. They claim to plead only the sacred "right" to drink, asking the public to take their word that they know when to quit and that they will be able to quit at the time they know they should do so.

These apologists are as fond of bootlegging language as of bootlegged liquor. Like criminal traffickers in alcohol for beverage purposes, they seem to think the label on a verbal bottle is a certificate of character for the contents. Nothing makes this plainer than their fraudulent use of the term "right." That is a noble word, but advocates of the privilege to guzzle apparently think of it only as a label which may be soaked off of the things on which it belongs—"soaked" is the word—and applied to every personal right respecting alcohol. Once they called making and selling liquor "rights." Legislation and the courts, in conformity with moral reason, removed that label some seventy years ago. Today one hears little about the "right" to make or sell because the socially damaging nature of the public manufacture and sale of intoxicants is too well established. But "wet" advocates cling to a last frayed argument. They say: "No law has yet been aimed at the right to drink. That is a confession that there is a right to drink; and since there is a right to drink there must be a right to get something to drink. Therefore, prohibition is fundamentally wrong."

They are correct in their logic, but wrong in their prem-

ises. If there is a "right" to drink, then prohibition is unsound. But if prohibition is a valid exercise of the public will, then there is no "right" to drink, and clamorers about such a "right" are only hastening the day when law and the courts will say so. The courts have in fact already said so and the statute law will say it in due time. Those wets who hang out till the last dog is hung are the ones who will cause the last dog to be hung. We throw this out as an aid to happy thought on the part of wet die-hards after their last theory of right is throttled by events.

This does not mean that it is the purpose of the Anti-Saloon League to advocate any legislation against drinking. But since the friends of liquor want their creed and the principle of prohibition weighed against each other in their ultimate implications, they might as well understand that prohibitionists have no fears on that score and are quite ready to meet that issue when it is forced upon them, just as they have met others.

Of what kind of "rights" do the apostles of personal liberty speak? The very word shows that the word means "things that are right." The Standard Dictionary defines a right as "a claim founded on any consideration of justice, morality, courtesy, custom, civility or upon either natural or positive law."

Justice has to do with fairness between human beings. Every drop of alcohol in a man's blood makes him that much less able, for a time, to distinguish justice. This whole argument about the "right" to drink is largely prompted by thirst and an ache where appetite is supposed to be located. No one would hold drinking an aid to morality. Whatever blunts morals also impairs the capacity for true courtesy, however much the forms of polite intercourse may remain. So courtesy cannot be pleaded in justification of a habit which lessens courtesy. Drink and civility are notoriously foes. Positive law grants no right to drink, and natural law—"the rule of civil conduct deducible from the common reason and conscience of mankind"—offers noth-



ing in support of such "right." Custom alone can be held to justify it while every other consideration which goes to determine human rights is against it. And when justice, morality, courtesy, civility and natural law are against a thing, mere custom, and silence as yet on the part of positive law, cannot maintain it as a right. Those who invoke the word "right" against prohibition, inscribing it upon their banners and pretending to march in company with the world's martyrs and prophets do not, no matter how much they may think to the contrary, achieve an air of great tragedy. They only emphasize the farcical nature of their performance and furnish additional reason for prohibition by the demonstration of what alcohol does even to the reasoning processes of its addicts. As open warriors on behalf of appetite, greed and things as they used to be, they could at least play an honest part. The public, however, will be unable to restrain its mirth as physically opulent and illuminated disciples of Bacchus struggle with the robes and make-up of pious Humanitarianism.

The fact that nothing has been said by the law as yet about drinking *per se* is not because there is any "right" to drink, but because the law is still dealing with the commercially organized phases of the alcohol offense against society. So long as Federal and State governments licensed the beverage liquor traffic they could not consistently legislate against drinking, though there was widespread teaching in the public schools in obedience to statute to the effect that drinking damages both bodies and brains. Yet every item of prohibition legislation has had as its objective the lessening of the consumption of alcohol. While men still live in whom the State, for a fee, helped create an appetite for alcohol, it may be neither wise nor just to make drinking a crime.

But the right of a Legislature to prevent drinking has been as definitely asserted by the courts as has any other of the rights to prohibit. Thirty-two years ago the Supreme Court held it to be a false assumption that the evil results

of drinking concern the drinker only or that what he shall drink "is not properly a matter of legislation." What he drinks to allay normal thirst and supply proper body fluids is outside the field of legislation, but what he drinks for toxic or poisonous purposes, as the victim of a habit or in obedience to a depraved or unnatural tendency is not. Taking a narcotic drug in the form of a powder or hyperdermic injection is already under the ban of the law and nobody considers that ban an infringement of rights. Taking a narcotic poison in liquid form is no different in principle. In the case of *W. Va. v. Exp. Co.*, the Federal Court of Appeals said this:

"The State may not only legislate against sale, but against other acts which may tend to defeat its policy of preventing consumption of liquor."

To contend that there is a right to drink liquor after the courts have for three generations upheld increasingly stringent laws meant to carry out a "policy of preventing consumption of liquor" is nonsense.

The trouble with the personal liberty plea on behalf of drink is that it means personal liberty for the drinker only. But his liberty impairs the liberty of others. A passerby was lamenting to a policeman about the "closed" sign on a saloon in upper New York City. The officer's reply was:

"If you knew the number of times I've been called into houses around here to prevent the murder and injury of women and children by men who bought booze in that place, you'd thank God for the change. The Government's been pretty free giving personal liberty to the 'old man'; why the hell shouldn't it protect the personal liberty of the children?"

The day that science demonstrated alcohol to be a narcotic irritant; a depressant and not a stimulant; a poison and never a food in any practical respect, all "right" to the free imbibing of it perished morally, however slow some may be to see that fact.

After speaking of how all "admit that the State may properly pass laws to preserve the morals of the community by punishing murder, rape and such crimes," ex-President Taft, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United



States, said in 1919 while discussing "Is Prohibition A Blow At Personal Liberty":

"The more doubtful question is where the line is to be drawn as to acts not intrinsically vicious and immoral, but having a tendency if not restrained to lead to demoralization in society. The line is more or less a matter of custom. The attitude of the public in respect to it differs radically in different countries, and at different times in the same country. \* \* \*

"\* \* \* Liberty guaranteed by the Constitution is liberty regulated by law. The law which regulates liberty is that which is adopted upon the will of the majority for the general public benefit. In no community where there is any neighborhood relation between one person and another, or between one family or another, can there be complete freedom of action. The caveman is really the only man that ever enjoyed that kind of liberty, and his liberty was subject to complete restraint by death from a stronger caveman with a larger and heavier club. Liberty regulated by law is that measure of freedom of action which can be accorded to each person without injury to the enjoyment of similar liberty by others or to the general welfare of all.

\* \* \* \* \*

"This array of the immoral and vicious effects of the free manufacture and sale of liquor upon the community can leave no doubt that the curtailment of personal freedom in effective Prohibition is small as compared with its benefit to society. This settles its conformity to true principles of personal liberty."

This brings us back where we started. Custom is the only foundation for believing there is a "right" to drink and that is totally inadequate to support a thing which science proves deleterious and experience says tends to result in social damage.

Doubtless because of recognition of the flimsiness of the claim of the infringement of any actual "right" the pro-liquor fanatics (the term fanatic being defined by the Standard Dictionary as "one who is actuated by extravagant or intemperate zeal \* \* \* a ferocious bigot") claim that the prohibition law was "put over" by a minority. The off-hand reply to this, which treats this contention as seriously as it really deserves, is that if it were true, it would constitute one of the best arguments in favor of prohibition, because it would indicate that a minority sober is too much for a majority that is alcoholized.

The claim that prohibition was "put over" by a minority is in fact an attack upon the American system of govern-

ment in its implication that it lends itself to tyranny or despotism by a minority, and is a slander upon the American people in its implied charge, in the face of all history, that they would tolerate anything of the kind.

It has been seriously argued as proof that prohibition was "put over" by a minority that it was done by a few thousands of men comprising the more than two-thirds majority of both houses of Congress who submitted the Eighteenth Amendment and the more than a constitutional majority in both houses of the Legislatures in the necessary thirty-six out of the forty-six states that have ratified it. According to this line of typical alcoholic "reasoning," every other law under our representative form of government was put over by a minority. For example, the draft law was "put over" by a few hundred men in Congress without the millions of voters having a chance to cast a vote on it. This is so absurd that it seems puerile to answer it and yet the degenerating effect of alcohol upon the human intelligence has evidently progressed so far in certain strata, and not exclusively in the lower ones, in the larger cities, that if it is not answered we are likely to be treated to the spectacle of some solemn "wet" seriously arguing that the fact that it was not answered is a confession that it could not be answered.

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### FAITH

By JOSEPH SAMUEL REED

There is no death—

And yet—

His messenger

Came, beckoned her,

They met;

For her fair face

She left in place

A wraith?

Nay, vastly more,

An open door—

Through Faith.



## AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

**I**S CIVILIZATION waning? Is it, as George Santayana suggests, approaching "one of those long winters that overtakes it from time to time." This is no light, trifling question, and yet it is one that is beginning to be discussed in an airy, disinterested way with apparently some of the sub-conscious feeling that at least civilization will last out the lives of most of those who are interested in the discussion and that therefore there is hardly any reason for being at all perturbed over the future. This is perhaps the most depressing sign of our times—the extreme selfishness, the very frank view that the individual happiness is what counts more than ideals, principles, or the collective good. The fact that civilization was produced by devotion, not to self but to ideals, principles and the weal of others seems to be lost track of in our self-centered day, and certainly there seems to be little realization of the fact that along with the advantages of civilization there was the responsibility to carry on by unselfish activity and the maintainance of those ideals and principles that brought it about.

At a semi-public luncheon recently one of America's important men dolefully remarked that while he had not lost faith in democracy, nothing had happened recently to increase his faith or to strengthen it. It may be true that democracy is not the best product of modern civilization but it is certainly an inevitable product and the spread of our civilization has been due to the development of democracy. In other words, the one produced the other and the latter product fostered, strengthened and widened the influence of the parent. One thing is sure and that is that if democracy is to go, civilization will totter. It was, therefore, a shock to hear a thinking, clear-visioned and forceful leading American conceal his disbelief in what is a fundamental tenet of our government by a pessimistic note. This man has capacity for leadership but like many others is losing his opportunity because of his willingness to be a pessimist—in other words,

his willingness to give up faith. It isn't necessary for a man to be distributing sap-headed optimism on every conceivable subject or in every conceivable situation to be an optimist. All one has to do to appreciate what real optimism is is to read some of the wonderful political writings of Mazzini who was able to plan for the future amid the most distressing circumstances—circumstances far more distressing, perhaps, than anyone in our time will see, and yet he never lost his faith in the future because he understood fundamental laws.

And that is what leaders must be, optimists—never pessimists; for subconsciously the people understand that those who have an insight into the laws of nature—those who sense the fact that nature does move toward something, are optimists. And more than this, men will only follow those who can offer them some hope. If the human being had never had, at least, that attribute—the will to hope, the will to live, he would still be wallowing in a Silurian bog.

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Several months ago we quoted the reprinting of the essays of Joseph S. Auerbach as evidence of the fact that the people will welcome healthy old-fashioned optimism, old-fashioned morality and old-fashioned leadership if they are clothed attractively.

America, says Santayana in another part of the book from which we have quoted, will by nature be intolerant of "coddling" socialism.\* But will this remain true if those who have the ability—the particular kind of ability which Americans most admire and produce, business ability—turn sour pessimists, refuse to voice anything but the most despairing and discordant views, and without even a battle for their own convictions retire in the doldrums leaving the field to the noisy and shallow opportunists who pretend to be leaders of democracy but are at heart communists.

The next ten or twenty years in this country will see many important and vital problems either settled or developed to the point of danger. It takes ten or twenty years to develop a delusion, an equal time to accomplish a reform, if we read the history of our country aright. What the country needs is not the doleful sour note, what it needs is faith, what it needs—and we can imagine how the sour and the cynic will sneer—is some of the lyricism of Mazzini, from whom we shall quote again:

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\* "Character and Opinions in the United States," by George Santayana.



"While we thus ape our fathers, we forget that their greatness consisted in the fact that they aped no one. They derived their inspiration from contemporary sources, from the wants of the masses, from the elements by which they were surrounded. And it was precisely because the instruments they used were adapted to the aim they had in view that they achieved miracles."

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The announcement is made that Mr. Louis Evan Shipman has become the editor of *Life*. It is usual to say that what *Punch* has been to England, *Life* has been to America, but we prefer to say that *Life* has been a great American weekly journal of satire, and there never was a time when a journal of satire was more needed. In a few months *Life* will have reached its fortieth year, and while THE FORUM ambles along a few years after, it is with the respect and affection of a younger brother. Fortunately for *Life*, fortunately for all of us, Mr. Shipman is of all men in America the one best able to be the editor of an American journal of satire. He has broad vision and character, and he is one of the healthiest and most attractive optimists of our day. If he ever gives up the editorship of *Life*, we hope it will be to revive the traditions of Lowell as the American ambassador at the Court of St. James.

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The Primaries of the past few weeks have added to the Republican presidential possibilities Mr. Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana and Mr. Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania. It might be well for those politicians who insist that the old order of things never changes to remember that these two states generally have an important part in Republican national conventions. For six months the editor of THE FORUM has been trying to make friends of President Harding, among them being such sincere well-wishers as Senator Miles Poindexter and Senator George H. Moses, see that the President's failure to assert his leadership would mean opposition in the next Republican National Convention. Curious it is that what is evident to the rest of the country is frequently so little understood in Washington.

## DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

### *DOES THE LITERATURE OF LABOR CONVINCE?\**



R. TANNENBAUM begins with the statement that there "lies at the root of the whole social problem—individual economic insecurity," a necessary outcome of capitalistic competition. "Unless we see the labor movement as an irresistible coming together of men in terms of the tools and the industry which they use in common, for purposes of greater security by more effective control of them, we cannot and do not understand the labor movement at all. . . . The struggle of the worker and the employer is an inevitable one until either the worker has been reduced to an impotent tool or the profit motive in industry has been displaced. . . . To do this it is necessary also to control the State.

"The method of the labor movement is to make the function of an industrial group a conscious group function, . . . to transfer the power of the community, its actual power and knowledge, its control and discipline, from a political to an economic affiliation. . . . Power shifts from the political grouping to the industrial, as the workers organize."

With these frank statements of the aims and implications of organized labor there go equally frank statements of its practices:

"The eight-hour day serves many purposes. But the one which is predominant in the minds of the workers is the belief that it will make more work and will make what work there is last longer. . . . Next to the hours of labor that a man may work is the amount of work a man may do during those hours. Limitation has become a general policy for the worker. . . . The theory of the survival of the fittest has no economic implications within an organized group of workers. . . . It works by cumulatively reducing economic incomes, economic ambitions and economic incentives to a common denominator, wiping out the differentials between the unskilled and the skilled."

As to the future, Mr. Tannenbaum's attitude is happy-go-lucky. He posits the question "what will happen to incentive?" and his own reply is "the easiest and probably the best answer that can be made is that it will take care of itself." While the book has perhaps no value as an economic treatise, it should be widely read as an exposition of the conscious aims of the radical wing of organized labor.

Mr. Feis, who is a professor in the University of Kansas, has read

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\*"The Labor Movement," by Frank Tannenbaum. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Settlement of Wage Disputes," by Herbert Feis. The MacMillan Company.



intelligently and understandingly the literature of his subject. His practical acquaintance with wage disputes would appear to be limited to his employment as an assistant in an inquiry directed by the dress and waist industry of New York City. He feels that to arrive at any wage settlement the practice of collective bargaining is essential, but that trade unionism is on trial and unless the union movement proves itself intelligent, disciplined, and aware of the ethical considerations, a continuance of industrial conflict will be inevitable. In the main, his presentation of the questions discussed is that of organized labor dressed in the technical language of the economist.

Among the complaints that might be lodged against all writers of economics is the loose way in which they use language. If the economist would use "labor" where the use of muscular strength is meant, and "laborer" where the individual exerting muscular strength is meant, it would be of great assistance to the lay reader. They dwell interminably upon the problems of distribution, but neglect the problem of production which precedes distribution. Feis says "it is impossible to determine the contribution to total production of any group of workmen or of all workmen." Tannenbaum says "goods are commercial products and there is no method of determining the value contributed by any one individual to the final product." Is it not rather the fact that the economists are too lazy mentally or too timid morally to face the problem and conquer a determination?

They fail to distinguish the spendable income remaining after income has been subjected to deductions on account of the expense of government, and the savings necessary for the progress of the increasing population. They harp upon the waste of a limited number of people who live luxuriously and fail to point out that the waste of the laborers in total is far greater than the waste of the rich. They criticize severely the idleness on the part of the wealthy, though Dr. Bowley, who investigated the matter carefully in England, concluded "that the number of unoccupied persons with incomes over eight hundred dollars is insignificant," but leave unnoticed the greater idleness on the part of the laborers through limitation of output, limitation of hours, and other devices for avoiding work. They fail to distinguish sharply the fields of management, capital and labor. It is conceivable that capital in its present hands might be entirely supplanted by capital furnished by the workers in an industry. But management is a function of those possessing a high level of mental efficiency.

Professor Feis seems to feel that one of the most important factors determining a general rate of wages is "that there are no 'differences of inborn gifts' which would lead to a limitation of the flow of labor into the upper grades, and those leading to a separation of grades," while Mr. Tannenbaum says "for all men are in their own spontaneous way, artists and creators." These views are definitely challenged by the results of tests of

mental efficiency of one million, seven hundred men taken in the draft, and need serious review by the economist.

All history teaches that progress of the race is consequent upon three institutions—the institution of the family, the institution of private property, and the institution of a settled government based upon order, justice and sound morals. Before we abandon these to venture off into the unknown, much consideration should be given to the fundamental facts involved, many of which not only have not been determined, but have not been even seriously discussed.

—L. F. LOREE.

### A JAPANESE MISCONCEPTION\*



It is always interesting to hear what people of other nations think of us as a nation, and it is doubly interesting when the other nation happens to be Japan. It was with a real anticipation, therefore, that we read Iichiro Tokutomi's book on Japanese-American relations, a book that has had a sale of over three hundred thousand copies in Japan.

Having read the book, however, we must confess to a great deal of disappointment. The book is merely a direct attack on the United States and the people of the United States. Moreover, towards the conclusion its tone becomes well-nigh threatening and it finishes up with a direct warning to hands-off Japan or stand the results.

Doubtless Japan has many grievances against the United States. The Alien Land Law, the prohibition against the entry of "picture brides" into the country, and the various other measures adopted in California to keep out the Japanese must seem most unfair to a country desperately seeking an outlet for its excess population.

The action of the United States to prevent Japanese penetration of China at the Versailles Conference must have been yet another grievance very hard to bear.

Nevertheless, the allegations made against America by Mr. Tokutomi are fictitious and ridiculous. He accuses us of being frankly imperialistic in design and states that our occupation of Hawaii and the Philippines is merely a stepping stone for future Asiatic conquests and that it is for this reason that we are endeavoring to thwart Japan in her Chinese and Manchurian designs.

All of this is absurd and, moreover, it looks very much like anti-American propaganda. Such a book can do little good and may do incalculable harm to peaceful relations between the two countries.

RONALD TREE.

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\*"Japanese-American Relations," by the Hon. Iichiro Tokutomi. (Macmillan & Co.)



## LENIN FROM A RUSSIAN VIEWPOINT\*



LANDAU-ALDANOV is one who would write history through biography. "The past belongs to Marx; the present, alas, seems to belong to Lenin; I have some hope that the future may belong to Jaurès." For a socialist so to emphasize the importance of single men seems paradoxical to our democratic age. Trying to speak dispassionately, this biographer testifies to the frugal austerity of Lenin's life and his personal disinterestedness, but believe him capable of any political immorality to further the interests of Bolshevism. He makes him out a poor writer, his political pamphlets of scant importance, those on political economy his soundest efforts, but through them are running many changes of position, his philosophy pernicious and distorted—in short, a not very intelligent demagogue and fanatic who carries on his social experiment by means of ruthless despotism and the power of his own personality. For all his low estimate of Lenin's power, M. Landau-Aldanov hates him with an intensity that exaggerates his importance into being one who has done Russia more harm than Nicholas the Second, had more influence on her destiny than Peter the Great, and more influence on the western world than any other Russian great genius or profound thinker.

A search for the origins of Bolshevik doctrines leads back to the theories of Marx, Bakunine, and Sorel—early socialism, anarchism, syndicalism. From these the author turns to the socialism of Jaurès for the saving principle that will permit the necessary conflict of ideas through universal suffrage as the pivot of the future struggle, without resort to violence and revolution. This is beyond doubt a socialism far removed from Lenin's social policy permeated with Sorel's faith in violence and resting upon the dictatorship of the proletariat—so far removed, indeed, that no adherent of the present capitalist state need have anxiety for its future because of M. Landau-Aldanov's methods of peaceful penetration.

—M. KINGSBURY PATTERSON.

## IN ELLISIAN FIELDS†



HAVERLOCK ELLIS again. This time it is a small volume designed for the young—a varnished abridgment of his *Studies*. Beginning with a cursory outline of the relationships between children and parents from the thirteenth to the twentieth centuries, which serves as a prelude to show the necessity for education on sex matters, he passes on to the meaning of purity, the objects of marriage, the relationship between husband and wife, the love-rights of women, the play-functions of sex, and then ends with a chapter on the relationship of the individual to the race.

\*"Lenin", by M. A. Landau-Aldanov. E. P. Dutton Company.

†"Little Essays of Love and Virtue," by Havelock Ellis. George H. Doran Company.

As each of these matters is taken up, the approach is from the historic angle—which shows the inherited tradition and erroneous belief connected with these phases of sociology. In each case the proper, or better stated the Ellisian, attitude and understanding of each of the problems is set forth.

Havelock Ellis has said all he is ever going to say. He can now vary his remarks, can indulge in new paradoxes and flash new witticisms, but his mission was completed long ago. The piquant shock is no longer at his command. This fault is not his. The fault lies in the fact that Ellen Key's woman is now with us wearing knickers, bobbing her hair, and discussing sex matters and birth control in defiance of the police. The subject has stepped from the canvas. Galatea has become flesh.

Again in this latest of his works, the essence of Ellis proves to be nothing else but that of the novelists of the Latin languages—the Balzacs, Flauberts, and the Blascos. His publishers tell us that it is his judgment that we need more passion, and that greater happiness in the modern world will come through improvement in knowledge on sex matters and the breaking through sentimentalism and platitudes which sheathe family life. The Latin races learned this long ago. So, too, did the Oriental. This is not to take away from the value of the volume just published. It is stimulating and entertaining, and, oddly enough, though the latest of his efforts, stands as perhaps the best introduction to his whole series of works.

—GABRIEL S. YORKE.

### *JOURNALISTIC NEUROSTHENIA\**

**T**HE civilized world—thereby somewhat egotistically referring to Europe—has been through a four-year upheaval. During that period the ordinary citizen has been very much upset, because he had become so accustomed to certain things that he thought they were permanent. Now he is reminded that nothing is permanent. The ordinary functions of daily life have been changed or stopped; the currencies of European governments have fluctuated; it is difficult to secure passports; railways do not run smoothly across frontiers; trains are sometimes four hours late. Far more serious than all this is the fact that the people of one country have migrated to another country and cannot find a home there or elsewhere. The rich are being despoiled, and the poor are doing better. Government finances are in a bad way, and profiteers are reaping their scavenger harvests.

\* \* \* \* \*

The truth of the matter is that the world will never go back to where it was in 1914, and no cry of individual writer, nor of peoples, nor of governments, can ever by any chance put it back. Year by year, decade

\*"Europe—Whither Bound?" by Stephen Graham. D. Appleton and Co.



by decade, century by century, the world of men—civilization, whatever it may be called—has moved in some direction. That direction may be up or down, left or right, good or bad, in any one person's view; but it has always moved. Between 1914 and 1922 it has moved much faster and much further than usual. Its changes are more evident. Everybody notices them. At other times we did not see the progress. It is easy for everyone to see the changes in this last decade, and therefore it all seems much more dreadful and hopeless. But in reality it is only somewhat quicker and somewhat more evident than ordinarily.

No possible action in the form of legislation, of charity, of the getting together of leading minds, of books by observing journalists, can alter this change, hasten its course, or settle the difficulties. Nothing whatever can do this so quickly, smoothly and effectively as time, if time can be left to itself.

Whenever a Wells or Gibbs, a Graham or Tardieu, writes a book bringing out the tragic details that have resulted from this war he is by just so much keeping alive the terror, the fear, the uncertainty, the lack of courage and of confidence that already exist in the mind of mankind. There is nothing really needed to stabilize crazed currencies, much bestamped passports or the management of hotels to which Mr. Graham devotes so much of his book, as a temporary suspension of travel of any kind. If he would only stay at home and work at some constructive industry, such as farming or manufacturing, or even write constructive books, instead of struggling about Europe in search of scareheads with which everybody may be frightened still more, he would really contribute to the progress of the hour.

It is quite evident that all this calls forth a series of well known remarks of contempt, such as "that is the stupid view of the smug American, who does not come into contact with the critical situation in Europe!" "That is the cheap sluggish view of the small mind!" That is the sentiment of the kind of person who is abhorrent to all intelligent people!"

Let us take all such contemptuous remarks in good part. They do not matter. But let us try to remember that the confidence of one man in another, of one nation in another, of one government in another, is the only element that can bring about a situation throughout the world—meaning again throughout Europe—which will make it possible for people to get to work, to lighten thus their own suffering, to start the commercial ball rolling again more smoothly along the new road it must now traverse, to say nothing of a return to those important matters of comfortable travel, easily secured hotel rooms, and the power to change your money without losing in the process.

Let us rest. Let us rest undisturbed for a while. There is no danger for civilization. It is moving on. A great stride ahead has been made by that surgical operation of 1914-18, which cut three festering sores from its body—the rule of the Hohenzollern, the Hapsburg, and the Romanoff

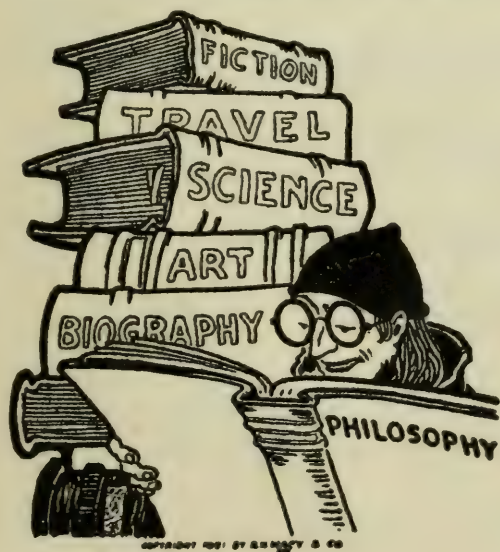


families. Think, in the twentieth century, of any family governing any millions of people even one million! Much has been done; terrific suffering has been caused; but it is fortunate that the operation came when it did, and not a hundred years later. Give the atoms of the body of civilization—the human beings—a chance to settle down after the shock system has sustained. It takes time, but it is time well spent.

All this is a little unfair to Mr. Stephen Graham. He has written a quick-witted sheaf of letters from Constantinople, Athens, Prague, Belgrade, Bucharest, Vienna, London, Paris. They are contemporary and picturesque. He is a skillful writer and a keen observer. What has just been said is not charged against him personally. It is only the thoughts that come to the mind of anyone who recalls the panorama displayed by Gibbon, the theories so clearly set down by Buckle, the vigor that sticks out of the pages of the Bible and the Koran, and the reflections of Confucius. Nothing stays still; everything moves—sometimes relatively slow, sometimes with relative speed. But no life is possible to the human being without faith and hope; no commerce or business is possible without trust and confidence. Faith and hope, trust and confidence have had a bad shock. They must be given a chance to recover; and if our bright intelligent writers keep scaring them, they will recover less speedily.

LUCAS LEXOW.

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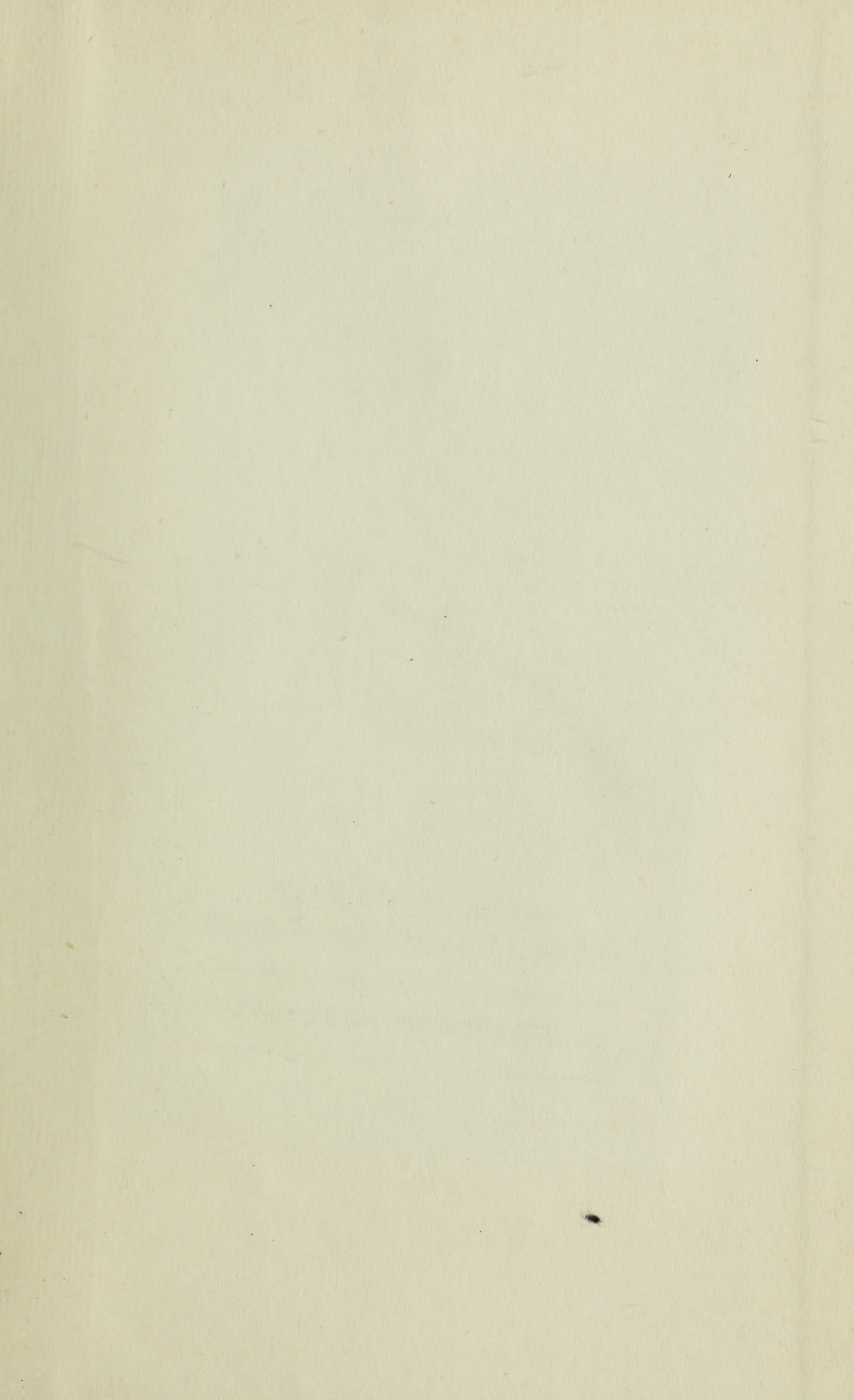
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